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Fou... ...8 by Benj. Franklin

MAR. 5, 1921

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Kenneth L. Roberts — Hugh MacNair Kahler — Sir Philip Gibbs
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Prof. Lewis B. Allyn is director of the Westfield Laboratories, compiler of the Westfield Book of Pure Foods and nationally known as a lecturer on foods and nutrition. Formerly Food Editor of Collier's Weekly, McClure's, and Inspector for the U. S. Food Administration.

The DEL MONTE shield on canned foods stands for highest quality and finest flavor, insured by a rigid and scientific inspection made possible only through long experience and ceaseless devotion to the DEL MONTE ideal of perfection.

The recipes illustrated on this page are taken from our book "*Good Things to Eat*" by Marion Harris Neil. This book, containing 64 pages of exceptional, palate-tempting delicacies, has been published expressly for the benefit of housewives who are in search of new and unusual dishes suitable for use on those special occasions where the most exacting service is demanded. A copy may be had for 10 cents in stamps, the actual cost to us. Ask for Publication No. 107.

"*Del Monte Recipes of Flavor*," another book containing over 500 simple recipes and thrifty suggestions for serving appetizing, wholesome foods, will be sent free upon request. Ask for Publication No. 610. Address Dept. E, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

Why you need fruit in the Winter Menu and how to serve it most economically

By Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, Director of the Westfield Food Laboratories

IT is not so many years ago that canned fruits were still regarded by many people as luxuries and eaten largely for their agreeable flavor. Modern dietetic research has shown that they really are one of our most important every-day necessities—particularly during the winter months.

In cold weather almost everybody is inclined to eat too much heavy, energy-creating food. This tendency, accompanied by lack of exercise and confinement to overheated houses, leaves the system clogged with waste matter, renders the blood highly acid, and frequently leads to impaired bodily functions.

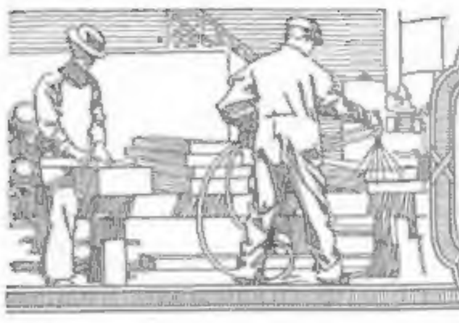
At such times fruit becomes an almost indispensable element in the daily menu. It acts as an efficient regulator and balance food; and being rich in minerals that are quickly and easily absorbed by the system, fruit is a food tonic of highest value that should always find a prominent place in the diet.

Another important reason for serving fruits liberally is because they provide the bulk and body so necessary to enable the digestive fluids and ferments to act and at the same time to stimulate the peristaltic action of the digestive tract.

Just because fresh fruits are scarce, of inferior quality, and very expensive except for a few months in the summer season, is no reason for omitting them from the menu or serving them less frequently during the rest of the year. Modern canning has changed all that. For the housewife who knows the uniform high quality, fine flavor, and the wide variety of products packed under a dependable label like DEL MONTE, it is the simplest matter in the world to serve the choicest fruits and vegetables at economical cost all the year round.

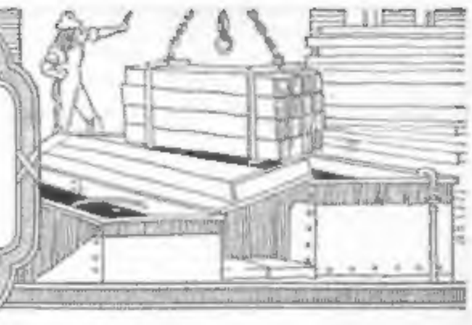
DEL MONTE products were among the earliest to be listed in the Westfield Book of Pure Foods, which is read wherever civilized food is eaten. For many years I have regarded this line as typifying the highest excellence achieved in the canner's art, and I am sure that the deliciousness, convenience, economy and almost unlimited menu possibilities of the many products packed under the DEL MONTE label offer the modern housewife a delightful opportunity for adding tempting, healthful and satisfying variety to every-day meals, no matter what the season of the year.

L. B. Allyn



WOOD PRESERVATION

A timely talk of interest to all users of structural wood



PUBLISHED BY US EVERY FEW WEEKS IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Wood Preservation is Wood Conservation" says Percival Sheldon Ridsdale, Editor of American Forestry

He states—"Part and parcel of the endeavor to make our steadily diminishing supply of forest products reach as far as possible is the need of prolonging the life and use of these products. Fire protection will prevent many millions of losses yearly, and just as surely will wood preservation add many millions of value yearly by increasing the life of lumber.

© Harris & Ewing

P. S. Ridsdale

"With our forests disappearing four times as fast as they are regrowing, we face forest devastation and accompanying economic crisis. We must therefore renew our forests and teach conservation of their products. Wood preservation is conservation."

DESPITE its retarding influence on the building of homes and other needed construction, the "high cost of building-materials" may have proved a blessing in disguise. In the case of lumber, it has given us at least a partial realization of the terrible economic disaster that would follow an actual lumber shortage. Fortunately it is not too late to avoid such a calamity.

By practicing wood preservation individual lumber users can reduce the enormous waste now caused by wood decay and so ward off the threatened timber famine until a national program for forest conservation and reforestation provides permanent relief.

Carbosota is Popularizing Wood Preservation

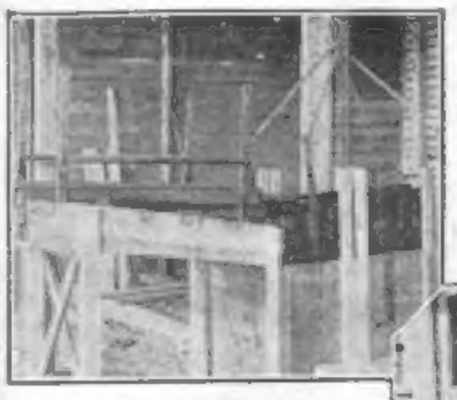
In the past it has been almost impossible for the average lumber consumer to practice wood preservation. Commercially treated timber—that is, wood creosoted by "pressure" process—has been and still is generally unobtainable. Besides, the conditions attending most construction work frequently required that the preservative treatment be applied at the job.

Carbosota Liquid Creosote Oil removes these obstacles to the general practice of wood preservation. It is sold by thousands of lumber yards and dealers throughout the country, and can be employed on the premises by non-pressure treatments.

Not an Experiment

Carbosota is not an experiment. Being highly refined pure creosote oil, it possesses all the unequalled preservative properties that make coal-tar creosote the most effective wood preservative known to modern science.

But, unlike commercial grades of creosote employed in the "pressure" processes, Carbosota is perfectly adapted to simple, non-pressure treatments—the Open Tank process and Surface treatments by brushing, spraying or dipping. Of these the Open Tank process is the most effective and should be employed wherever possible. The inexpensive equipment required and the simplicity of the process are shown by the pictures of carbosoting plants below.



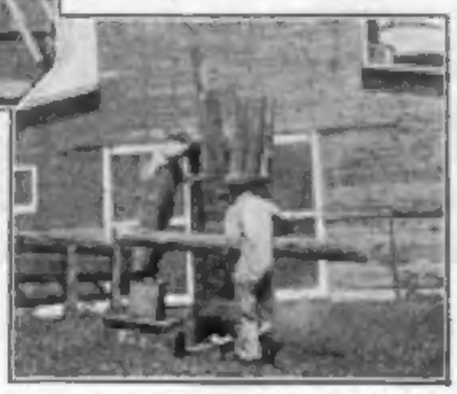
Below: Paper mill's permanent equipment for hot and cold treatment—three portable steel tanks for hot bath, for cold bath and for drippings.

Single-unit tank for dipping lumber of small cross section, and species readily impregnated in heated Carbosota. Capacity: 400 pieces of 1" x 4" x 5' per charge.

Single-unit steel tank for hot and cooling treatment of refrigerator freight car sills. Capacity: 20 to 24 sills per 24-hour day.

Left: Single-unit tank for creosoting coal mine-shaft small timber. Open Tank process (hot and cooling treatment).

Right: Butt-treating cedar fence-posts by hot and cooling treatment. Typical farm equipment, 110-gallon drum with fireplace underneath.



In Building Construction

No satisfactory substitute for wood has been found for many kinds of industrial building construction—for example, roof-decks on factory buildings where excessive humidity exists, as in round-houses, textile, paper, starch and copper stamp mills.

When its life is prolonged by Carbosota treatment, lumber becomes the *most durable* and *most economical* material for roof-deck construction so severely exposed.

Our free folder No. 408, "Preserving Wood Roof-Decks with Carbosota," gives information in detail about the treatment of roof-deck timbers.

A Necessity to Mines

With local supplies depleted, the price of even inferior grades of timber has advanced enormously, and the high cost of labor adds to the burden. The expense of timber maintenance is seriously menacing the operator's legitimate profits.

Preservative treatment against wood decay, through the application of Carbosota *at the mine* by the Open Tank process, is the only remedy that offers practical relief. Many progressive mining companies consider their carbosoting plants a necessary part of their equipment.

Ask for folder, "Longer Life for Mine Timbers."

On Freight Car Sills

Sills fail first at the contact points, where decay develops most rapidly. When these are carbosoted, the cost of car repairs is greatly lessened.

Surface treatment with Carbosota, applied by brushing or spraying, is the *one* method of wood preservation that can be immediately employed *in every car shop and repair yard*. Such treatment does not taint the lading.

Long Lived Poles

Carbosoted poles are the *cheapest per year of service*.

Even when good penetration of sapwood is otherwise secured the ultimate result of efficient protection against decay is only certain where Carbosota is used. Carbosota guarantees maximum protection against decay. Of course it costs a little more, but it is worth more.

Write for free folder No. 406, "Creosoted Poles are Economical."

Saves Money for Farmers

It is estimated that wood decay costs the farmers of America more than $350,000,000 annually.

Progressive farmers are carbosoting fence posts and foundation timbers by Open Tank process, and applying Surface treatments to their structural lumber—particularly at points of contact. The saving in repairs pays a big dividend on the small investment.

Write for free folder, "How to Make Farm Timbers Rot-Proof."

Technical Service

To insure best results from Carbosota, free Technical Service is offered. Please address your inquiries to our nearest office.

Our new illustrated booklet, "Long Life for Wood," sent free on request.

Put up in 1- and 5-gallon cans, also metal drums and tank cars

What is Carbosota?

Carbosota Liquid Creosote Oil is a highly refined and specially processed Coal-tar Creosote, particularly adapted to Surface treatments (brush treatment or painting, spraying and dipping) and the Open Tank process (hot and cold, or hot and cooling treatment). It conforms to standard specifications.

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For Preserving Wood

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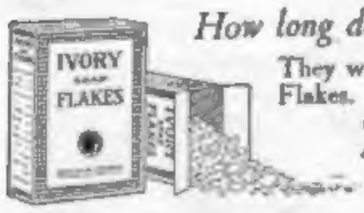

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SCOTLAND FOR SCOTCH

By Kenneth L. Roberts

THE student of Scotch whisky, and of the actions and reactions of Scotch whisky taken in conjunction with the Scotch people, is somewhat handicapped by the haziness of early Scotch history, which is as muddled and messy as though it had been written by a Lowland Scotchman laden internally with about three quarts of that potable spirit known as Highland malt.

In the extreme background of the earliest reliable facts which can be discovered concerning Scotland one finds rumors of a fluid known as usquebaugh, or water of life—usquebaugh, or uisgebeatha, being the Celtic word which was later contracted to whisky by persons who were more successful at drinking than at pronouncing. Thus one finds the Irish coming over to Scotland and fighting with the Scots away back in the dawn of Scotch history. The Irish brought their own usquebaugh with them, and the Scotch had their own private blends. When they weren't hitting the usquebaugh, as the phrase goes, they were hitting each other, and vice versa. At this late date the historian is unable to determine with any accuracy whether they fought because they had been drinking usquebaugh, or whether they drank usquebaugh to quench the thirst which resulted from the fighting.

Bottled History

BACK of that the investigator loses himself in the haze. There are very ancient stones in Scotland bearing inscriptions in Ogam, which yield no sense in any known Indo-European language; but a great many of the leading Scotch controversialists, accustomed by training and instinct to find controversies in stones, controversies in running brooks and controversies in everything, claim that these undecipherable inscriptions are recipes for making what is technically known among whisky experts as a big whisky with a full peaty flavor.

One Scotch controversialist whose revenue is partly derived from a flourishing distillery professed to have a large amount of inside information concerning the tonic qualities of Scotch whisky on the early inhabitants of his country, and he insisted on taking me to his Glasgow club where he could get at a pencil and paper—and a private bottle of a fine old Islay malt whisky with an ethereal bouquet strong enough to bring tears to the eyes of an ammonia maker. At his club he demonstrated by diagrams, dates and drinks how Scotch whisky had changed the entire history of Scotland.

He claimed—I answer for none of his claims, because it is my belief that controversialists are apt to claim everything in sight, especially if they are in danger of losing money—he claimed that whisky was invented by the Picts, who were a runty, tough, hardy race of people concerning whom nobody knows much of anything except that they occupied the Highlands of Scotland for many centuries. He claimed that the reason why the Picts were originally able to whip double their weight in wildcats and three times their weight in Romans and Scotchmen was because they drank vast quantities of a home-distilled brand of whisky of sufficient potency to remove the paint from a battleship. Early in the ninth century, he claimed, gradually freeing the kinks from his claimer and making it work with more fluency, the Scandinavian sea rovers landed in Scotland, seized a little rich land along the shores and started in to do some farming, varying the monotony by their favorite indoor and outdoor sport of beer drinking. The Picts, coming down from their Highland fastnesses full to the brim of whisky and desire to knock the eyeteeth of the Scandinavians out through their ears, saw the passionate delight which the Scandinavians took in their beer drinking and began to wonder how the beer tasted. They accordingly submerged their differences and fraternized with the Scandinavians.

The National Drink

WHEN they recovered from their headaches they secured the recipe for making beer from the Scandinavians and took it back home with them. It became fashionable among the Picts to drink beer. As a result, the remarkable strength and cunning which the Picts had developed because of their long and single-minded devotion to whisky were diffused and weakened. Being naturally small in stature they became much inferior to the Scotchmen, who were fine, large men with knobby knees. When, therefore, they were attacked in the year 860 by Kenneth MacAlpine of Kintyre, King of the Dalriad Scots of Argyll, the Picts were subjugated for the first time.

This energetic and comprehensive claimer further claimed that the Picts, having been thus weaned from whisky, gradually became extinct. Their conquerors, the Scotch, divided their attention between whisky and ale for many years, and so failed to attain those mental and physical heights to which they might have won had they specialized on whisky.

In the twelfth century, for example, every religious house and every barony in Scotland had at least one brewery. Things didn't go well for Scotland. Then, according to the claims of this fluent controversialist, the Scotch began to give up ale and beer and devote their finest efforts to the consumption of Scotch whisky.

"What," demanded the controversialist pregnantly—"what has been the result?"

He threw a prehensile upper lip over his glass of Islay, closed his eyes, tossed down half its contents, shuddered slightly, and then answered himself.

"For many years," said he, "Scotch whisky has been the national drink of Scotland. Aye, the national drink! And who is it that's at the head of English banks and English businesses and English factories to-day? The Scotch! Aye! Who is it that's at the head of the big projects in England's colonies? The Scotch! Aye, the Scotch, God bless 'em! That's what Scotch whisky has done for Scotland! Give the Scotch enough Scotch whisky and they'll rule the world!"

He hiccuped loudly and gazed affectionately at the bottle which had so recently held a quart of Islay with a flavor reminiscent of a fire in a peat stack.

In one respect at least the controversialist was correct. The Scotch, like the English, have been accustomed to dally with alcoholic beverages with the utmost freedom ever since the dawn of Scottish history; and the national drink of Scotland is whisky, just as the national drink of England is beer. More whisky is drunk per capita in Scotland than in any other country in the world. The English are determined and efficient drinkers, and the Englishman all over the world is noted for his attachment to whisky and soda. Yet the English, per capita, drink about one-half as much as do the Scotch. This works out year after year in a persistent manner. In 1891 the per capita consumption of spirits in England and Wales was .9 gallon, and in Scotland it was 1.8 gallons. In 1900 Old Man Per Capita consumed just short of one gallon in England, while in Scotland he sucked up just short of two gallons. In 1914 the figures for England showed two-thirds of a gallon consumed per capita, and one and one-third gallons was the corresponding figure for Scotland. There are 112 distilleries doing a rushing business in Scotland as against seven distilleries in England. During 1919 the Scotch lapped up 3,282,000 imperial-proof gallons of whisky and spent £18,000,000—or nearly $90,000,000 at the normal rate of exchange—in so doing. Two Scotchmen who have had even the slightest experience in drinking sit down at a table and split a quart of Scotch whisky with the same insouciance with which two frugal Americans in the old days might have split a bottle of beer.

Corrosive Effects of Scotch Water

THE imperial-proof gallon, with which one is constantly coming in contact when moving in select British alcoholic circles, should be explained at this juncture. An American gallon contains seven-tenths as much liquid as does an imperial gallon. A proof gallon is the basis of taxation of spirits in the United Kingdom, and a proof gallon of whisky contains 57 per cent by volume of absolute alcohol. All spirits sold in the United Kingdom must be, by order of the Liquor Control Board, 30 per cent under proof. This is a war measure. To change 100 gallons of proof whisky into whisky that is 30 per cent under proof one adds 43.9 gallons of water—getting 142.8 gallons because of the peculiar contraction of bulk which takes place when alcohol and water are mixed. The alcoholic strength of a 30-per-cent-under-proof whisky is 40 per cent.

The majority of Scotch drinkers are unable to explain the proof gallon or the alcoholic content of a 30-per-cent-under-proof whisky. They attempt it frequently and get themselves badly twisted, and occasionally break down and cry over the subject, especially after dallying with a few glasses of it. Every Scotch whisky drinker, however, assures the investigator that a 30-per-cent-under-proof whisky is so weak that it has about as much effect on the drinker as goat's milk. He will make this assertion with all solemnity at moments when the bar is revolving before him in a slow and stately manner as a result of the action of 30-per-cent-under-proof whisky on his eyes. There have been a number of canards circulated concerning the weakness of 30-per-cent-under-proof whisky; but after constant experimenting with gentlemen who kindly offered me their services for experimental purposes I can state confidently that ten quick drinks of 30-per-cent-under-proof whisky will usually cause the drinker to pick a fight with the nearest trolley car or compose himself for slumber in any convenient gutter.

As a result of their persistent tampering with hard liquor the Scotch are able to produce some very finished specimens of the souse family. Saturday night, in any Scotch city or town, sees more whole-hearted ossification and spification than it sees anywhere else. There is, indeed, a belief in many parts of Scotland that Scotch water has an evil effect on the teeth, and strangers are urged warningly to look what it does to iron. The Scotch also believe that water rusts and eats away the veins and the arteries and the internal organs, while whisky purifies and toughens and preserves them. If this is so there are some Scotchmen who ought to live to be a million years old.

Down in England there is constant talk of this Scotch enthusiasm for hard liquor, and one is urged—if he thinks that the English are sodden with drink—to go on up to Scotland and look 'em over. The Scotch readily admit that there are some gorgeous souses among their number; but they maintain heatedly that England is really more alcoholic than Scotland. The English, they say, suck away at their beer every day and are sodden with it; whereas the Scotch go out two or three nights a week, or on Saturday night, and get themselves lit up like a summer hotel on the Fourth of July, and then don't touch the stuff again for several days. This, of course, is one of the controversial subjects with which the Scotch love to toy. The English say that they are not sodden, but that the Scotch are sodden; the Scotch say that for soddenness the English are without peers. It is a case of sodden, sodden, who's got the sodden, so to speak.

"Glasgow," said Englishman after Englishman to me, "is the drunkenest city in Scotland."

Greenock Yields the Palm to Glasgow

SO I WENT up to Glasgow, which the Scotch call Glesca, and I walked up and down Argyle Street on a Saturday night. I also walked up and down Sauchiehall Street—which is pronounced Soaky-hall, probably in honor of the soaks that do their soaking there and thereabouts—and I took a daunder down Sautmarket and dawdled through Cowcaddens and Bridgeton, which are about as slummy slums as I ever hope to see.

I went through these places on Saturday night and Sunday night and holiday nights and ordinary week-day nights. I went through them with Scotch newspaper men, and I went through them with a young woman, and I went through them with two American officers from the Army of Occupation in Germany, and I went through them alone; and it was my opinion after each trip and after all the trips together that the people who call Glasgow the drunkenest city in Scotland have expressed the situation neatly but sketchily, whereas those who call Glasgow the drunkenest city in the world have, to use the rude patois of Manhattan Island, said a mouthful.

The Scotch, of course, wax controversial over the question. The Glasgow Scotchmen say that there is a lot of drunkenness in the city—too much by far; but that there is a more virulent and concentrated form of drunkenness in the adjacent city of Greenock, the manufacturing and shipbuilding center whence came Jamie Watt, who made steam famous. The Greenock Scotchmen smile dourly and say that Glasgow has the boniest drunks—aye!—and that Edinburgh runs Glasgow a close second. The Glasgow citizens also claim that there is more misery from drink in Edinburgh than in Glasgow. The Edinburgh citizens deny it

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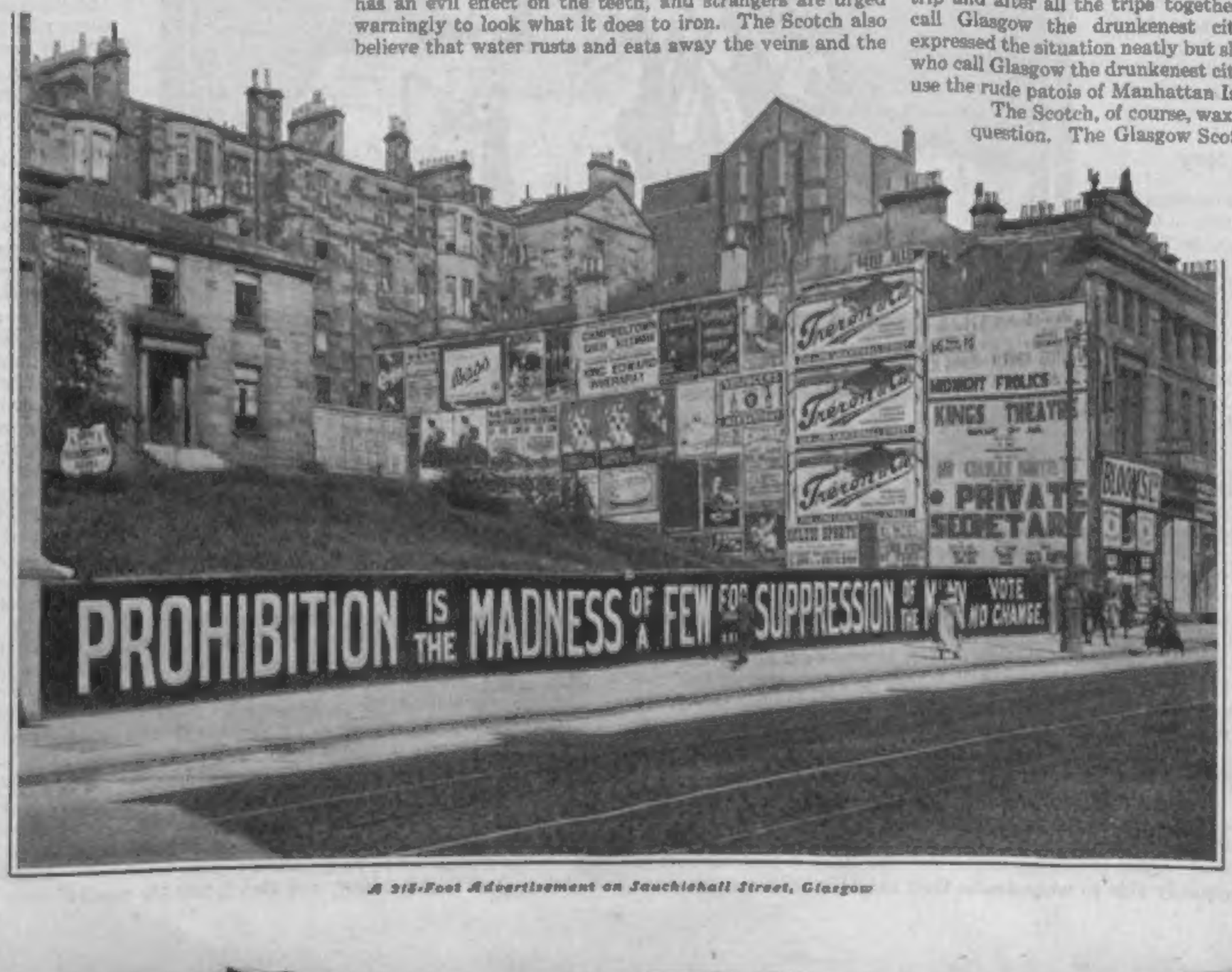
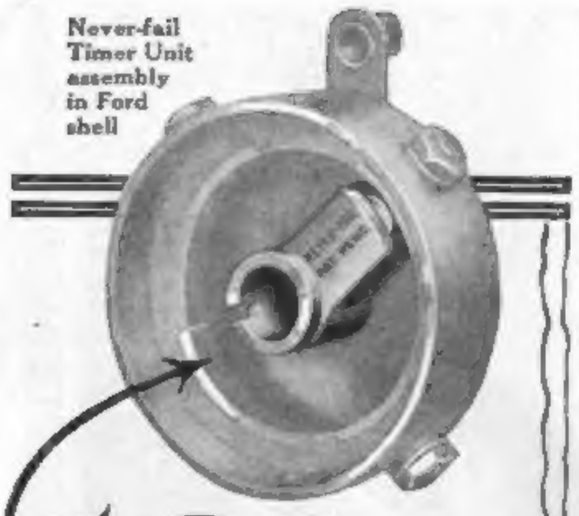


A 315-Foot Advertisement on Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow



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The Offer Find out for yourself what the Never-fail Timer Unit and Carburetor will do for your Ford. Ask your dealer for them. If he doesn't carry them, do not accept a substitute, but send us fifty cents for the Timer Unit, or ten dollars for the Carburetor, with your dealer's name, and we'll send them postpaid.

Dealers and Jobbers: If you're not stocked write for the very attractive terms.

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Owner Agents earn good money selling Never-fail products—whole or part time. Good territories open. Write today for liberal offer.

The Guarantee: The Never-fail Timer Unit and Never-fail Carburetor are guaranteed to give satisfaction, or they may be returned to us within 30 days of purchase, and money will be refunded.

(Continued from Page 40)

got back to the boat we found that all the natives had suspended work and were listening to an impassioned speech by one of the black wheelmen. All these boats have native pilots. This boy, who only wore a loin cloth, was urging his fellows not to work so hard. Among other things, he said:

"The white man eats big food and takes a big sleep in the middle of the day, and you ought to do the same thing. The company that owns this boat has much money, and you should all be getting more wages."

Carrie stopped the harangue and the men went back to work. This illuminating episode is just one of the many evidences of industrial insurgency that I found in Africa from the moment I struck Capetown. In the Rand gold-mining district, for example, the natives have been organized by British agitators, and it probably will not be long before Central Africa has the I. W. W. in its midst! Certainly the I Won't Works already exist in large numbers.

This was only one of the many surprises that the Congo native disclosed. Another was the existence of powerful secret societies which have codes, grips and passwords. Some antedate the white man, indulge in human sacrifice, and have branches in a dozen sections. Although Central Africa is a land where the husband can stray from home at will, the lodge night is thus available as an excuse for domestic indiscretion.

African Secret Societies

The most terrible of these orders is the Society of the Leopard, formed to provide a novel and devilish method of wiping out enemies. The members wear leopard skins and throttle their foes with a glove to which steel blades are affixed. The victim appears to have been killed by the animal that cannot change its spots. To make the illusion complete, the ground where the victim has lain is marked with a stick whose end resembles the feet of the leopard.

The leopard skin, by the way, has a curious significance in the Congo. For occasions where the white man takes an oath on the Bible, the savage steps over one of these skins to swear fealty. If two chiefs have had a quarrel, and make up, they tear a skin in two and throw the pieces into the river to show that the feud is rent asunder.

Another secret society in the Congo is the Lubuki, whose initiation makes riding the goat seem like a childish amusement. The candidate is tied to a tree and a nest of black ants is distributed over his body. He is released only after he is nearly stung to death. A repetition of this jungle third degree is threatened for violation of any of the secrets of the order, the main purpose of which is to graft on nonmembers for food and other necessities.

In civilized life the members of a fraternal society are summoned to a meeting by telephone or letter. In the Congo they are hailed by the tom-tom, which is the wireless of the woods. These huge drums have an uncanny carrying power. The beats are like the dots and dashes of telegraphy. All the native news of Central Africa is transmitted from village to village in this way.

I could continue this narrative of native habits and customs indefinitely, but we must get back to the Lusanga. On board was a real character. He was Peter the capita. In the Congo every group of native workmen is in charge of a capita, who would be designated a foreman in America. Life and varied experience had battered Peter sadly. He spoke English, French, German, Portuguese and half a dozen of the Congo dialects. He learned German while a member of an African dancing team that performed at the Winter Garden in Berlin. His German almost had a Potsdam flavor. He told me that he had danced before the former Kaiser and had met many members of the Teutonic nobility. Yet the thing that stood out most vividly in his memory was the taste of German beer. He sighed for it daily.

Six days after leaving Kinshassa I reluctantly bade farewell to Peter and the Lusanga at Dima. Here I had the first piece of hard luck on the whole trip. The little steamer that was to take me up the Kasai River to Joko Punda had departed five days before, and I was forced to wait until she returned. Fifteen years ago Dima was the wildest kind of jungle. I found it a model tropical post, with dozens of brick houses, a shipyard and machine shops, avenues of palm trees and a model farm. It is the headquarters of the Kasai Company in the Congo.

I had a brick bungalow to myself and ate with the managing director. There was only one English-speaking person within a radius of one hundred miles. I had read all my English books, and the result was that I spent a year every day of the thirteen that I had to remain there. I vented my impatience in walking, for I covered at least fifteen miles through the jungle every day. This proceeding filled both the Belgians and the natives with astonishment. The latter particularly could not understand why a man walked about the country aimlessly. Usually a native will only walk when he can move in the direction of food or sleep. On these solitary trips I went through a country that still abounds in buffalo and elephants. It is one thing to see a big tusker doing his tricks in a circus tent, but quite another to hear him floundering through the woods, tearing off huge branches of trees as he moves along with what seems to be an incredible speed for so heavy an animal. These Congo elephants ordinarily will not bother you if you do not disturb them.

There came the glad Sunday when I heard the whistle of the steamboat. I dashed down to the beach, and there was the little forty-ton Madeleine. I welcomed her as a long-lost friend, and this she proved to be. The second day afterwards I went aboard and began a diverting chapter of my experience. The Madeleine is a type of the veteran Congo boat. In the old days the Belgian pioneers fought natives from its narrow deck. Despite incessant combat with sand banks, snags and swift currents—all these obstructions abound in the Kasai River—she was still staunch. In command was the only Belgian captain that I had in the Congo, and he had been plying these waters for twenty years, with only one holiday in Europe during that time.

Now began a journey that did not lack adventure. It was the end of the dry season and the Kasai was lower than ever before. The channel was almost a continuous sand bank. We rested on one of them for a whole day. I was now well into the domain of the hippopotamus. I am not exaggerating when I say that the Kasai is almost alive with them. You can shoot one of these monsters from the bridge of the river boats almost as easily as you could pick off a sparrow from the limb of a park tree. I got tired of watching them. The flesh of the hippopotamus is unfit for white consumption, but the natives regard it as a luxury. The white man who kills a hippo is immediately acclaimed a hero. One reason is that with spears the black finds it difficult to get the best of one of these animals.

The High Cost of Marriage

Our first stop was at a Lutheran mission set in the midst of a populous village. As we approached I saw the American flag hanging over the door of the most pretentious mud-and-grass house. When I went ashore I found that the missionaries—a man and his wife—were both American citizens. The husband was a Swede who had gone out to Kansas in his boyhood to work on a farm. There he married a Kansas girl, who now speaks English with a Swedish accent. After spreading the gospel in China and elsewhere, they settled down in this lonely spot on the Kasai River.

I was immediately impressed with the difference between the Congo River and the Kasai. The Congo is serene, brooding, majestic, almost overwhelming in its immensity, and fringed with an endless verdure. The Kasai, although 1500 miles in length, is narrower and more pugnacious. Its brown banks and grim, flanking mountains offer a welcome change from the eternal green of the great river that gives the colony its name.

I also got another change. Two days after I left Dima we were blanketed with heavy fog every morning and the air was raw and chill. On the Kasai boats you can get every experience of transatlantic travel, with the sole exception of seasickness.

As I proceeded up the Kasai I found continued evidence of the advance in price of every food commodity. The omnipresent chicken that fetched a franc in 1914 now brings from five to ten. My old mainstay, the goat, had risen from ten to thirty francs, and he was as tough as ever, despite the rise. But foodstuffs are only a small part of these Congo economic troubles.

We in America have suffered for some time under the burden of our inseparable companion—the high cost of living. It is slight compared with the high cost of loving in the Congo. Here you touch a real hardship. Before the war a first-class wife—all wives are bought—sold for fifty francs. To-day the market price for a choice spouse is two hundred francs, and it takes hard digging for the black man to scrape up this almost prohibitive amount. Thus the high cost of matrimony enters the list of universal distractions.

Exactly twelve days after we pulled out of Dima the captain told me that we were nearing Joko Punda. The river had become swifter and deeper, for we were approaching Wissmann Falls, the end of navigation for some distance. On account of the lack of certain communication save by runner in this part of Africa—the traveler can always beat a wireless message out there—I was unable to send any warning of my coming, and I wondered whom and what I should find there. I had the strongest possible letters to all the Forminière officials, but these pieces of paper could not get me on to Tshikapa. I needed something that moved on wheels. I was greatly relieved, therefore, when we came in sight of the post to see two unmistakable American figures standing on the bank. What cheered me further were two American jitneys parked near by.

The two Americans proved to be G. D. Moody and J. E. Robison. The former is assistant chief engineer of the Forminière in the field and the latter is in charge of the motor transport. They gave me a genuine American welcome, and that night I dined in Robison's grass-and-mud house off American food that had traveled nearly 15,000 miles, and heard the first unadulterated Yankee conversation that had fallen on my ears since I left Elizabethville two months before.

Yankee Hot Cakes and Jitneys

When I said that I wanted to push on to Tshikapa at once, Moody said: "We will leave at five in the morning in one of the jitneys and be in Tshikapa to-morrow night."

Moody was an incorrigible optimist, as I was soon to discover.

At dawn the next morning, after a breakfast of hot cakes—they were like home from home—we left. Nelson was in a great state of excitement, because he had never ridden in an automobile before. He was destined not to enjoy that rare privilege very long. The rough highway, hewed by American engineers through the thick woods, was a foot deep in sand, and before we had proceeded a hundred yards the car got stuck and all hands save Moody got out to push it on. Moody was the chauffeur and had to remain at the wheel. Draped in fog, the jungle about me had an almost eerie look. But æsthetic and emotional observations had to give way to practicality. Laboriously the jitney snorted through the sand and bumped over tree stumps. After a strenuous hour, when we had reached the open country, the machine gave a groan and died on the spot. We were on a broad plain on the outskirts of a village, under a broiling sun.

The African pickaninny has just as much curiosity as his American brother, and in ten minutes the whole juvenile population was assembled around us. Soon the grown-ups joined the crowd. Naked women examined the tires as if they were articles of food, and black warriors stalked about with the same sort of I-told-you-so expression that you find in the face of the average American watching a motor-car breakdown. Human nature is the same the world over. The automobile is a novelty in these parts, and when the Forminière employed the first ones the natives actually thought it was an animal that would finally get tired and quit. Mine stopped without getting tired!

For six hours Moody labored under the car while I sat in the glaring sun alongside the road and cursed fate. Nelson spent his time eating all the available food in sight.

Finally, at three o'clock Moody gave up and said: "We'll have to make the rest of this trip in a teapoy."

(Continued on Page 45)

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Beech-Nut Pork and Beans

(Continued from Page 42)

A teapoy is a hammock slung on a pole carried on the shoulders of natives. We sent a runner in to Robison, who came out with two teapoys and a squad of forty blacks to transport us. The teapoy boy, as he is called, is as much a part of the African scheme of life as a driver or a chauffeur is in America. He must be big, strong and sound of wind, because he is required to go at a run all the time. For any considerable journey each teapoy has a squad of eight men, who alternate on the run without losing a step. They always sing as they go.

I had never ridden in a teapoy before, and I now began a continuous trip in one which lasted eight hours. Night fell almost before we got started, and it was a strange sensation to go sailing through the silent black woods and the excited villages, where thousands of naked persons of all sizes turned out to see the show. After two hours I began to feel as if I had been tossed up for a week in an army blanket. My wrist watch that I had carried throughout the war, and which had withstood the fiercest shell shocks and bombardments, was jolted to a standstill. After the fourth hour I became accustomed to the movement, and even went to sleep for a while. Midnight brought us to Kabambare and the banks of the Kasai, where I found food and sanctuary at a Forminière post. Here the thousands of tons of freight that come up the river from Dima by steamer, which are carried by motor trucks, ox teams and on the heads of natives to this point, are placed on whaleboats and sent up the river to Tshikapa.

Before going to bed I sent a runner to Tshikapa to notify Donald Doyle, managing engineer of the Forminière in the field, that I was coming, and to send a motor car out to meet me. I promised this runner much *matabeesh*, which is the African word for a tip, if he would run the whole way. The distance through the jungle was exactly seventy-two miles, and he covered this—as I discovered when I reached Tshikapa—in exactly twenty-six hours, a remarkable feat. The *matabeesh* I bestowed, by the way, was three francs—about eighteen cents—and the native regarded it as a princely gift, because it amounted to nearly half a month's wages.

By this time my confidence in the African jitney was somewhat shaken. A new motor boat had just been received at Kabambare, and I thought I would take a chance with it and start up the Kasai the next day. Moody, assisted by several other engineers, started to get it in shape. At noon of the second day, when we were about to start, the engine went on a sympathetic strike with the jitney, and once more I was halted.

Travel by Teapoy

I said to Moody: "I am going to Tshikapa without any further delay if I have to walk the whole way."

This was not necessary, for thanks to the Forminière organization, which always has hundreds of native porters at Kabambare, I was able to organize a caravan in two hours.

After lunch we set forth with a complete outfit of tents, bedding and cooks. The black personnel was forty porters and a picked squad of thirty-five teapoy boys to carry Moody and myself. Usually these caravans have a flag. I had none, so the teapoy capita fished out a big red bandanna handkerchief, which he tied to a stick. With the crimson banner flying and the teapoy carriers singing and playing rude native instruments, we started off at a trot. I felt like an explorer going into the unknown places. It was the real thing in jungle experience.

From two o'clock until sunset we trotted through the wilds, which were almost thrillingly beautiful. In Africa there is no twilight, and darkness swoops down like a hawk. All afternoon the teapoy men, after their fashion, carried on what was literally a running cross fire of questions among themselves. They usually boast of their strength and their appetite, and always discuss the white man they are carrying and his characteristics. I heard much muttering of Mafutta Mingi, my Congo name, which means much fat, and I knew long before we stopped that my weight was not a pleasant topic.

I slept that night in a native house on the outskirts of a village, while a big camp fire blazed outside. The last white man to occupy this domicile was Louis Franck, the Belgian Minister of Colonies, who had gone up to the Forminière diamond fields a few weeks before. He used the same jitney that I had started in, and it also broke down with him. Moody was his chauffeur. They had to make their way on foot to this village. Moody told the chief that he had the real Bula Matari, which means Big Chief in the Congo, with him. The chief solemnly looked at Franck and said: "He is no Bula Matari because he does not wear any medals." Most high Belgian officials wear orders, and the native dotes on shiny ornaments. The old savage refused to sell the travelers any food, and the minister had to share the beans of the negro boys who accompanied him.

Daybreak saw us on the move. For hours we swung through an equatorial forest which made one think of the beginnings of the world, when the big trees were king. The vastness and silence were only comparable to the brooding mystery of the jungle nights. You have no feel of fear, but oddly enough a strange sense of security. I realized as never before the truth that lay behind one of Stanley's convictions. He once said: "No luxury of civilization can be equal to the relief from the tyranny of custom. The wilds of a great city are greater than the excruciating tyranny of a small village. The heart of Africa is infinitely preferable to the heart of the world's largest city. If the way were easier, millions would fly to it."

What Tshikapa Reads

Despite this enthralling environment, I kept wondering if that runner had reached Doyle and if a car had been sent out. At noon we emerged from the forest into a clearing. Suddenly Moody said, "I hear an automobile engine." A moment later I saw a small car burst through the trees far ahead, and I knew that relief was at hand. Dr. John Dunn, the physician at Tshikapa, had started at dawn to meet me, and my teapoy adventures for the moment were ended. Doctor Livingstone at Ujiji had no larger feeling of relief at the sight of Stanley than I felt when I shook the hand of this bronzed Middle Western medico.

I got into Dunn's car, and without any further mishap we reached Tshikapa late that afternoon. The whole American colony, which included the women and children, some of the latter born in the Congo, turned themselves into a reception committee. The one staple English reading fare out there is THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and they seemed glad to greet a living link with it. This reminds me that at an isolated Belgian post, far up the Congo River, I found a battered copy of THE POST two years old that had been carried in a caravan all the way from the headwaters of the Nile.

Tshikapa, which means belt, is a Little America in every sense. It commands the junction of the Tshikapa and Kasai rivers. There are dozens of substantial brick dwellings, offices, warehouses, machine shops and hospitals. For a hundred miles, to the Angola border and far beyond, the Yankee has cut motor roads and set up civilization generally. You see American neatness and thoroughness on all sides, even in the immense native villages, where thousands of the mine workers live. Instead of having compounds, the company encourages the blacks to establish their own settlements and live their own lives. It makes them more contented, and therefore more efficient, and it establishes a colony of permanent workers. When the native is confined to a compound he gets restless and wants to go back home. The Americans are helping to solve the Congo labor problem.

At Tshikapa you hear good old United States spoken with every dialectic flavor, from New England hardness to Texas drawl. In charge was Doyle, a veteran of the Congo, who has a charming English wife. The wife of one of the American mine managers had become a mother a few days before, and I was taken hotfoot over to see this latest baby.

I spent a week traveling with Doyle in a motor car through the Congo diamond fields, which practically begin at the front door of Tshikapa. The first bonanza mine in the area was within sight of Doyle's house.

Most of these mines are in charge of American engineers, who have been in the field for years and have their families with them. On Thanksgiving, Fourth of July

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and Christmas there is always a big American rally, which includes a dance and a vaudeville show at Tshikapa, where the Stars and Stripes are unfurled and the old days in the States recalled. It is real community life in the wilds.

I was struck with the big difference between the Congo diamond fields and those at Kimberley. In South Africa the mines are great gaping gashes in the earth, thousands of feet wide and thousands deep. They are all so-called pipes formed by volcanic eruption. These pipes are the real source of the diamonds. The precious blue ground which contains the stones is mined by tens of thousands of natives and is spread out on immense floors to decompose under sun and rain. Afterwards it is broken in huge crushers and goes through a series of mechanical transformations. It is an elaborate process.

The Congo mines are alluvial, and every creek and river bed is therefore a potential diamond mine. The only labor necessary is to remove the upper layer of earth in the creek beds, dig up the gravel, shake it out, and you have the concentrate from which a naked savage can pick the precious stones. They are precisely like the mines of German Southwest Africa. So far no pipes have been discovered in the Kasai Basin. One reason possibly is that this diamond-bearing area of nearly 8000 square miles has scarcely been scraped by the prospector.

Where Loose Diamonds are Safe

Now for a real human-interest detail. At Kimberley the Zulus and Kafirs know the value of the diamond, and there was formerly considerable and costly filching. All the workers are segregated in barbed-wire compounds and under constant surveillance. At the end of their period of service they are kept in custody for two weeks in order to make certain that they have not swallowed any stones. The Congo natives do not know what a diamond really is. The majority believe that it is simply a piece of glass employed in the making of bottles, and there are a good many bottles of various kinds in the colony. Hence no watch is kept on the hundreds of Balubas who are mainly employed in the task of picking out the glittering jewels. During the past five years, when the product in the Congo fields has grown to 250,000 carats a year in small stones, not a single carat has been stolen. The same situation obtains in the Angola fields near by, where the output is one-half of this.

As I looked at these mines with their thousands of grinning blacks, and heard the rattle of gravel in the shakers, my mind went back to Kimberley and the immense part that its treasure house played in shaping the economic destiny of South Africa. Long before the gold rush opened up the Rand the diamond mines had given the entire southern section of the continent a rebirth of prosperity. Will the Congo mines perform the same service for the Congo?

In Angola the Forminière has created a replica of the Congo enterprise, the only difference being that it is under the Portuguese flag instead of the Belgian. Tshikapa has its double in Dundu, and Glenn H. Newport, who was with Decker when he was killed, is the managing engineer. The diamond mines are worked just like those in the Kasai region.

I had originally planned to go on to Angola and leave Africa at St. Paul de Loanda in Portuguese West Africa, where Ryan and his Belgian associates have acquired the new oil wells and set up still another important outpost of our overseas venturing. But so much time had been consumed in reaching Tshikapa that I determined to return to Kinshassa, go on to Matadi and catch the boat for Europe at the end of August.

There were two ways of getting back to Kabambare: one by automobile through the jungle and the other by boat down the Kasai. Between Kabambare and Joko Punda there is practically no navigation on account of the succession of dangerous rapids. Since my faith in the jitney was still impaired I chose the river route, and it gave me the most stirring, perhaps, of all my African experiences. The motor boats at Tshikapa were out of commission, so I started at daybreak in a whaleboat manned by forty naked native paddlers.

The fog still hung over the countryside, and the scene as we got under way was like a Rackham drawing of goblins and ghosts. I sat forward in the boat, with the ranks of singing, paddling blacks behind me. From the moment we started, and until I landed, the boys kept up an incessant chanting. One of their number sat forward and pounded the iron gunwale with a heavy stick. When he stopped pounding the paddlers ceased their efforts. It is a curious fact that the only way to make the Congo native work is to provide him with noise. That is why the teapoy men always carry their native musical instruments and strum them as they run.

All day we traveled down the river through schools of hippopotamuses, some of them near enough for me to throw a stone into the cavernous mouths. The boat capita told me that we would get to Kabambare by sundown. Like the average New York restaurant waiter he merely said what he thought his listener wanted to hear. I fervently hoped he was right, because we not only had a series of rapids to shoot upriver, but at Kabambare is a seething whirlpool that has engulfed hundreds of natives and their boats. At sunset we had only passed through the first of the troubled zones. Nightfall without a moon found me still moving, and with the swirling eddy far ahead.

I can frankly say that I never felt such apprehension as on the face of those surging waters, with black night and the impenetrable jungle about me. The weird singing of the paddlers only heightened the suspense. I thought that every tight place would be my last. Finally, at eight o'clock, and after it seemed that I had spent years on the trip, we bumped up against the shore of Kabambare within a hundred feet of the fatal spot.

The faithful Moody, who preceded me, had revived life in the Jonah jitney. At dawn the next day we started at full speed, and reached Joko Punda by noon. The Madeleine was waiting for me with steam up, for I had sent a runner ahead. I had ordered Nelson back from Kabambare, because plenty of servants were available there. He spent his week of idleness at Joko Punda in exploring every food known to the country. At one o'clock I was off on the first real stage of my homeward journey. The swift current made the downward trip much faster than the upward, and I was not sorry.

Guests From Cleveland

As we neared Basongo the captain came to me and said: "I see two Americans standing on the bank. Shall I take them aboard?"

Almost before I could say that I would be delighted we were within hailing distance of the post. An American voice with a Cleveland, Ohio, accent called out to me and asked my name. When I told him, he said: "I'll give you three copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST if you will take us down to Dima. We have been stranded here for nearly three weeks, and want to go home."

I yelled back that they were more than welcome, for I not only wanted to help out a pair of countrymen in distress, but I desired some companionship on the boat. They were Charles H. Davis and Henry Fairbairn, both Forminière engineers, who had made their way overland from the Angola diamond fields. Only one down-bound Belgian boat had passed since their arrival, and it was so crowded with Belgian officials on their way to Matadi to catch the August steamer for Europe that there was no accommodation for them. While we talked they were joined by a companion in misfortune, an American missionary, Doctor Cleveland, who was attached to the admirable American Presbyterian Mission at Luebo, far up the Luebo River. He had come to Basongo on the little missionary steamer, and sent it back expecting to take the Belgian state boat. Like the engineers he could get no passage.

Davis showed his appreciation of my rescue of the party by immediately handing over the three copies of THE POST, which were more than seven months old and which had beguiled his long nights in the field. Cleveland did his bit in the way of gratitude by providing me with hot griddle cakes every morning. He had some American corn meal, and had taught his native servant how to produce the real article.

At Dima I had the final heart throb of the trip. I had arranged to take the Fumu N'Tangu, a sister ship of the Madeleine,

(Concluded on Page 48)

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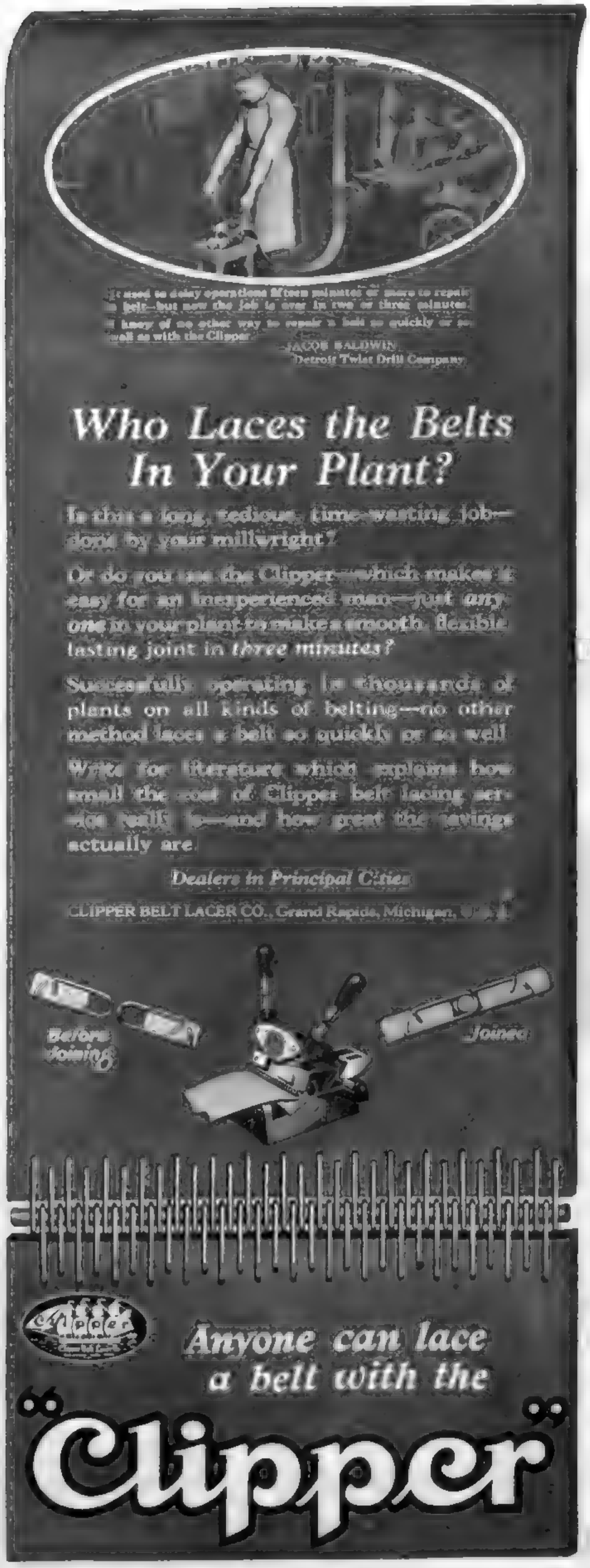
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Or do you use the Clipper—which makes it easy for an inexperienced man—just any one in your plant—to make a smooth flexible lasting joint in three minutes?
Successfully operating in thousands of plants on all kinds of belting—no other method laces a belt so quickly or so well.
Write for literature which explains how small the cost of Clipper belt lacing actually is—and how great the savings actually are.
Dealers in Principal Cities
CLIPPER BELT LACER CO., Grand Rapids, Michigan, U. S. A.
Before Joining
Joined
Anyone can lace a belt with the
Clipper

(Concluded from Page 46)

from this point to Kinshassa. When I arrived I found that she was stuck on a sand bank one hundred miles down the river. My whole race against time to catch the August steamer would have been futile if I could not push on to Kinshassa at once. Happily, the Yser, the state boat that had left Davis, Fairbairn and Cleveland high and dry at Basongo, had put in at Dima the day before to repair a broken paddle wheel, and was about to start. I beat the Madeleine's gangplank to the shore and tore over to the captain of the Yser.

When I told him I had to go to Kinshassa, he said: "I cannot take you. I only have accommodations for eight people, and am carrying forty."

I flashed my credentials on him and he yielded. I got the sofa, or rather the bench called a sofa, in his cabin.

Kinshassa looked good to me when we arrived four days later, but I did not tarry long. The next morning I boarded a special car on the historic narrow-gauge railway that runs from Stanley Pool to Matadi. Perhaps no road in the world took such heavy toll of human life in construction. It is two hundred and fifty miles in length, and every kilometer cost a white life and every meter a black one. You can see the unending procession of gravestones along the right of way. Yet it was a good human investment. In the old days, when all merchandise and machinery had to be carried on the heads of natives on the trail that the steel rails now mark, ten thousand natives died every year.

Late in the afternoon of the second day the train emerged from a curve in the mountains, and Matadi, where navigation on the Congo is resumed, at last lay before me. The name means stone. The little town, so dramatically associated with Stanley's first struggles in the Congo—it was here that he got the name of Bula Matari—the Rock Breaker—is literally one rock, and in the wet season is rated as the hottest place in the universe.

But what interested me most was the big white steamer, the Anversville, that lay alongside the pier. She was the first liner that I had seen since I left Capetown more than four months before. I changed from the discomfort of the river boat to the luxury of the ocean vessel and started for Europe.

At Boma, the capital of the Congo, which is about fifty miles down the river, we picked up the Belgian Minister of the Colonies, the governor-general of the Congo, and a bunch of vice governors and other functionaries, all homeward bound. By the time we reached the mouth of the Congo—it is twenty miles wide here—we were a real ark of government.

At Banana Point I looked my last on the Congo River, but for more than sixty miles out at sea the sullen brown current vies with the green and blue of the ocean swell. It lingers like the tenacious spell of all Africa. The Congo is merely a phase of the larger lure.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with South Africa and the Congo.

JOHN HENRY AND THE RESTLESS SEX

(Continued from Page 11)

"Poor old girl!" said Tom Cooper uncomfortably. "Just about done up. Three nursemaids in the past month—two utterly incompetent slatterns and one trained children's nurse, as autocratic as the Kaiser used to be. You've no idea—wouldn't allow us in the nursery! What's the world coming to anyhow?"

"We'd better be getting along," suggested John Henry.

"Oh, must you hurry? Well, of course——" He went to the foot of the stairs. "Mabel, they're going!" he called. But Mabel heard nothing above the din.

"Please don't disturb her," Myra said.

"No, better not." Cooper agreed. He saw them to the door. "I hope to get down to the office Monday," he said with a glance over his shoulder toward the stairs that was eloquent in meaning.

For a time the two young people walked along in silence.

"Poor Mabel!" said Myra presently.

"My mother," said John Henry slowly, "had six children. But I never heard her talk about that tied-down feeling."

"No?" The girl smiled up at him. "Your mother was a dear, I'm sure, but the world has changed since her day. Woman's horizon has broadened. She wants to be something more than a mere household drudge. She wants to be independent—now and then, at any rate. She's had a taste of freedom, and she's found she likes it."

"I suppose it's the war," mused John Henry. "Poor Tom! Wants to know what the world's coming to. Who can tell him? Women are all upset—restless. I notice it everywhere I go. By the way, you'd probably have that tied-down feeling yourself if you—if some man ——"

"I'm sure I should," smiled Myra. "I adore the office."

They walked on.

"Tied down!" murmured John Henry. "Want to get away now and then. No one to leave with the children." He stopped suddenly. "By Gad, why couldn't somebody capitalize that restlessness? Be a pioneer, I mean. Find a way out—do the human race a favor—and incidentally make a lot of money. Why couldn't I?"

"Hire out as a nursemaid, you mean?" asked Myra.

"Not exactly," he laughed, and resumed the walk. "Though I do like children—always have. But here I've been looking for an opportunity, and an idea begins to stir. This city is full of women with that tied-down feeling. If I could do something to help them I'd be a hero."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it!" he answered blithely. They had reached her door. "All I've got to do is think of some plan—some scheme ——".

"That's all!" she said sarcastically.

"Easiest thing in the world," he assured her.

For once he was glad to leave her. He wanted to be alone. He went on his way down the street, fiercely thinking.

II

ALL that evening John Henry paced the floor of his room. He was deep in the throes of a big idea. But was it a big idea? He couldn't decide. Would it lead him on to fortune—or to the door of a home for the unsettled of mind? At times it seemed practicable, magnificent. At others it struck him as utterly silly.

He unlocked his trunk and took from a tin box at the bottom four Liberty Bonds, each for five hundred dollars. He turned to the bond quotations in the evening paper. About seventeen hundred there. In his savings account two hundred and sixteen more. Should he risk it all on one desperate throw?

The first few days of the following week at the office he seemed feverish, distraught. Frequently he rushed out for conferences and these were really important conferences, for he had decided on the throw.

It was Thursday, however, before he took anyone into his confidence. Then, descending on Mr. Camby late in the afternoon, he announced his resignation from the Phœnix forces, to take effect on Saturday. Camby seemed genuinely distressed.

"Someone else giving you more money?" he asked.

"No, sir," said John Henry. "I'm going into business for myself."

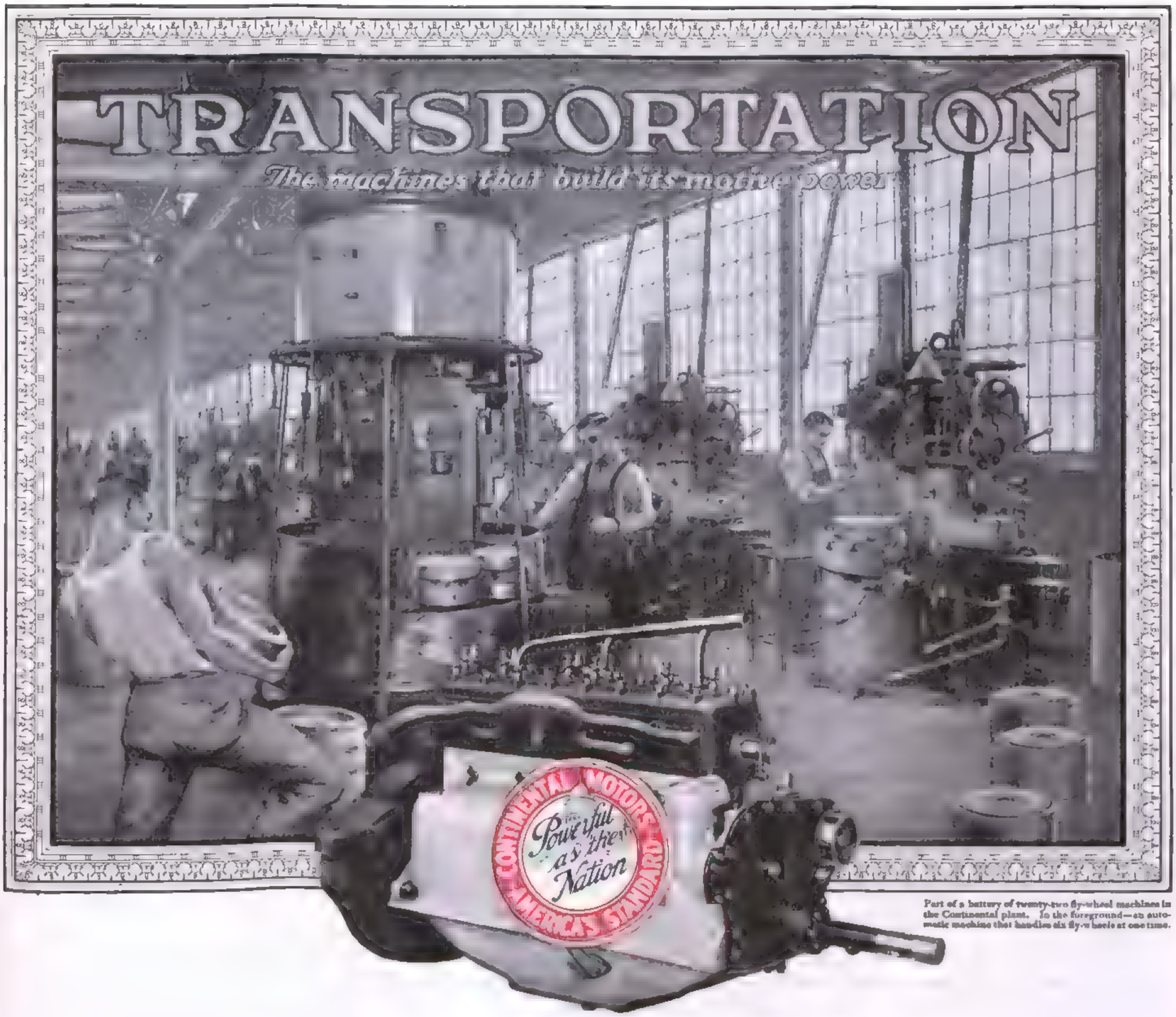
"I don't want you to misunderstand me," Camby replied, "but I think you're making a mistake. You lack experience. It may not seem so to you, but running an advertising agency requires a lot of executive brains, special knowledge ——"

"I'm not starting a rival agency," interrupted John Henry.

"No? Then—h'm—may I ask—that is, if you want to tell me ——"

"The business I am about to set up," said John Henry, a bit uncertainly, "is a rather peculiar one. It may not hit you very hard at first glance. But—I've thought it over very carefully, and it strikes me it will fill a long-felt want. I'll be jollied at the start, but in time I'll make good. I think so anyhow. I'm risking all my savings on it."

(Continued on Page 51)



Part of a battery of twenty-two fly-wheel machines in the Continental plant. In the foreground—an automatic machine that handles six fly-wheels at one time.

What is your definition of LUXURY? Is it possible that it covers a product that today is serving thirty millions of people—that represents their private rapid transit systems in the transaction of their business and social affairs? Does it include an agency that is bringing the boon of country living to the city worker, placing the city within easy reaching distance of the farmer and welding the country in general into a better, more compact unit. ¶ The automobile is as essential a part of present day standards of living as the telephone or the telegraph. Its efficiency as a transportation factor has been established. Its efficiency as a mechanical unit will be maintained by the foresight of the men behind it—such foresight for instance, as that which has prompted manufacturers of hundreds of thousands of cars to adopt the higher priced Continental Motor in order that the car buyer may obtain the highest possible degree of power dependability. ¶ The foremost motor manufacturing plant in the industry is concentrating on the production of Continental Motors today—motors that in every way are worthy of the best traditions of the Continental Red Seal.

CONTINENTAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Offices: Detroit, U. S. A. *Largest Exclusive Motor Manufacturers in the World* Factories: Detroit and Muskegon

Continental Motors

STANDARD POWER FOR TRUCKS, AUTOMOBILES AND TRACTORS

NUMBER ONE

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"I'm Going to Give You a Job—the Toughest Job You Ever Tackled, I Guess, But You'll Get a Lot of Profit Out of It"

EBEN TIMLOW decided abruptly that his popularity wasn't worth his two dollars, or any fraction of that sum. His declaration to this effect provoked a reaction on the part of the Misses Timlow, the two Rellison boys and Eddie Frew, which neither surprised him nor affected his determination in any way.

The two big coins in his pocket had come there through no cooperation of these others. He remembered with some bitterness that they had ridiculed his statement that he could find Miss Denby's lost kitten and possess himself of the reward. No one of them had kept him company on the three-mile walk to the farm where Miss Denby had bought the kitten, and where, drawing a canny inference from tradition and observation, he was reasonably sure it was to be found. He recalled the dust and thirst of the road home, the baffling heaviness of a basket in which the weight shifted spitefully.

"No, sir," he repeated; "I'm going to keep my two dollars."

"Why, Eben Timlow!" his sister Elsie admonished him severely. "Don't you know that it says in the Bible that you should think of others first? You're selfish, that's what you are! And you wait till I tell Aunt Minnie!"

"I don't care!" Eben was sure of his ground. "I earned it, and you didn't, and I'm going to keep it."

"You see what Aunt Minnie says!" She moved her chin ominously.

Eben was apprehensive. Aunt Minnie's decisions frequently perplexed him. Perhaps Elsie was right. His mind attacked the matter calmly. He could be compelled to divide his two dollars if he took them home with him in their present liquid form. But if he spent them first, on something which couldn't be divided—something which neither Elsie nor Laura would covet—his rights would be protected. It remained only to make up his mind to a specific investment. He was silently confronting this when Mr. Cutler's wagon stopped at the curb, and Mr. Cutler himself descended from the spring seat with a basket of greens. Eben liked Mr. Cutler. The man's cheerful hostility appealed to him after Aunt Minnie's careful affection and his father's persistent benevolence. Mr. Cutler grunted or growled when you addressed him, or was defiantly silent. Eben, forbidden to follow this appealing example, admired the truck farmer wistfully.

Squeals and scuffling noises lifted from the wagon. The source of these, investigated while Mr. Cutler delivered Miss Denby's greens, proved to be four young, pink pigs, footbound and unhappy on a bed of straw in the wagon box. For the moment Eben's two dollars lost interest. Mr. Cutler, emerging from the alleyway, was heard to suggest gitting off'n them wheels and leaving them pigs be. Eben lingered in the general retreat.

"How much you want for 'em?" he demanded.

Mr. Cutler grunted, "More'n you got."

He hoisted a boot to the hub. Eben exhibited his two dollars. His sisters, fascinated again, edged nearer.

"Eben Timlow, you come right straight home!"

The phenomenon of the two dollars was hotly explained for Mr. Cutler's skepticism.

"And he won't spend it, either! He's so selfish he wants it all himself," chanted Elsie. "Aunt Minnie'll make him give us our share, though."

Mr. Cutler regarded Eben with interest.

"Selfish, huh?"

Eben scuffed his foot.

"Well, it's my money ——"

"Reckon it's right what she says? Make you split when you git home?"

"You wait and see, Eben Timlow!" Elsie answered for him.

"Looky here, bub, you'n' me c'n do business. You gimme them two dollars an' I'll sell you a shote. They're wuth three, but we c'n fix that up. You take 'n' feed that shote this summer, an' come fall I'll take him back an' pay you five dollars. Make three dollars clean profit. Only you got to sell him back to me, see? That's part o' the bargain."

Eben reflected. Mr. Cutler was notoriously honest. Even Aunt Minnie conceded this, deploring every other trait in that person's character. What he promised, he would do. Eben's mind expanded suddenly with an understanding of the mysterious breeding power of money. Here, in one summer, was a way in which two dollars could be swollen into five.

"All right," he decided. "Here's your money."

Mr. Cutler stowed it in a purse made of bedticking and closing with a draw string—a purse round and heavy and musical with chinking sounds.

"Climb on an' we'll drive over to your house an' deliver," he said. "Reckon I'd better help you fix up a pen f'r him."

Eben rode home, relieved of certain forebodings by Mr. Cutler's company. Aunt Minnie couldn't make Mr. Cutler go back on a bargain. He'd heard her try more than once. Mr. Cutler knew his rights, and there couldn't nobody come it over him. No, sir! Not even Aunt Minnie.

He was right about this. Aunt Minnie's protests made no visible impression on Mr. Cutler, who explained that he and Eben had already closed the trade and that the shote was hisn and couldn't be crowded back onto Mr. Cutler's hands. Also, it was set forth that the pig would presently yield a handsome profit, besides consuming only that which must otherwise be carted away. And it would be good for Eben, Mr. Cutler advanced cunningly, to have a critter to look after. This closed the debate. Aunt Minnie suffered the shed at the side of the barn to be remodeled by Mr. Cutler's carpentry and carpeted with straw from his wagon. And after instructing Eben in the arts of swine culture, Mr. Cutler drove away, leaving behind him the smallest and unhappiest of the four pigs, selected after many heftings.

"Didn't make no bargain about which one you was buyin'," he explained. "Got to look out f'r Number One, bub."

Eben nodded. This impressed him as shrewd counsel, albeit sinful. If Mr. Cutler had been a respectable person he would have insisted on giving Eben the biggest pig instead of the littlest. Eben wickedly admired him for taking the pound and ounce of flesh, openly and without penitence.

The pig was named Belshazzar, with Aunt Minnie's approval. Belshazzar was biblical, without being a person after whom a pig could not decently be called. And Belshazzar, blind to the writing on the wall of his pen, feasted industriously while the feasting was good. Eben saw to it, beholding in the visible increase of Belshazzar the symbol of his fattening dollars. He pandered shrewdly to Belshazzar's appetite, abetted by weekly counsels on the part of Mr. Cutler and stimulated by the attitude of the household.

It was made manifest from the beginning that Belshazzar was the responsibility solely of his owner. No one else was to be expected to look after him; neither Laura nor Elsie nor Aunt Minnie nor Eben's father—in his intervals of inactivity at home. This was not merely by way of justice, but a process of education.

"Perhaps it will teach you to think a little of others," was the way Aunt Minnie usually put it. "I hope so, Eben. You're growing up to be too selfish for anything."

Eben agreed with the rule. It was his pig; it was just and right that he should attend to its wants. More—he preferred to attend to them. Uninterested feeders might easily transgress the dietary specifications laid down by Mr. Cutler. As to the moral effect, he was willing to experience it. There were times when his conscience troubled him about his selfishness. He knew the iniquity of it, without finding in himself the materials for reconstruction. He didn't want to be generous—that was the trouble. He detested the necessity of sharing a peppermint stick acquired through his own exertions with Elsie and Laura, who had toiled not nor spun. He knew that the absence of this desire was a symptom of evil surviving in him, and he had accurate advance information concerning what happened to those who failed to rid themselves of such defects. If Belshazzar accomplished this reform, so much the better.

In any case, come fall, Belshazzar would be taken off his hands and leave five dollars in them. Mr. Cutler, far

To Ancient Fairs *the* Masters Bore *the* Products *of their* Genius

TO the great fairs in the cities of old Italy journeyed the masters of the ancient guilds of craftsmen from all Europe, there to display the products of their genius.

About the watchmakers' booths the nobility from European courts brushed shoulders, to view and eagerly to barter for the masterpieces of these guild artisans. There the lords of old bought precious treasures for their ladies. No modest sums were given in exchange for the products of the more noted guildsmen, for the fame of their fine craftsmanship had traveled far.

To the men of today who seek a gift of truest sentiment, the Gruen Guild of Watchmakers brings its treasures—rare masterpieces wrought in green and white and yellow gold, in platinum and diamonds.

Gruen Watches are made by a modern guild of watchmakers—many of them the descendants of the old guild masters, all of them actuated by the same ideals, the same love of fine craftsmanship, as obtained among the old-time guildsmen.

Where the spirit of fine craftsmanship still endures

In the Gruen workshop at Madre-Biel, Switzerland, the Gruen Watches are conceived. There, with the aid of American machinery, master craftsmen fashion the movements to the exacting standards of the guild. On Time Hill, Cincinnati, is the American workshop. Here the beautiful hand-wrought cases are made, the movements fitted into them, and then given their final adjustments and tests for accuracy.

See these new models

In the accompanying panel will be found worthy evidence of the superiority of Gruen craftsmanship—wristlets hand-wrought with delicate traceries of unsurpassed beauty. To her who likes the quiet simplicity of a round watch, Gruen offers model 31 wrought in green gold and enriched with the daintiest of ornament. Exceptional in style, model 32 in green gold retains that air of unaffected grace which makes it the perfect wristlet for every occasion. Model 33 in white gold reflects all the exquisite beauty of chased platinum at the more moderate cost of gold.

At the sign of the Gruen Guild

Gruen Watches are sold only by chartered agencies, among the best jewelry stores in each locality. Look for the Gruen Service Emblem. Here you will find these charming Gruen models and other Gruen Guild Watches for men and women, at prices from $25.00 to $750.00; with diamonds up to $3700.00.

A book of Etchings and Photographic Plates showing Gruen Guild Watches for men and women will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, U.S.A.
Canadian Branch, Toronto
Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874

GRUEN Guild Watches

Including the original and genuine "VERITHIN" model

(Continued from Page 48)

"Yes, yes!" Mr. Camby was acutely curious. "What are you talking about?"

John Henry took a roll of paper from his inner coat pocket and spread it out before his chief.

"Here," he announced, "is the advance proof of my first advertisement, to run in the papers next Monday morning. Please read it over and tell me what you think of it."

Mr. Camby complied eagerly. On the blurred paper he discovered this:

THE CHILDREN'S INN

A New Idea—But This is a New World

Mr. John Henry Jackson announces the opening, on Monday, the first, of his Inn for Children at 2075 Euclid Avenue, within easy reach of the shopping and theatrical district. House renovated and refurnished throughout. Meals prepared by an expert dietitian. Your little ones under the care of a staff of trained yet kindly nurses from the time they register until they check out. Better care than at home.

IS THE LITTLE WOMAN RESTLESS?

DOES SHE COMPLAIN ABOUT THAT TIED-DOWN FEELING?

WHY NOT TAKE HER ON A SECOND HONEY-MOON?

The children? Leave them with us. Daily bulletins on health and conduct furnished absent parents by wire at our expense. We will take the little darlings off your hands for an hour, a day, a week, a year—while you are shopping or at a matinée; or overnight, while you are at dinner and the theater. Never a moment's justified worry for the most devoted mother. Rates are reasonable, and may be had on application. American plan, with bath at the hands of experienced nurse.

THE CHILDREN'S INN

John Henry Jackson, Manager

YOU HAVE THE BABY—WE DO THE REST!

"It's a little long," apologized John Henry as he perceived the popping eyes of Mr. Camby reading the last line, "but I had so much to say. Once I've established the idea I can make 'em more snappy."

"My boy," said Mr. Camby, staring at him, "you're crazy—as crazy as a loon!"

"That's your first reaction, of course," smiled John Henry. "I'm a pioneer. I'm opening a new field. Men who do that must expect to be called insane. But think it over! Haven't I a real basis for this thing? Aren't the women more restless to-day than ever before in history? Don't they suffer more acutely from that tied-down feeling?"

"They seem to," sighed Mr. Camby. "My son's wife—er—my own wife, for that matter ——"

"There you are!" cried John Henry. "Mr. Camby, once this idea gets started it'll be a riot. That's why I'm hoping to patent the name, along with a little drawing for a trade-mark. Before I get through I'll have a Children's Inn in every city in the Middle West. I'll go East ——"

Mr. Camby shook his head.

"Somehow," he said, "I feel you're going about it the wrong way. Now that line, 'Better care than at home.' Women will resent it."

"I'll cut it out," said John Henry, drawing his pencil through it.

"And—er—oh, well, the whole tone of it! I—I don't know. I can't make up my mind whether you're a smart boy or a dog-gone fool."

"I hope I'm a smart boy," said John Henry feelingly. "If I'm not, poof go the savings of a young life! You've no idea the expense! Three hundred a month I'm paying for the old Judge Carter house. And coal! It chills me to think of it! The cook is an expert all right—an expert at high finance. And I have to pay Miss Brooks fifty a week. She's the trained nurse—used to have charge of a children's hospital. That space at the top is reserved for her picture. It'll give people confidence. She looks mighty competent in her uniform."

Again Mr. Camby shook his head.

"You need a woman's opinion on this," he said. "Have you showed it to Miss Dalton? There's a fine womanly little girl."

"I'm going out and show it to her now," John Henry replied.

"Yes, you'd better. And tell me what she says."

It was after hours and, except for Myra Dalton, the office was deserted. John Henry sat down beside her.

"Myra," he said, "I've got it!"

"Got what?"

"That idea I promised you I'd have." He laid his advertising proofs before her. "Read that!"

She read. Her cheeks flushed and an angry light came into her eyes.

"Well?" asked John Henry as she finished.

"You're crazy—absolutely crazy!" she informed him.

"Yes, but ——"

"This—this is an insult—an insult to all women! Just because the women of to-day have a broader vision than women used to have, because they want to get more out of life than drudgery—slavery to some man—you have the effrontery to call them restless!"

"But—I only want to help them."

"Help them!" She took up her hat and pinned it on. "Do you suppose any mother worthy of the name would trust her precious baby to you—you and some prim, heartless trained nurse? A baby's place is at home."

"Alone?"

"A fine opinion you've got of women! I'm glad to find it out."

"I'm sorry. This is a serious matter for me. Everything I have in the world is at stake."

"I'm sorry, too, because you're going to lose it." She snatched up her coat and, lest he seek to help her with it, she carried it with her out of the room.

John Henry sat down at his desk. Already the clouds were gathering about his great venture. Was he crazy after all? Myra's attitude amazed him—flying off like that. And he had been going to take her with him to a department store in search of toys for the big play room on the third floor of the Children's Inn!

Mr. Camby emerged from the inner room on his way home.

"Ah—er—what did Miss Dalton say?" he inquired.

"She seemed annoyed," John Henry admitted.

"Precisely," said Mr. Camby. "My boy, it's not too late to turn back. Stay on with us. You seem to have ideas, but you need a balance wheel."

"Thank you, Mr. Camby," said John Henry. "But I'm going to show Miss Dalton. I'm going to show you too."

"All right, my boy," agreed Mr. Camby with amazing friendliness. "But if anything happens your job will still be here."

"Mighty good of you," murmured John Henry.

"Not at all. You've got ideas." And Mr. Camby went out.

John Henry gloomily donned his overcoat and sought the department store, where he was astounded by the price of toys.

The next morning, his last but one with the Phœnix people, he arrived early at the office. Myra Dalton was already there, clearing her desk in happy anticipation of a day's action. When she saw John Henry she came to him at once.

"Good morning," he said stiffly.

"Good morning." She smiled, and it was impossible for him to remain haughty and aloof. "I want to apologize for what I said yesterday," she went on. "I can't imagine why I flew off like that."

"Doesn't matter," said John Henry.

"Oh, yes, it does!" Her face was serious. "I worried about it nearly all night. I realized everything you have at stake, and what a good sport you are to risk all you have on an idea, and I felt that the least you had a right to expect from your friends was sympathy and understanding. Can you forgive me?"

"Without a struggle," smiled John Henry.

"That's sweet of you. Tell me what I can do to help."

"You might come up with me and look the inn over this evening," John Henry suggested. "Probably I've forgotten a lot of things that a woman would think of at once."

That night at dusk, when he had shown her all over his establishment, they came out and stood together on the veranda of the old Carter mansion. Below them twinkled the lights of the city John Henry hoped to convert to a new idea.

"I think it's darling," Myra said. "I'm sure it will be a big success."

"It's got to be," he told her. "It will be a hard pull at first, but I'll just keep hammering away, and in time I'll put it over. You must know, without my telling you, why I'm so anxious to make good."

"I don't believe I do."

HEINZ Apple Butter

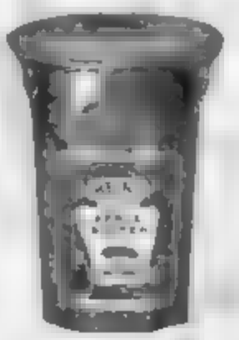
Remember, when you were a youngster, how good it tasted—that good old apple butter? Always on the table at meal time! Always a jar on the pantry shelf for between meals! You just heaped it on slices of bread—and loved it!

And remember all the good things Mother made with it—those goody-tarts, and cake and jelly roll fillings—the delicious omelettes—the dainty desserts with whipped cream on top?

The real liking for good apple butter will live forever—and you will never taste any quite so good as Heinz Apple Butter. Made in the spotless Heinz kitchens where only the best materials are used, Heinz Apple Butter is good and pure—as you may well know.

Some of the 57

Vinegars
Spaghetti
Baked Beans
Tomato Ketchup



All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

Many a president, general manager, plant engineer and shop foreman who once overlooked dollar-wasting trucking methods while saving production pennies, now is urging the increased use of Stuebing Lift Trucks.

Stuebing Lift Trucks do away with needless rehandling of materials and thus save from 60 to 80% of the labor required with ordinary trucks. They are built with capacities of from ½ to 8 tons, and fit in with any product and production schedule.

Such representative industries as Goodyear, Western Electric, International Harvester, Bush Terminal and Cadillac—companies who buy their shop transport equipment on demonstrated merit only—today are working fleets of up to 175 Stuebing Lift Trucks.

At Cincinnati Milling Machine Co one man rolls a Stuebing Lift Truck under a loaded platform, lifts it with an easy pull on the steering lever, quickly moves it to any location and lowers it safely to the floor

THE STUEBING TRUCK COMPANY
Cincinnati, Ohio

StueBing
LIFT TRUCK
SYSTEMS

"Myra! No, I won't say it—yet. But you wish me luck, don't you?"

"With all my heart!" she said softly.

"Better than a full-page ad," John Henry answered.

JOHN HENRY'S first announcement in the newspapers appeared as scheduled on the following Monday morning. It was greeted by a laugh of derision that ran from one end of the city to the other. Men stopped him on the street with what they considered witty comment. Old friends called him up to jibe at him.

"That's all right," he reflected. "Just hammer away—that's the secret. Tell 'em about it daily. The joke will wear off in time. Then the big moment when some woman, somewhere, simply has to find a place to leave the kids. She remembers the Children's Inn. The ball starts rolling." And he signed contracts for daily space in all the papers.

But it was rather disheartening—the reluctance of the ball to start. A week passed—two weeks. The register at the inn was still untouched by an entry. John Henry sat in his office, a very worried young man. He announced a reception day for mothers on which they might examine the facilities of his establishment. One would have thought there were no mothers in the town. John Henry began to doubt the power of the press—and then the pulling qualities of his advertising copy.

One day he met Tom Cooper on the street. Cooper asked him how the inn was going.

"Well, it's slow starting," admitted John Henry. "By the way, I expected to entertain your offspring long before this. Have you got a nursemaid, or doesn't Mabel feel tied down any more?"

"It's a funny thing," said Cooper. "I thought you'd got hold of a big idea—I really did. Several times I've suggested leaving the kids with you. But somehow—well, old man, I'm afraid your idea doesn't make much of a hit with the women."

John Henry's heart sank.

"Why not?" he asked. "Tom, you're a good advertising man—what's wrong with me?"

"Well, it's just a case of feminine psychology," Cooper answered. "Women may be restless, they may suffer from that tied-down feeling, but it makes 'em furious to have a mere man come along and talk about it. Right there, it seems to me, is the weak point in your armor. The only reaction your advertising has stirred up among the women is one of acute annoyance. They seem to think you're finding fault with them as mothers. And the idea appears to be that any woman who'd trust her children to you would be disgraced for life."

"Then I'm finished!" said John Henry. "I might as well close up shop."

"I'm telling you," Cooper said, "because it's possible you may be able to save yourself yet. I mean by taking an entirely new tack."

"For instance," suggested John Henry.

"Good Lord, I don't know! Who am I to tell you how to win the ladies? They're a mystery to me. Well, good luck."

"Ha, ha! Thanks," replied John Henry, and went sadly on his way.

To Myra Dalton, whom he saw frequently, he never admitted the imminence of his defeat. Things were going as well as he could expect, he said. He did not confess that he was sitting alone in his great house, save for the expert dietitian and the rather stern trained nurse, waiting for a business that declined to begin to commence. If Myra suspected she said nothing.

He had thought that his money would carry him along for two months at least, but the cost of getting started had been beyond his most generous estimates. On November thirtieth, the close of his first month, he sat in his office staring at a bank balance of two hundred and seventy-three dollars. To-morrow three hundred dollars would be due for rent.

Rising, he walked on tiptoe to the door and closed it tight. Then he reached for his telephone, called the Phoenix agency and asked for Mr. Camby. Miss Dalton answered. Trying to disguise his voice, John Henry demanded her chief.

"This is Jackson talking," he said, when he heard Mr. Camby, in a snappy, business-like mood, on the other end. "I called up to ask if you don't want to buy a half interest in the Children's Inn. Let you in on the ground floor—twenty-five hundred."

"Twenty-five hundred!" Camby repeated. "What are your profits so far?"

"Profits? Why -er—we're just getting started -"

"I don't want to be unkind, John Henry," said Camby, "but you're never going to get started. Your wild venture is a flivver—everybody knows that. Of course I'm not one to say I told you so."

"Of course not!"

"But you were all wrong from the start. I felt it. I said so, you may remember. Now close up and come back to your job."

"No, thanks. I'll stick it out a little longer."

"You're crazy!" snapped Mr. Camby, and hung up.

Stick it out? How? Again John Henry studied his bank balance. His venture was a failure—everybody knew it. He shut his lips tightly and began to construct an extra-large spread for the next morning's papers.

That advertisement brought his first response. A frivolous-looking woman appeared the next noon with two remarkably unattractive children, whom she desired to leave while she attended a bridge. John Henry was elated. But when, later in the day, she had collected her offspring and left with John Henry a soiled, unpleasant dollar bill, he knew that the ball had begun to roll too late. He was done for, finished!

He sat for a long time in his office facing facts. The rent was due. He couldn't pay it. The Children's Inn was doomed. One last long laugh at his expense and it would be a memory. Why hadn't he been warned by Myra's reception of his big idea? Why hadn't he listened to Camby? Too late now!

Well, he wouldn't go back to the Phœnix office. He would leave the city, strike out for himself somewhere else. Here the joke would stick to him all his life. If he had succeeded—ah, what a difference! Then he would have been a smart young fellow, a hustler, a man with big ideas. But his world had no use for the failure.

He closed his bank book and walked gloomily into the front hall. His employees must be given their notice of dismissal. Probably they would demand two weeks' pay. That would be pleasant!

Aimlessly he walked to a window and looked out. A plump, smiling little old lady was coming up the walk of the Children's Inn. John Henry met her at the door. She beamed at him genially through her spectacles.

"Can I see Mr. Jackson, the manager?" she said.

"You're looking at him," John Henry answered. In spite of his serious mood, he smiled. "Won't you come in and sit down?"

She perched on the edge of a chair.

"Might as well git acquainted," she said. "I'm Grandma Biddle—live down in Berea. Leastways, I did until a while ago, when I let my children drag me to the city. Ever been in Berea?"

"I'm afraid not."

"It's jest a little town—sort of homy—everybody knows everybody else. But lawsy, so much more friendly than a big city like this! I was born in Berea, and I married there. All my ten children was born there, too, an' the eight that lived I brought up in Berea. Turned out a credit to me, every last one of 'em. But they're married now—married and gone—and I'm lonesome. Of course there's the grandchildren, but trained nurses are terrible official."

"I see," smiled John Henry.

"No, I'm afraid you don't. I'm so long getting to it. I guess you understand, though. I love children—I want 'em round me. Seems like I ain't really happy unless I got one of 'em in my lap. An' when I read your advertisement, 'That's the place for me,' I says. 'That Children's Inn—it's a beautiful name.' I just pictured 'em to myself running about this place, getting into mischief—the little darlings! I guess you see what I mean—I want a job here. Scrubbing floors, anything, jest so you let me pet the children. I'd work for almost nothing."

John Henry was touched.

"I'm sorry," he said gently. "You've come to the wrong place. The Children's Inn is a failure. I'm closing up in a day or so. We've had only two guests since we opened."

"You poor child!" said the old lady. She beamed her pity. "You know, I was afraid of it. The advertisement was wrong somehow."

(Continued on Page 54)

MAXWELL

THE good Maxwell is built for practical-minded men and women. Its primary purpose is to save time and money. It encourages activity and discourages indulgence and laziness. It pays as it goes by keeping down the day-by-day costs of operation.

The Good Maxwell

MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY, INC.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

A Beautiful Home—
but *Look* at the Coal Window!

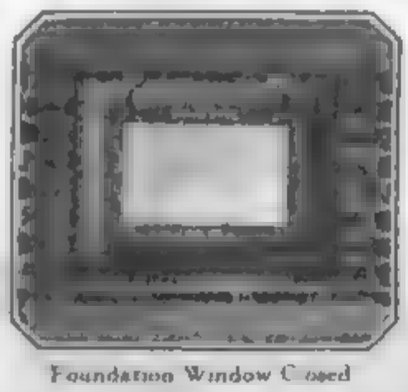
A BEAUTIFUL HOME disfigured by an ugly, unsightly coal window—battered and bruised every time coal was delivered! Ordinarily, in a home as good as this, there will be a MAJESTIC Coal Window—for architects *know* the value and advantages of it. But in countless other cases, this small detail is overlooked—with sad results—merely because no one happens to think of it.

Look at the coal window in *your* house! If it is an ordinary *frame* and *sash* window, the chances are it looks as bad as the one above. If it is a MAJESTIC Coal Window, this damage has been prevented—and you have a coal window in harmony with the appearance of your home.

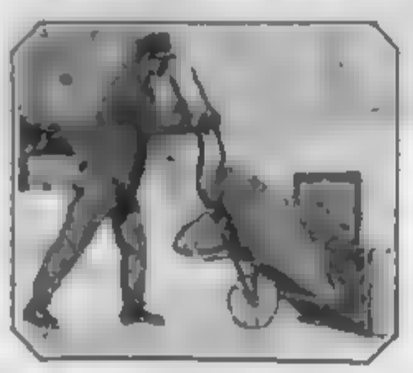
Majestic
Coal Window

1. Protects Against Damage 3 Lessens Depreciation
2 Enhances Property Value 4 Saves Money

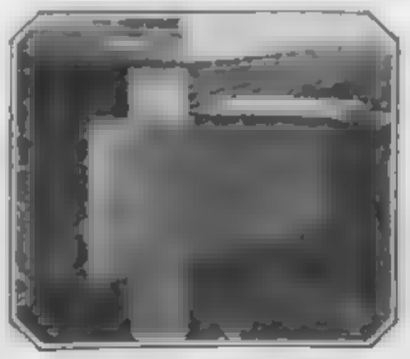
IF you are planning to build, don't fail to specify a MAJESTIC Coal Window. The additional cost is *so little* that when your building is finished you'll never know, from the standpoint of *cost*, whether you have a MAJESTIC Coal Window or not. But after your coal is put in—*you'll know the difference!*



Foundation Window Closed



Foundation Window In Use



Grade Line Chute Closed

The advantages are *so many*—and the cost *so small*—that every house or building should have a MAJESTIC Coal Window in the foundation. You can have one put in your present property *now*—and thus prevent completely any further damage or depreciation.

Grade Line Chutes

MAJESTIC Coal Chutes are made in styles and sizes for all types of houses and buildings. For example, the *Grade Line Chute* pictured below is for houses and buildings where there is little or no foundation above the ground. It is especially desirable in stores and office buildings.

MAJESTIC Coal Windows are recommended by architects and contractors everywhere. They are distributed by more than 3,000 hardware, builders' supply and lumber dealers. Write for your dealer's name and our building specialty catalog.

THE MAJESTIC CO., 311 Erie St., Huntington, Ind.

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"It must have been," John Henry admitted, and laughed bitterly.

Brilliant young advertising man, he was, when even Grandma Biddle could pick flaws in his copy!

"I'm afraid you jest rubbed the women the wrong way," the old lady continued. "They got the idea you was making fun of them. An' then that picture of a trained nurse—I hope you won't mind my talking this way—that's wrong too."

"It is?" asked John Henry with interest.

"Wrong as wrong," said Grandma Biddle gently. "A woman's reason ought to tell her a trained nurse is the proper person to leave her babies with. But land sakes, we ain't ruled by reason in this world! It's our emotions does it. An' the picture of that starched, prim, cross-looking woman—why, a mother would jest as soon leave her little one at a hospital for an operation as at your Children's Inn!"

"By Gad, I believe you're right!" John Henry cried.

"Do you think so?" the old lady asked. She fumbled in her voluminous skirt and found a pocket. Her plump little hand came out with a huge roll of bills. She held it out.

"Take this," she said.

"What is it?" asked the astonished John Henry.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," she replied. "The savings of a lifetime. Take it and let it buy an interest in this place. You and me together—we could make a go of it."

"Say, that's fine of you!" John Henry cried. "I—I appreciate it. But I wouldn't touch your money. No, sir! I've lost mine, but I'm not going to risk yours and probably lose that too."

"That's all right. My boys will take care of me."

"No, I couldn't. Not that I don't thank you—you're a dear, and no mistake." He stood staring at her. She had the most wonderful face, broad and kind and friendly. She had eyes that twinkled, and capable little hands, and a lap that was meant for climbing into. "I'll bet you make the most delicious cookies!" said John Henry suddenly.

"I used to when I had my own kitchen. My boys was so fond of them! I've got my receipt book—in my trunk," she finished wistfully.

For another long moment John Henry studied her face. And in that moment his brilliant scheme was born. He reached out for the money.

"I'll take it," he said. "It entitles you to a half interest in the inn. We'll put that down on paper later on. I just want to say that if we fail I'll pay it back to you, so much a week. But we won't fail, because you've solved my difficulties, Grandma Biddle—you certainly have!"

"That's fine!" said Grandma Biddle. "Just wait here till I get my hat and coat."

He went to a closet and put them on. Returning, he seized the old lady by the hand. "Come on, we're going downtown!" he cried.

"What for?" she asked.

"We're going down to have your picture taken," John Henry said.

Two days later John Henry sat in his office staring at his newest advertisement. At the top, in place of the trained nurse, was a portrait of Grandma Biddle, smile and spectacles and all. It was a face that inspired confidence, affection. It carried one back. One could fairly smell cookies baking! Underneath, John Henry followed his new hunch:

THE CHILDREN'S INN

GRANDMA BIDDLE, MANAGER

Grandma Biddle wishes to announce that she has taken over from Mr. John Henry Jackson the management of the Children's Inn, which will continue at the same address. Mr. Jackson may have been all right as a business manager, but land sakes, what should a man know about children! Grandma Biddle knows all about them. She brought up eight of her own, and she loves all children, everywhere. Seems like she isn't happy without a dozen of 'em in her lap.

MOTHERS, ARE YOU ALL TIRED OUT?

Grandma Biddle understands, as no man ever can or will, what hard work it is to keep a home going nowadays. Sometimes you feel completely done up. And no wonder! If a man had half your worries and responsibilities, he'd curl up and die! Bring your problems to Grandma Biddle. She'll be delighted to take the children off your hands now and then. They'll get the same love and care they would on a visit to their own grandmother's house. They'll learn to come back.

FRESH EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY—GRANDMA BIDDLE'S DELICIOUS COOKIES!

COME AND LEAVE THE CHILDREN IN GRANDMA BIDDLE'S LAP

THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL THE TOTS IN TOWN!

John Henry leaped to his feet and feverishly walked the floor.

"By the Lord Harry," he cried, "I think I've hit it now!"

IV

WHERE is the man who can chart and explain the psychology of the mob? In the days that followed John Henry was vouchsafed a faint glimmer of understanding that was to make him a better advertising man thenceforth. He discovered that by completely eliminating himself from public connection with the inn and substituting Grandma Biddle he had performed a master stroke.

From the first women had resented John Henry. They had visualized him as a flippant young man making light of their problems. When he talked about their restlessness, their hunger for freedom, they felt that, intentionally or not, he was ridiculing them.

But Grandma Biddle! Grandma showed daily in the advertisements new understanding of woman's tasks and worries. She was so sympathetic! Most important of all, her picture remained in the reader's mind long after the newspaper was cast aside. She had such a friendly face, filled with a desire to help, eloquent with compassion!

It was that picture did the trick. Grandma Biddle became in the public mind a real personality, the ideal guardian for the children of harassed mothers who simply must have, now and then, the diversion of a shopping tour, a bridge, a matinée or a dance at the country club.

Almost from the appearance of the first advertisement announcing the change of management little guests began to appear at the inn. Grandma received them at the door with a welcoming smile that was balm to an anxious mother's heart. John Henry and the trained nurse remained discreetly in the background. The latter, haughty at being supplanted by an unscientific old lady, had given notice, but John Henry was not worried. He knew it would be easy to replace her. Only Grandma Biddle was essential to success.

During the week preceding Christmas, when frantic women were combing the department stores, the business of the inn touched capacity. Strangely enough, there was no after-the-holidays lull. Tom and Mabel Cooper brought their pair of whirlwind terrors in for a two weeks' stay. They were going to New York, they announced, on what they proposed to make an annual honeymoon.

"Well, John Henry," Cooper said, "you've put it over. I knew you could if you just hit the right note. But where in the world did you find Grandma Biddle?"

"The Lord sent her to me," smiled John Henry.

"Lucky lad!" said Cooper.

When John Henry met Myra Dalton, as he frequently did, she did not need to ask how his venture was going. Its success was written in his face. She grew sweeter with every passing day, he told himself, and eagerly studied his profits, longing for the moment when he should be her equal at the bank and could ask her to give up that weekly pay envelope and accept him in its place.

He never realized so completely his success as the day he met Mr. Camby at the luncheon hour in the leading hotel. Mr. Camby seized his hand with vigor, and his admiration was not concealed.

"Congratulations!" he cried. "You've made good, and no mistake! But then I always said you would."

"So you did," laughed John Henry. "By the way, we entertained a couple of your grandchildren the other day."

"I know you did, and they've been teasing ever since to come back. My wife is actually jealous of Grandma Biddle. She tried to bake some cookies herself, but they didn't come through very well."

"Really?"

"In a way," said Mr. Camby, "I'm sorry you've put the inn over. I was sort

(Continued on Page 56)

Hudson Super-Six $2400

You Rank Hudson With the Few Really Great Cars. But Do You Realize How Much Less It Costs Than They?

Instinctively you group Hudson with the few cars that all men acknowledge truly great.

But do you compare its price with theirs?

That contrast is the emphasis of Hudson value.

Hudson does nôt expect undivided acknowledgment in leadership. Though in the regard of more than 100,000 owners it holds that position without dispute. Five years as the world's largest selling fine car proves this no transient favoritism, but a time-seasoned judgment.

Today's Market Shows Its Price Advantage

Is not even greater appreciation assured to Hudson value now that price is again so important an issue? Hudson owners proudly maintain greater expenditure for any car is not justified.

Remember, that heretofore, among fine cars, price was not a decisive factor with a large number of buyers. Hudson won its leadership because of its performance and reliability —not because it was least expensive of the really great cars. That is a judgment on which all may unite. It is proved by official records.

Today's market cannot fail to emphasize the Hudson price advantage. Men are examining more critically. They are buying with much more vigilance of value received for dollars spent. They will not sacrifice quality, fine performance or their accustomed car comfort and distinction to save money.

But neither are they longer in a mood to imagine advantages merely because a car is priced high.

So Hudson Welcomes This Competitive Market

Regardless of your ability to buy any car you choose, consider if you can find justification of price in a costlier car than Hudson. Compare every quality. You will admit many superiorities in the Super-Six that no other car equals.

Years of service in a multiplied ownership take strictest account of a car's right to leadership. Men measure its true place from the vantage of daily intimacy and use.

In the light of this owner constancy, and of the innumerable Hudson proofs that have never been rivalled, does not the Hudson price advantage give it unusual interest in today's competitive market?

Because of curtailed production, many foresee an early shortage of wanted cars. In view of Hudson's advantage in quality and price, it would seem advisable to place your order at once.

7 Passenger Phaeton . . $2400 *4 Passenger Phaeton . . $2400* *Sedan . . $3400* *Coupé . . $3275*
Cabriolet . . $3000 *Touring Limousine . . $3625* *Limousine . . $4000*
F. O. B. DETROIT

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(5014)

HARVEY GIBSON
president, Liberty National Bank, New York, writes for March SYSTEM

Have you "forgotten" how to make money?

IT is clear to one banker what is wrong with many businesses today—they've forgotten the elementary rules of the game. "That's the cause of half of the refinancing," says Harvey Gibson; "that's why, with orders few and prices dropping, so many men lose their heads." In March SYSTEM Gibson brings out these easily overlooked policies so essential to steady profits for any business, large or small.

Where to cut costs! No great problem if you practise the first of Gibson's rules. You do not have to slash blindly and perhaps cripple the very operation that will restore good business. Outgo exceeding income! Gibson's second policy prepares for this in advance. By interesting examples he suggests how to insure against emergencies; how to know what are proper expenses and what are not; which moves, in times like these, will put a business ahead of competition for years to come.

SYSTEM tells what to do today in business—policies and principles; then how to carry policies out—plans and methods. Two hundred thousand business men use SYSTEM every month to exchange their best ideas. In the March issue are 26 timely experience-articles. You get them all for a quarter.

ON ALL NEWSSTANDS

SYSTEM
The Magazine of Business

A. W. SHAW COMPANY, Chicago, New York, London. Publishers also of FACTORY, the Magazine of Management

(Continued from Page 54)

of hoping we'd get you back some day. No hope of that, I suppose?"

"Well, hardly," John Henry told him.

"No, I suppose not." Mr. Camby seemed crestfallen. "Well, all the luck in the world, my boy."

He went on his way. John Henry smiled at his broad back. Camby was a worshiper of success.

If he had failed there would have been none of this warm eagerness to have him return to the Phœnix agency. And how close he had been to failing!

But he was far from it now. The January business at the inn was splendid. John Henry had an opportunity to acquire a secondhand automobile, and he took a step he had been contemplating for some time. It was not always convenient for parents to escort their little ones to the door of the inn.

Then, too, there was the problem of getting the older guests to and from school. So these lines were added to the advertising.

OUR MOTOR BUS GOES INTO COMMISSION ON MONDAY
DRIVEN BY A CAREFUL, COMPETENT MAN
CHILDREN CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED

On the first of March John Henry sat in his office computing his February profits. He had cleared more than six hundred dollars, and this in the shortest month of the year! Half to Grandma Biddle, half to himself—and what did that mean? It meant that, financially, he was Myra Dalton's equal at last; that he could go to her and ask her to give up her job for John Henry Jackson!

He called her up and invited her to dinner. She graciously accepted. This was the moment of John Henry's triumph, and he was enjoying it to the full. As an afterthought, he wrote a check for half the profits and, hunting up Grandma Biddle, laid it before her.

"What's all this?" she asked, studying it through her spectacles.

"Your profits for last month—that's all it is. Of course we ought to hold 'em to the end of the year, but I thought perhaps you'd feel safer ——"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Grandma Biddle, handing back the check. "I don't want it! The salary you pay me is enough. And besides ——"

She stopped and looked at him queerly.

"What?"

"I never was much of a fibber," went on the old lady. "But then—it wasn't a fib, as I remember. I said the money was the savings of a lifetime, but I didn't say whose lifetime."

"You mean that twenty-five hundred wasn't yours?"

"Land sakes, of course it wasn't mine!"

"Then whose was it?"

"You got to find that out yourself. I've said too much already. I'm afraid she won't like it."

"She!" John Henry went back to his desk and for a long time sat lost in thought. "She?" Who was his silent partner in this enterprise? For the first time he realized how pat, how opportune, was Grandma Biddle's appearance with twenty-five hundred dollars on the day after he had called up Mr. Camby and offered him a half interest in the Children's Inn for precisely that sum.

Camby hadn't sent her. Some mysterious she—John Henry's heart sank. Loving a business woman was a good deal of an undertaking.

He tore up the check made out to Grandma Biddle and wrote another. Fifteen minutes later he strode into the office of the Phœnix Advertising Agency and up to Myra Dalton's desk. He laid the check before her.

"What's this?" she asked innocently.

"That," said John Henry, "represents your profits on the Children's Inn for the month of February. You're half owner, you know—or is it news to you?"

"Then Grandma Biddle's told!"

"Not precisely. She put me on the track, however, and I'm glad she did. It would have been too bad to let me go on thinking that my brains had put this thing over when all the time it was you."

"John Henry, don't be absurd! I did send Grandma Biddle to you—that's true. I used to know her down in Berea, and I thought of her merely as a means of getting my money to you—of helping you. I never dreamed that you could write such wonderful advertising around her, that you could change the whole course of your business from failure to success. It was your man's brains did that, John Henry—real advertising brains. Mr. Camby said so himself."

John Henry smiled.

"You're kidding me," he said. "But I sort of like it."

"Oh, no, I'm not!"

"Yes, you are. But it doesn't matter. What matters is that all the time I thought I was getting ahead of you you were pulling along right at my side, and I never knew it. But, by golly, I'm not licked yet!"

It was five o'clock; the office force was leaving.

"Will you wait here till I come back?"

John Henry's partner in the inn smiled and nodded.

"I'll wait," she said.

The door of Camby's office stood open, and John Henry passed on into the great man's room.

Mr. Camby was in the act of putting on his overcoat. He gave it one final shake about his portly form and came forward, all smiles.

"Hello, John Henry, this is an honor! How's the inn?"

"Booming as usual," said John Henry. "Mr. Camby, I'd like to ask your advice about something."

"Certainly, my boy, certainly!"

"The fact is," John Henry went on, "I'm not needed at the inn any more. The staff I have there can more than manage things. A little attention to advertising and accounts—say, an hour's work each evening or a full Saturday afternoon—will take care of my end of it. I feel in the way there during the day—just sit in my office and read newspapers. So I'm looking about for more worlds to conquer. I'm going to start other inns later, but the time isn't propitious. So I've been thinking of setting up for myself—an advertising agency, you know."

Mr. Camby came quickly over and laid a hand on John Henry's shoulder. He seemed hurt.

"My boy, why do that? You know we want you here. I'll start you at a hundred a week."

"Yes, but I rather like being my own master."

"Make it five hundred a month. And all the time you need for the inn you can take off, and welcome. Come, what do you say?"

"All right, I'll try it. When do I start?"

"Next Monday?"

"Suits me," smiled John Henry.

Mr. Camby took down his hat, and the two left the inner office together. John Henry stopped at Myra Dalton's desk. His hour of triumph had come! He waited until the door closed behind Mr. Camby. The two were alone.

"Well, Myra," said John Henry, "I'm coming here to work next Monday—at a big advance. Of course I'll still handle things at the inn. I can do that nights. This is a big moment for me. At last I'm making more money than you are, counting the inn and everything."

"Money!" she said. "What does money matter?"

"It matters a lot these days. Besides, I had my pride. I couldn't come to you and offer you a share in an income smaller than yours; but that's all fixed now, so I want to tell you that I—er—love you. When will you marry me, honey?"

He waited for her to stand up so he could take her in his arms. Instead she leaned over her desk and burst into bitter tears.

"Why, wha—what's the matter?" John Henry asked. Somehow the thing wasn't going right.

"Matter!" she sobbed. "Has any girl ever had such an unsatisfactory courtship? Money, money, money! Is there nothing else in the world any more? What do I care about money? You've never once told me I'm the dearest girl that ever lived. You've never once said you worship the very ground I walk on. My hair—boys have told me I have beautiful hair. Have you ever noticed it? Do you miss me when we're separated? Do you ——"

"But, Myra, I thought all that sort of thing had gone out of fashion!" John Henry cried. "You've always seemed so efficient, so businesslike ——"

"You poor blind thing! Can't you see, I'm really just an old-fashioned woman—and I want to be loved—I want to be loved by a human being—not by a business man."

"All right," said John Henry, "I can love you that way, too, if you prefer it."

(Concluded on Page 58)

PAIGE

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

The Fastest Stock Car in the World

On January 21st, the Paige, Daytona Model, 6-66 broke every stock car record for speed when it covered a measured mile in 35.01 seconds—a speed of 102.8 miles an hour.

This marvelous feat was accomplished on the sand beach at Daytona, Florida, and both the time and stock car checking are officially attested by the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association.

Today, therefore, Paige stands as the unquestioned stock car champion of the World. And, what is even more, the entire line of Paige 6-66 models is revealed as the most important engineering development of the age.

Take just one demonstration in any 6-66 model and judge it from the standpoints of power, speed, acceleration, spring suspension and general motor efficiency.

Get the facts—actual lapsed time of the tests—and make a record on the demonstration card furnished by our dealer.

Then take a second demonstration in any other car, at any price, and compare the results. That is all we ask.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, *Michigan*

Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

Rest assured—
Sleep in Faultless!
Greet each day with renewed vigor and ambition, and a spirit of eager anticipation!
Comfortable sleep is absolutely essential to physical well being.
Faultless nightwear above all is comfortable. It is made of soft, sleep-inducing materials — cut on body-conforming lines—roomy without being cumbersome.
Faultless is a skillful combination of Comfort and Style. Well finished garments of quality fabrics, attractively trimmed with silk frogs and pearl buttons, assure you perfect style.
Your guarantee of proper fit is the size mark woven into the Faultless neckband label.
Faultless pajamas may be had in a variety of materials. Warm, cozy flannelette, inviting lighter weight cotton fabrics, and charming colorful silk and silk mixtures.
1871 1921
Faultless
Pajamas & Night Shirts
"The Most Wear of a Nation!"

(Concluded from Page 56)

"You! Don't be foolish, John Henry! You haven't got a spark of romance in you! Now, please go away!"

"Then you won't marry me?"

"Marry you! I'd as soon marry a certified check!"

"Oh!" said John Henry.

He looked so dazed and woebegone that she smiled up at him through her tears.

"On second thought," she said, "I'll give you a trial—a six months' trial. But you'll have to show speed as a lover you've never shown before. You must tell me daily that you can't live without me. You must say it as though you meant it. You must talk about the moon and the poets and my eyes like twin pools of light, and—and if you mention money once in that time I'll run away and you'll never see me again. Is it a go?"

"Anything you say, honey," replied John Henry humbly. "I have been a mighty poor excuse in the Romeo rôle, I know. Please don't put those silly spectacles on again—your eyes are wonderful. I was thinking of them only this afternoon, when I should have been figuring up—I mean, all at once I seemed to be looking into them, and it was thrilling! Now, we're going to dinner, and afterwards we'll walk home together—just you and I and the stars." He got down on his knees on the dusty floor.

"Walk over me," he said. "I deserve it. Darling, I've got to make you understand how much I care. Of all the girls since the world began, you are the sweetest, the most precious."

"Not so bad, for a beginner," smiled Myra Dalton. "But can you keep it up for six months?"

"Forever!" he cried.

Still on his knees, he seized her hand and kissed it. Mrs. Grogan, the cleaner, who entered at that moment to do the office, said afterwards that it was as good as the movies.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Welcomed to Our City

NOWADAYS when a movie star of positively first magnitude—Charlie, Doug or Mary—dashes eastward across the continent to get some New York clothes or a mess of blue-point oysters or what not the progress takes on the nature of a swing round the circle by a President. The movie stars say that the publicity men of the railroad company telegraph ahead to the towns along the line that the cinema celebrity is coming. The railroad men say that the star's publicity bureau also is not averse to wiring ahead to Ragweed Center and all points east the exact minute of the celluloid celebrity's arrival.

Regardless of who is responsible for keeping the news of the star's progress always several jumps ahead of the locomotive, the fact remains that a large part of the town's population is on the station platform at each stop, and the star must come out on the car steps and shake hands with all admirers not ground to death beneath the wheels. Business is business, even in the world of æsthetics.

"And when it comes to a change of engines"—Doug Fairbanks is speaking, himself, personally, in the flesh—"or there is a wait for any other reason in a town, the fool hullabaloo becomes a regular function.

"The biggest of these uproars happened in a town just west of the Mississippi when Mary and I were on our way to New York last summer to take a boat to England. When our train pulled into the station of the little town everybody was on hand except the bedridden. Then when it became known that on account of some trouble ahead of us on the line our train would have to remain at the station for three or four hours the town, I think, hurried home and came back with the bedridden also. At any rate in a short time the platform crowd included three persons, two women and a man, blanketed and stretched out on cots.

"The moving spirits of a local woman's organization grabbed Mary and hurried her away to be guest of honor at some sort of impromptu affair or other in their clubrooms. But the town didn't absolutely ignore me. After I had shaken hands with the contents of the town's directory at least twice and had been compelled to shin up to the roof of the station, stand on my head on the roof ridge—generally lavishing high art upon them freely, up to but not including the invitation of the station agent to strip to the waist and show the crowd what muscles I had, if any—then with much ceremony I was taken under the personal wing of the town's first citizen.

"From his dress I at first took him to be a clergyman. From his own lips, however, I soon learned that he owned the three-story department store in Main Street—including the annex, consisting of a furniture store and undertaking establishment—and ran the coal, wood, builders' supplies and feed emporium near the railroad tracks, and was president of the local institution known as the First National Bank of North America. To have a man like that give his afternoon to you was practically the same as having all commerce cease for the day.

"After the last of the handshaking the first citizen took my arm and announced that he would first take me to see someone, I gathered, named Otto. Otto, I supposed, was probably his small son. Instead he led me to a snappy touring car.

"'Here we are, Mr. Fairbanks. Step right into my Otto,' he said. He climbed into his Otto's tonneau with me, and then standing up and facing the crowd pressing against the off side of Otto he broke the big news of the day to me.

"'Mr. Fairbanks,' he said in a voice that carried to the people on the roofs across the street, 'I am first going to show you through our leading department store, our bank, churches and similar institutions of which our thriving town is justly proud. After that we'll take a run out in my Otto to see our country club. And finally'—and here he dropped his voice until only about nine-tenths of the multitude could hear him—'I'm going to welcome you right into my own home, and in spite of the—er—business you are in I'm going to introduce you to my mother, wife and datter.'"

He Voiced Her Thought

NOW that the Prince of Wales has rested somewhat from his American tour and has had time to digest his experiences among a free-born people, one can well credit some of the good-natured reminiscences and anecdotes of his trip which, so London says, the Prince is relating with gusto to his friends.

One of the most recent of these comments attributed to the English heir apparent had to do with the frequency with which Americans addressed him directly as "Prince," or even "Say, Prince."

"They Princed me so much," he is quoted as saying, "that after a little while I felt that instead of speaking I should bark."

And of all the remarks made to him by Americans the most amusing to him, he is further quoted as saying, occurred in the course of a function given in his honor during his brief visit to our Western coast. On that occasion the Prince told one of the matrons directing the affair that he would be delighted to meet a particularly attractive young lady, who for some time had been gazing his way from afar. The pretty girl was brought forward and presented to royalty.

"I confess, Miss Blank," the Prince said gallantly to the young lady, "that I have been watching you with interest all evening."

Explosively, fervently, the Western girl made reply.

"Prince," she said, "when it comes to watching, you sure got nothing on me!"

Refining the "Finest"

WHILE holding office as Commissioner of Accounts of New York City Raymond Fosdick got his first experience as an investigator of police conditions, an experience which prompted him to make a study of police conditions in many cities as soon as his term of office had expired.

Armed with a letter from "the best police commissioner New York ever had," Mr. Fosdick one day presented himself and his letter from Col. Arthur Woods before the new chief of police of a fair-sized Middle-West town.

The head of the local "finest," Mr. Fosdick found, was the ideal police chief of crook plays and cartoonists in the flesh—towering, broad of shoulder and fierce of features, heavy jowls of bluish tinge, walrus mustache and a voice like a distant thunderstorm that is suffering from bronchitis.

"Sort of associated with Arthur Woods, eh?" rumbled the big chief to young Mr. Fosdick. "Well, son, if you was mixed up with Woods in straightenin' out the New York force, like they say Woods done, I'm mighty glad you didn't get to lookin' into our local force here any sooner than now.

"So far, Mr. Fosdick, I been on this job as chief only about a month, and things here when I took hold was turrible. Turrible ain't the half of it, Mr. Fosdick! I'd certainly be ashamed if you was to see the force like it was the way I found it—and no excuse for the conditions either. I've cleaned up the whole mess without stirrin' from this desk."

"What was your problem, chief?" Mr. Fosdick asked hopefully. "And how did you tackle it?"

"Problem was the same as is always the problem in police matters, son. Politics—that was the problem. And so first off I get a report on every man on the force, and next few weeks I done nothin' but sit right here, cleanin' up, straightenin' out, like I hear you fellows done in the big town. Simplest thing in the world. I fired the wrong kind and kept the right kind, that's all. And now I got the force the way it had ought to been in the first place. To-day," bellowed the big chief with a triumphant bang of his fist on the desk, "this town's got a police force which they ain't a damn Republican left on it!"

As Per Instructions

ONE of the many trials that tend to make editors and publishers prematurely gray is embodied in the family friend or social acquaintance who confides that he—frequently she—has more or less clandestinely written ever so many stories. The inference is, of course, that the editor man may have the masterpieces for publication—and for a consideration. The least the unfortunate editor is asked to do is to look the efforts over and give a perfectly honest criticism.

There was the editor of a magazine published in New York who recently had unloaded upon him in this way three amateurish—very—stories written by the débutante daughter of one of the editor's oldest friends. Patiently the editor read through the three hopeless manuscripts to the bitter end. He tried to soften the blow of returning the yarns by inclosing a letter filled with helpful advice.

"And finally, Miss Blank," his letter concluded, "let me suggest that you try to make your stories move faster, especially in their earlier stages. In these stories which you have been good enough to show me you begin, always, with almost endless paragraphs describing the scenery, the sort of day the plot selected to start on. Too much about the sunlight. Too much weather. Try, either by incident or characterization, to get some pep, punch into your yarns right from the kick-off."

Back came one of the stories within a week. The new version now began, "The day on which the burglary, double murder and suicide were that night dawned sunnily."

Passing the Buck

AN EMINENT director of our theater leaned across the aisle of a darkened Broadway theater one morning in the course of the rehearsal of a new drama by Augustus Thomas and addressed the playwright.

"Gus," rumbled the producer in the commanding tones of one who wants what he wants when he wants it, "right here is the part of the act I was sayin' last night to you ought to be livened up. Stick some jazz in here. Right away I want you to put in at this point five or six wallopin' funny lines."

"Quite so," replied Mr. Thomas without enthusiasm. "For instance?"

Does Your Boy Have This Opportunity?

THE Bicycle Clubs all over this country are contributing more to the young manhood of America than almost anything else. They offer the cleanest, most invigorating form of sport and exercise. By their trips to places of historical and civic interest they offer a wealth of education.

Does your boy own a bicycle? Has he the opportunity to become a member of one of these clubs? Does he have the glorious chance to develop himself physically and mentally in the happy way a bicycle brings?

The cost of operating a bicycle is practically nothing. Its value to your boy cannot be measured by the small initial price. The clear, steady eye—active, alert mind and clean, healthy body of a bicycle boy or girl are beyond valuation.

Give your boy a bicycle. If there isn't a club in his neighborhood, inspire him to be the organizer. And you'll find a wonderful source of pleasure if you'll lead them on some trips yourself—riding your own bike with the best of them. See a bicycle dealer now and talk it over.

Ride a Bicycle

CYCLE TRADES OF AMERICA, *Inc., 35 Warren Street, New York City, U. S. A.*

from defaulting in this agreement, seemed to fear that Eben would not stand by it to the letter. This was at once reassuring and mysterious. Eben was enlightened in September, when the reopening of school complicated the business of feeding Belshazzar and precipitated the question of his disposal.

Mr. Schwartz, the butcher, stopped to inspect him at Aunt Minnie's request, and offered Eben seven dollars, spot cash. Mr. Cutler's motives were thus exposed to unfriendly light; and Aunt Minnie, admitting that Eben must stand by his word, spoke with feeling concerning the ethics of Mr. Cutler's behavior. Eben himself found no fault with it. As Mr. Cutler said, it was necessary to look out for Number One. Next time Eben would accomplish this more effectively.

He came home from school a few days later to find the pen empty. A mild melancholy on Belshazzar's account made little opposition to the inspiring thought of five dollars—not seven, to be sure, as there would have been if he had looked out for Number One as carefully as Mr. Cutler did it; but five, a round and stimulating sum. He guessed that Aunt Minnie held this in trust and approached her. She regarded him with a soft benignancy which made him uneasy. He was familiar with it. When she looked at him so he became apprehensive of her lap, of demeaning caresses, of moving reference to his poor mother and Aunt Minnie's duty to her children.

He submitted now to these embraces as preliminaries to Aunt Minnie's type of reproof, wondering what act or neglect of his had invited them. He knew boys whose mothers slapped and scolded, and he envied them as Aunt Minnie told him how dearly she loved him and how deeply she desired his good. Presently he discovered that he was not under censure. The drift of the discourse set toward the future. And there were disturbing allusions to heathen children, who hadn't any Aunt Minnies, and ate each other instead of pigs. It appeared that money would persuade them to do otherwise, even minute amounts of money.

"Well, Eben?" Aunt Minnie challenged him. He wriggled. "Wouldn't you love to feel that you'd helped some little heathen boy?" He understood now, and bitterness flooded in on him.

"They could raise their own pigs, I guess," he advanced.

This, it seemed, was not to the point. His selfishness was mentioned. Here was a shining opportunity to cure it. He would feel happier than he had ever felt in his life, he was assured, if he presented his five dollars to boys who hadn't learned to raise pigs of their own. Slightly dazed at length, he heard that he had been beautifully generous. Aunt Minnie was proud of him. His father would be even prouder when he knew, and Eben himself would be happy. He escaped, to wait for the arrival of this beatitude. It delayed mysteriously. He went to bed without even a consoling taste of it. Probably he was so much more selfish than Aunt Minnie suspected that he couldn't collect the reward of virtue. He guessed that it would be discreet to preserve the secret; confession would mean more huggings and kisses and kind words, and these wouldn't restore Belshazzar's price.

He heard bewildering talk of his deed. It now developed that the idea had been entirely his; that Aunt Minnie had been astonished and touched by his spontaneous offering. He was praised by several ladies for whom he entertained no regard. He found these experiences no offset to the sacrifice of his capital and profit.

Even Mr. Cutler, delivering turnips, was told of the event. Aunt Minnie seemed to think that Eben's example might have a good effect on the other party to the deal. Eben, listening to an inaccurate version of the affair, encountered Mr. Cutler's malevolent eye and wriggled under it.

"Huh!" said Mr. Cutler. "Thought better of him'n that."

He stumped away. Eben understood that he had forfeited Mr. Cutler's respect in exchange for the gain of Aunt Minnie's. He knew that he ought to feel glad about this, and he was ashamed to find that he didn't.

He came in time to consider the five dollars as wisely spent. The affair taught him the unwisdom of advertising his wealth, the superior value of a well-concealed asset. Thereafter, when he acquired money, he was at some pains to avoid publicity. He kept it behind a loosened section of mop boarding in his room until he could spend it privately. Even so, there were occasions when Elsie and Laura were able to blackmail him; there were times when his selfishness was discouraged by Aunt Minnie's expedient of seizing intact whatever he had bought and dividing it between the girls.

"You would have had some of it, Eben, if you'd been generous. Perhaps going without will help you to remember next time."

It never accomplished this result. It encouraged him, instead, to refrain from investment which couldn't escape family notice. It led to an accumulation of coins behind the mop board, and the study of percentage at school revealed the possibility of setting this sum to work. He hesitated about taking a banker into his confidence, but the allure of four cents' growth in each dollar persuaded him at last.

He watched his time and dealt with the cashier in private. He was assured that the bank would be discreet about it. While his pass book was being inscribed he found Mr. Cutler beside him. The farmer glowered at him.

"Who you goin' to give it to now?"

Eben ducked his head emphatically.

"Nobody," he declared. "I'm keepin' it—f'r Number One."

"Selfish, huh? Backslid, did you?"

"You bet!" said Eben, and he felt that he had reconquered Mr. Cutler's unwilling esteem.

As to Aunt Minnie—well, she'd done her best. It wasn't her fault if Eben deliberately chose to ignore his duty and wickedly persisted in looking out for Number One.

As he grew habit grew with him, and a stubborn, silent independence as well. His character solidified. He came to regard himself as definitely and permanently ungenerous. He continued to realize the shame and evil of this state, without desire to exchange it. Aunt Minnie, clinging fast to her saddened sweetness, reasoned vainly with him over each new evidence of his heart-hardness. She was less insidious, now that he had passed the age and weight appropriate to laps and squeezings.

"I don't care," he told her in the course of a prolonged discussion in his fifteenth year. "It's not my business to give Ernie Munn his Christmas money. If he wants it he c'n work for it, same as I do."

"But I'm not asking you to give Ernie anything, Eben. I know you better than to hope for that." She exhaled a tremulous sigh. "All I want you to do is to give your consent to his having the right to take subscriptions to these magazines. I did think you wouldn't be so mean as to refuse that!"

Eben wagged his head.

"No, sir! I had a hard time getting this terr'tory. I had to work like time to do it. And if I give Ernie a right to get subscriptions he'll just take the money outa my pocket. Let him think up somethin' else. He c'n look out for Number One, same as I do."

From this position he could not be moved. Even a talk with his father exerted no melting effect on his resolutions. He was beginning to consider Arthur Timlow with a dubious eye, unblinded by filial respect. It occurred to him frequently that if Arthur Timlow had looked out for Number One a little better affairs in the Timlow household would be less complicated. It was no doubt a noble scheme to convert the world to the beautiful doctrine of socialism, but it brought in remarkably little in the way of hard cash. Eben had listened to much elucidation of the philosophy, blurred and blended with Aunt Minnie's ideas of self-sacrifice. He did not question the correctness of either theory. He knew only that he preferred to walk in darkness and take the dismal consequences when they arrived.

"You're actually a monopolist in a small way," said Mr. Timlow solemnly. "Of course, you're not old enough to understand what that means, but a son of mine ——"

"I had to work like time to get my terr'tory," said Eben doggedly. "I gotta purtect myself 'r it won't pay me to keep on s'liciting. S'pose I called on a prospect ten times, an' then Ernie Munn came along and got the subscription. Not much!"

The episode left him triumphant, but in evil repute, his selfishness a family institution which was to be combated by his kindred on all possible occasions. Elsie and Laura were indefatigable in this good work. They dubbed him Belshazzar, and drew, in public, comparisons highly complimentary to actual pigs. Privately they manipulated matters dexterously to educate their brother in the art of self-denial. He was obliged to defend his claim on dessert with a ready eye and tongue, and—at times—a vigorous hand.

There was a reaction in his favor when the existence of his savings account reached the family intelligence. Even Elsie was perceptibly impressed by her relationship to the possessor of four hundred eighty-seven dollars, and basely forsaking her ally made cunning overtures for peace with the autocrat of the Timlow breakfast table. Aunt Minnie, divided between grief at the duplicity which had kept the secret and the respect due to wielders of the money power, brought forward an astonishing number of worthy causes, each in desperate need of financial encouragement. Mr. Timlow delivered a ten-minute oration on the iniquity of the capitalistic system and pointed out that it was founded on the pernicious institution of private hoarding. Eben listened stolidly, with dim, formless forebodings.

He scented an attack from all sides on those sinful, hoarded dollars, and he knew the power of family pressures. He would never have been able to accumulate his funds in public. Revealed, they became at once the target of an onslaught which would presently move him, in spite of his casehardened heart and contemptible conscience. He was aware, for instance, that the rent was overdue. Aunt Minnie had spoken with some heat on the topic only last night, and had been unappeased by Arthur Timlow's exposition of the shrieking injustice of private ownership of land. He had heard, too, that until he was twenty-one his property was not legally his own. They could even take it from him forcibly if they wanted to.

He considered this at some length, wasting no brain stuff on disapproval of a system so absurd, confronting the affair as a condition, not a theory. A memory of Belshazzar came to him. In that transaction, in spite of its melancholy climax, he had protected dangerously liquid assets by a prompt and judicious investment. It could be done again. The way to safeguard those savings was to spend them quickly on something which couldn't be spent itself, or too easily sold or hypothecated.

This was simple in theory, but perplexing in fact. Spending two dollars on a pig was a very different matter from investing nearly five hundred—and Moravia was a limited field for finance. He might buy a lot, perhaps, or even a house, which could be rented. He did not warm to the notion. Real property was too sluggish in its rate of increase. He had begun to feel a certain discontent with the annual four per cent of the savings bank.

He decided to withdraw his money, anyway. It would be safer in some less conspicuous hiding place till he could put it back at work. He chose the original hollow behind the mop board, which he nailed firmly in place after the bills were hidden. And he bore the family advances stoically while he considered the method of reinvestment. In this problem he finally took counsel of Mr. Cutler, a little grayer, considerably grimmer, but given now to moments of a tempered surliness which, for Mr. Cutler, amounted to affability.

"You done exactly right," declared this oracle. "Relations is pizen f'r a man that saves his money. They'd ha' dreened every cent out'n you in no time. You go down 'n' see Henry Pope, Eb. He's lookin' f'r a pardner with four-five hundred. An' you 'n' him'd team up fine. He knows how to run a shop, but he hain't got no head f'r figgers."

Eben knew Henry Pope by sight and reputation, a person endowed with uncanny insight into the ailments of bicycles and tires, but unreliable in the detail of delivery. The rickety frame building on the alley between the post office and the bank was sometimes locked for days together, while its patrons walked for want of unshod wheels and its proprietor submerged himself in mysterious whirring music, accompanied by the smells of heated oils and metals. The idea of a partnership in this enterprise was at once inviting. He accompanied Mr. Cutler to the shop forthwith, and under that gentleman's approving auspices drove his bargain skillfully. An agreement was drawn up with the connivance of Judge McFee, who warned Eben that it would not stand attack in court. Eben foresaw a way around this. The principle established in the case of Belshazzar still held good.

The new capital paid up a number of small, ancient debts, and covered certain needed replenishments and repairs; and Eben, forgoing his final year at the high school in the face of much family protest, entered on his commercial career in charge of the books.

"You'll lose us our trade, Eb, the way you behave." Henry Pope shook his head at the indignant, departing back of Charley Taylor, whose repair job had been gently declined until a payment on account was in hand. "Charley's been a right good customer."

"And never paid you a cent so far! We're going to get along without his trade, I guess." Eben climbed back to the homemade desk stool. "Your time's worth something. You can turn out a dozen of those bell outfits instead of fixing his wheel. We got to look out for ourselves, Henry."

Henry wagged his head again and went back to the shop. It puzzled him to account for the fact that his share of the profits nowadays was more than the shop had paid him when he owned it all. An amused tolerance of Eben's downrightness had begun to yield to a reluctant respect. He discussed his partner with others.

"Sharp as a chisel, that youngster. Went out an' c'lected thutty dollars in old bills yest'day—just like findin' it! Beats time, he does! Hard's a nail too. Got ten p'cent better figgers 'n I ever got f'r supplies when the drummer come in last week. Cur'ous little beggar, some ways. First thing he done when we hooked up, he taken a brush an' painted him a sign over the desk. No sense to it, either. Ratted if I see why a feller'd want to set an' look at it all day—jest a big black Number One!"

II

"NOT much! If Eddie Frew wants an interest in the business he can save his money and buy it, the same as I did."

Eben Timlow, at twenty-two, was inclined to bluntness in the matter of his father's suggestions that the wage system was rooted in injustice. The proposal to take Eddie Frew, who had grown up into overalls and grease in the new shop, into partnership had originated with Aunt Minnie, who advanced that it would be a noble deed, especially since Eddie's wages barely provided him with the price of cigarettes and drinks and games of pool and aggressive after-hours raiment. Eddie's mother would

A motor truck might be made that would be a "Chinese copy" of a Reo Speed Wagon so far as outward appearances were concerned. ¶ Every dimension and specification might duplicate that of a Reo. ¶ But it wouldn't be a Reo—nor would it compare in sturdiness, dependability, longevity and low upkeep with a Reo. ¶ Lacking that "Honesty of Purpose" which is the fundamental of the Reo Speed Wagon—it could not fulfill our promises, nor meet your expectations.

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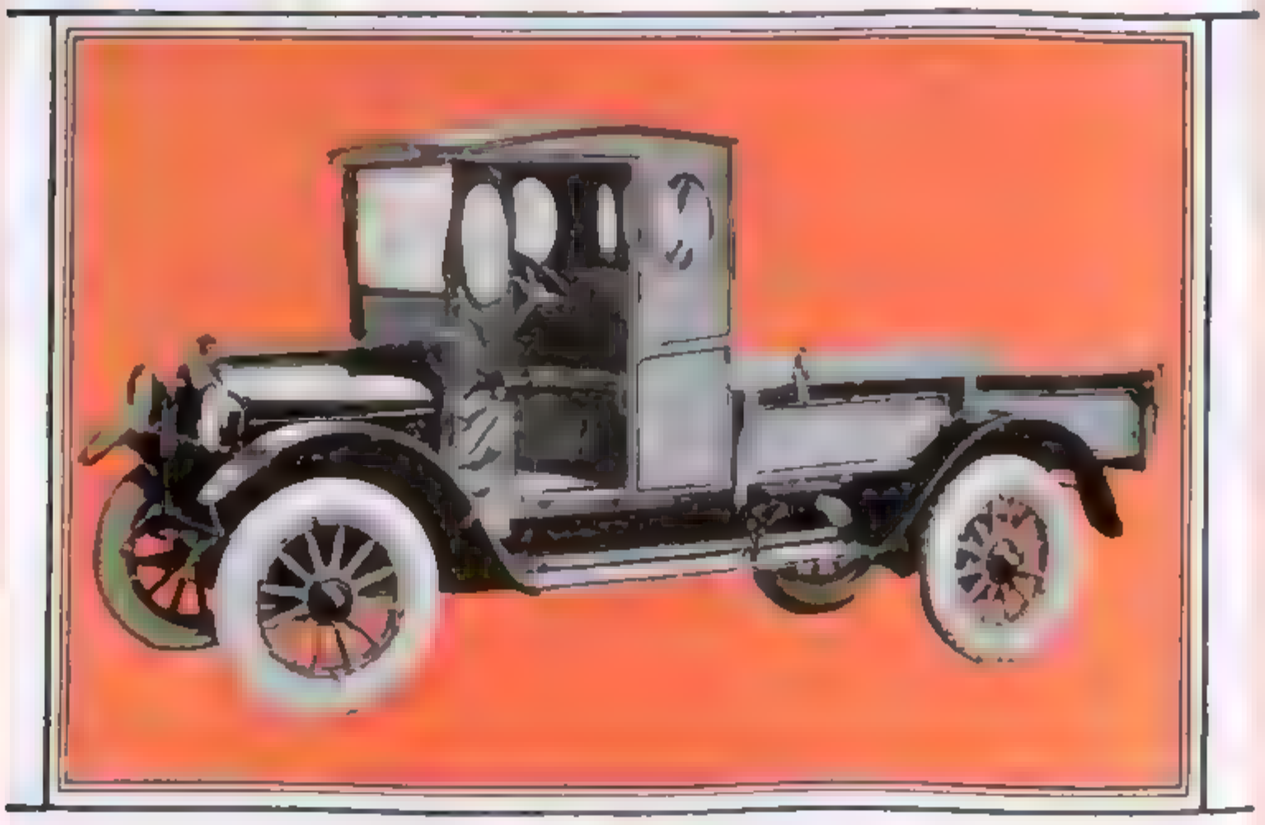


REO SPEED WAGON

TWO AND TWO

(Continued from Page 29)

All the way up the stairs, Skeet following, I was trying to swing my rather heavy wits round to take advantage of this new development. So far, Ina Vandeman's voice, imitated by Barbara Wallace, and recognized by Chung and Jim Edwards, possibly by Worth, had been my lead in this direction. If more than one woman spoke in that voice—where would it take me?

I'd got no adjustment before I was ushered into a large, dim room, and confronted by a figure in a reclining chair by the window. Here, in spite of years and illness, were the same good looks and thoroughbred courage that seemed to characterize the women of this family. Mrs. Thornhill greeted me in Ina Vandeman's very tones, a little high-pitched for real sweetness, full of a dominating quality, and she showed a composure I had not expected.

To Skeet, standing by, watching to see that her mother didn't overdo in talking to me, she said, "Dear, go downstairs. Jane's left her dinner on the range and gone to the grocery. You look after it while she's away."

When we were alone she lay back in her chair, eyes closed, or seemingly so, and made her statement. She'd been in her daughter's room only twice between the reception and that daughter's departure.

"But the room was full of other people." A glimmer between lashes. "I could give you the names of those others."

"Thank you," I said. "Mrs. Vandeman has already done that. I've seen them all."

"You've seen them—all?" A long, furtively drawn breath.

Then her eyes slowly opened and fixed themselves on me. Relief was there, yet something stricken, as they traveled over me from my gray thatch to my big feet.

"Now, Mrs. Thornhill," I said, "aside from those two visits to your daughter's room, where were you that evening?"

A slow flush crept into her thin cheeks. The unreadable eyes that were traveling over Jerry Boyne stopped suddenly and held him with a quiet stare.

"I understood it was my daughter's movements on that evening you wished to trace, Mr. Boyne," she said slowly. "It would be difficult to trace mine. Really I had so much on my hands with the reception and inefficient help ——" She broke off, her eyes never leaving my own, even as she added smoothly, "It would be very, very difficult."

There is an effect in class almost like the distinction of race. These women spoke a baffling language; their psychology was hard for me. If there was something hid up among them that ought to be uncovered by diplomacy and delicate indirection it would take a smarter man than the one who stood in my Number Tens to do it.

"Mrs. Thornhill," I said, "you did leave the house. You went to Mr. Gilbert's study. The shot that killed him left you a nervous wreck, so that you can't hear a tire blowout without reënacting in your mind the scene of that murder. You'll talk now."

"You think I will? Talk to you?"—very low and quiet, eyes once more closed.

"Why not? It's got to come; here in your own home, with me—or I'll have to put you where you'll be forced to answer questions."

"Oh, you threaten me, do you?" Her eyes flashed open and looked at me, hard as flint. "Very well. I'll answer no questions as to what happened on the evening of Thomas Gilbert's death, except in the presence of Worth Gilbert, his son."

My retirement down the Thornhill stairs, made with such dignity as I could muster, was in fact a panic flight. Halfway, Cora Thornhill all but finished me by looking out from the living room and calling in Ina Vandeman's voice, "Erne, show Mr. Boyne out, won't you?"

Ernestine completed the job when she answered—in Ina Vandeman's voice, also—"Yes, dear; I will."

It was only the scraps of me that she civilly swept through the front door. I stood on the porch and mopped my brow. Across there at the Gilbert place was Worth himself, charging round the grounds with Vandeman and a lot of other decorators, pruning shears in hand, going for a thicket of bamboos that shut off the vegetable garden. At one side Barbara stood alone, looking, it seemed to me, rather depressed. I made for her.

She met me with "I know what you've been doing. Skeet came to me about it while Ina was phoning home from the country club."

"Well—she should worry! I've just finished with her list. Got an unbreakable alibi."

"She would have." Barbara said listlessly. "She wasn't at the study that evening."

"Huh! I worked on your tip that she was."

Barbara had pulled off the little stitched hat she wore; yet the deep flush on her cheeks was neither from sun nor an afternoon's hard work. It and the quick straightening of her figure, the lift of her chin, had to do with me and my activities.

"Mr. Boyne"—the black eyes came round to me with a sparkle—"do you suspect me of trying to pay off a spite on Ina Vandeman?"

"Good Lord—no!" I exploded. "And, anyhow, I've just found that what you imitated and Chung recognized might as well have been the mother's voice as the daughter's."

"Yes," she assented. "Any one of the family—under stress of emotion." Then suddenly: "And why do I tell you that? You'll not get from it what I do. I ought never to have mixed up my kind of mental work with other people's. I'd promised my own soul that I would never make another deduction. Then Worth came and asked me—that night at Tait's. I might say now that I never will any more." She broke off, storm in her eyes and in her voice as she finished: "But I suppose if he wanted me to again—I'd make a little fool of myself for his amusement, just as I did this time and have done all these other times!"

"I'll not ask anything more of you, Barbara," I said to her hastily, confused and abashed before the glimpse she'd given me of her heart. "Except that I beg you to stay good friends with Cummings. That man hates Worth. If you turned him down now—say, for the ball, or anything like that—he'd be twice as hard for us to handle. Keep him a passive enemy instead of an active one, as long as he seems to find it necessary to hang round Santa Ysobel."

"You know what's holding Mr. Cummings here, don't you?" She glanced somberly past the bamboo gatherers to where we saw a gray corner of the study with its pink ivy-geranium blossoms atop. "Mr. Cummings is held here by two steel bolts—the bolts on those study doors. Until he finds how they can be moved through an inch of planking he'll not leave Santa Ysobel."

She'd put it in a nutshell. And I couldn't let him beat me to it. I'd got to get the jump on him.

XXIV

I HAD all set for next morning—my roadster at Capehart's for repair, old Bill tipped off that I didn't want anyone but Eddie Hughes to work on it; and, to add to my satisfaction, there arrived in my daily grist from the office the report that they had Skeels in jail at Tia Juana.

"Well, Jerry, old socks," Worth hailed my news as I followed out to his car, where he was starting for San Francisco, and going to drop me at the Capehart garage, "some luck! If Skeels is in jail at Tia Juana, and what I'm after to-day turns out right, we may have both ends of the string."

Pink and white were the miles of orchards surrounding Santa Ysobel, pink and white nearly all the dooryards, every tree its own little carnival of bloom with bees for guests. Already the streets were full of life, double the usual traffic. As we neared the Capehart cottage, on its quiet side street about half a block from the garage, there was Barbara under the apple boughs at the gate, talking to some man whose back was to us. She bowed; I answered with a wave toward the garage; but Worth scooted us past without, I thought, once glancing her way, sent the roadster across Main, where he should have stopped and let me out, went on and into the highway at a clip which rocked us.

"Was that Cummings?"—holding my hat on.

No answer that I could hear, while we made speed toward San Francisco. And still no word was spoken until we had outraged the sensibilities of all whose bad luck it was to meet us, those whom we passed going at a more reasonable pace, scared a team of work horses into the ditch, and settled down to a steady whiz.

We were getting away from Santa Ysobel a good deal farther and a good deal faster than I felt I could afford. I took a chance and remarked, to nobody in particular, and in a loud voice, "I asked Barbara not to make a break with Cummings; it would be awkward for us now if she did."

"Break?" Worth gave me back one of my words.

"Yes. I was afraid she might throw him down for the carnival ball."

Without comment or reply he slowed gently for the big turn where the Medlow road comes in, swept a handsome circle and headed back.

Then he remarked, "Thought I'd show you what the little boat could do under my management. Eddie had her in fair shape, but I've tuned her up a notch or two since."

I responded with proper enthusiasm, and would have been perfectly willing to be let out at Main Street. But he turned the corner there, ran on to the garage, jumped out and followed me in. Bill, selling some used tires to a customer in the office, nodded and let us go to where my machine stood. We heard voices back in the repair shop and a hum of swift whirring shafts and pulleys. Worth kept with me. It embarrassed me—made me nervous. It was as though he had some notion of my purpose there.

Hughes, at his lathe, caught sight of us and growled over his shoulder, "Yer machine's ready."

This wouldn't do. I stepped to the door, with "Fixed the radiator, did you?"

"Sure. Whaddye think?"

Hughes was at work on something for a girl; she perched at one end of his bench, swinging her feet. Worth, behind me, touched my shoulder, and I saw that the girl over there was Barbara Wallace. She looked up at us and smiled. The sun slanting through dirt-covered windows made color effects on her silken black hair. Eddie gave us another scowl and went on with his work.

"Hello, Bobs." Worth's greeting was casual. "Thought I'd stop and tell you I was on my way—you know." A glance of understanding passed between them. "Better come along?"

"I'd like to," she smiled. "You'll be back by dinnertime. If it wasn't the last day, and I hadn't promised ——"

Neither of them in any hurry.

"Hughes," I said, "there's another thing needs doing on that car of mine."

"Can't do nothing at all till I finish her job," he said.

"All right."

And I stepped through into the grassy back yard, put a smoke in my face, and began walking up and down, my glance, each time I turned, encountering that queer bunch inside: Worth, hands in pockets; the chauffeur he had discharged—and that I was waiting to get for murder—bending at his vise; Barbara's shining dark head close to the tousled unkemptness of his poll as she explained to him the pulley arrangement needed to raise and anchor the banner she and Skeet were painting.

Suddenly, at the far end of my beat, I was brought up by a little outcry and stir. As I wheeled toward the doorway I saw Bobs and Worth in it, apparently wrestling over something.

Laughing, crying, she hung to his wrist with one hand, the other covering one of her eyes.

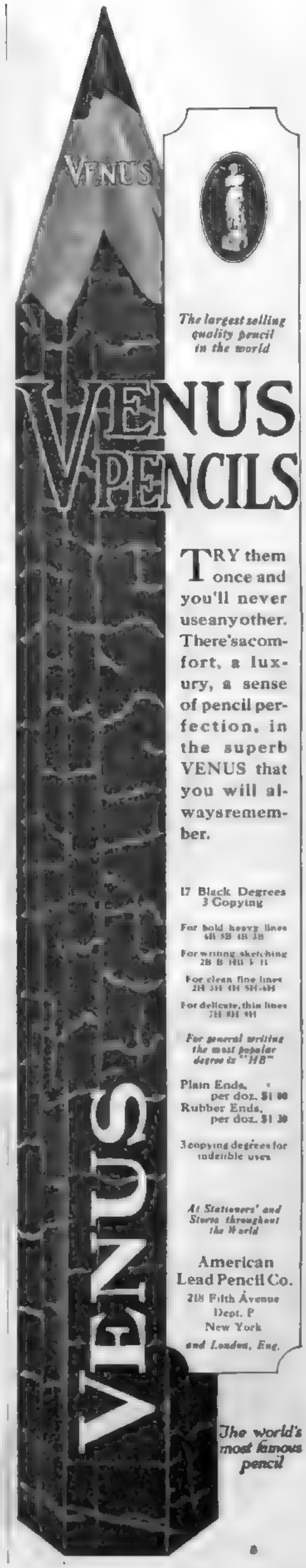
"Let me look!" he demanded. "I won't touch it if you don't want me to. You have got something in there, Bobs."

But when she reluctantly gave him his chance he treacherously went for her with a corner of his handkerchief in the traditional way, and she backed off, uttering a cry that fetched Hughes round from the lathe, roaring at Worth, above the noise of the machinery:

"What's the matter with her?"

"Steel splinter—in her eye," Worth shouted.

With a quick oath the belt pole was thrown to stop the lathe; down the length of the shop to the scrap heap of odds and ends at the rear Hughes raced, returning with a bit of metal in his hand. Barbara was backed against the bench, her eyes shut, and tears had begun to flow from under the lids.



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"Now, Miss Barbie," Hughes remonstrated. "You let me at that thing. This'll pull it out and never touch you." I saw it was a horseshoe magnet he carried.

"Do you think it will?"

"Sure," and Eddie approached the magnet to her face. "It won't hurt you a-tall. She'll begin to pull before she even touches. Now, steady. Want to come as near contact as I can. Don't jump. Hell!"

Barbara had sprung away from him. But for Worth's quick arm she would have been into the machines.

"No!" she said between locked teeth, tears on her cheeks. "I can't let him."

"Why, Barbara!" I said, astonished, and poor Eddie almost blubbered as he begged, "Aw, come on, Miss Barbie. It was my fault in the first place—leavin' that damned lathe run. Yuh got to let me ——"

"But if it doesn't work?"

"Sure it'll work. Would I offer to use it for you if I hadn't tried it out lots o' times—to pull splinters and ——"

"Give me that magnet." Worth reached the long arm of authority, got what he wanted, shouldered Hughes aside, and took hold of the girl with "Quit being a little fool, Barbara. That thing's only caught in your lashes now. Let it get in against the eyeball and you'll have trouble. Hold still."

The command was not needed. Without a word Barbara raised her face, put her hands behind her and waited.

Delicately Worth caught the dark fringe of the closed eye, turned back the lid so that he could see just what he was at, brought the horseshoe almost in touch, then drew it away—and there was the tiny steel splinter that could have cost her sight, clinging to the magnet's edge.

"Here you are," he smiled. "Wasn't that enough to call you names for?"

"You didn't call me names"—dabbing away with a small handkerchief. "You told me to quit being a little fool. Maybe I will. How would you like that?"

Apparently Hughes did not resent Barbara's refusing his help and accepting Worth's. He went back to his vise; the two others strolled together through the doorway into the garage, talking there for a moment in quick low tones; then Barbara returned to perch on the end of Eddie's bench, play with the magnet and watch him at work. I lit up again and stepped out.

I could see Barbara gather some nails, screws and loose pieces of iron, hold a bit of board over them, and trail the magnet back and forth along its top. Though a half inch of wood intervened, the metal trash on the bench followed the magnet to and fro. I got nothing out of that except that Barbara was still a child, playing like a child, till I looked up suddenly to find that she had ceased the play, brought her feet up to curl them under her in the familiar Buddha pose, while the busy hands were dropped and folded before her. Her rebellion of yesterday evening—and now her taking up the concentration unasked—she wouldn't want me to notice what she was doing; I ducked out of sight. I had walked up and down that yard a half dozen times more when over me with a rush came the significance of those moving bits of iron, trailing a magnet on the other side of a board. Three long steps took me to the door.

"Hughes," I shouted, "I'm taking my machine now. Be back directly."

The man grunted without turning round. I had forgotten Barbara, but as I was climbing into the roadster I heard her jump to the floor and start after me.

"Mr. Boyne! Wait! Mr. Boyne!"

I checked and sat grinning as she came up, the magnet in her hand. I reached for it.

"Give me that," I whispered. "Want to go along and see me use it?"

"No—no!"—in hushed protest. "You're making a mistake, Mr. Boyne."

"Mistake? I saw what you did in there. Said you never would again—then went right to it! You sure got something this time! Girl—girl! You've turned the trick!"

"Oh, no! You mustn't take it like that, Mr. Boyne. This is nothing—as it stands. Just a single unrelated fact that I used with others to concentrate on. Wait. Do wait—till Worth comes back, anyhow."

"All right." I felt that our voices were getting loud, that we'd talked here too long. No use flushing the game before I was loaded. "First thing to do is to verify this." I felt good all over.

"Yes, of course," she smiled faintly. "You would want to do that." And she climbed in beside me.

I drove so fast that Barbara had no chance to question me, though she did find openings for remonstrating at my speed. I dashed into the driveway of the Gilbert place and came to an abrupt stop at the doors of the garage. And right away I bumped up against my first check. I gripped the magnet, raced to the study door with it, she following more slowly to watch while I passed it along the wooden panel where the bolt ran on the other side; and nothing doing!

Again she followed as I ran round to the outside door, opened up and tried it on the bare bolt itself; no stir. While she sat in the desk chair at that central table, her elbows on its top, her hands lightly clasped, the chin dropped in interlaced fingers, following my movements with very little interest, I puffed and worked, opened a door and tried to move the bolt when it wasn't in the socket, and felt like cursing in disappointment.

"A little oil," I grumbled, more to myself than to her, and hurried to the garage workbench for the can that would certainly be there. It was, but I didn't touch it. What I did lean over and clutch from where they lay tossed in carelessly among rubbish and old spare parts were three more magnets exactly the same as the one we had brought from Capehart's. I sprinted back with them.

"Barbara," I called in an undertone, "come here! Look!"

Held side by side, the four, working as one, moved the bolts as well as fingers could have done, and through more than an inch of hardwood.

"Yes"—she looked at it—"but that doesn't prove Eddie Hughes the murderer."

"No?" Her opposition began to get on my nerves. "I'm afraid that'll be a matter for twelve good men and true to settle." She stood silent, and I added, "I know now whose shadow I saw on the broken panel of that door there, the first Sunday night."

"Oh, it was Eddie's," she agreed rather unexpectedly.

"And he came to steal the 1920 diary," I supplied.

"He came to get a drink from the cellaret, and a cigar from the case. That's the use he made of his power to move the bolts."

"Until the Saturday night when he killed his employer, the man he hated, and left things so the crime would pass as suicide. Barbara, are you just plain perverse?"

Instead of answering she went back to the table, got the contraption Hughes had made for her, and started as if to leave me. On the threshold she hesitated

"I don't suppose there's anything I can say or do to change your mind." Her tone was inert, drained. "I know that Eddie is innocent of this. But you don't want to listen to deductions."

"Later," I said to her briskly. "It'll keep. I've something to do now."

"What? You promised Worth to make no move against Eddie Hughes until you had his permission." She seemed to think that settled it. I let her keep the idea.

"Run along, Barbara," I said. "Get to your paint daubing. I'll forgive you everything for deducing—well, discovering, if you like that better—about these bolts and magnets."

Skeet burst from the kitchen door of the Thornhill house, caught sight of us, shouted something unintelligible, and came racing through the grounds toward Vandeman's.

"Been waiting for me long, angel?" she called, as Barbara moved up with a lagging step, then, waving two pairs of overalls, "Got pants for both of us, honey. The paints and brushes are over there. We'll make short work of that old banner now."

Promised Worth, had I? But the situation was changed since then. No man of sense could object to my moving on what I had now. I locked the study door, went back to my roadster and headed her uptown.

XXV

IT WAS a thankful if not a joyous Jerry Boyne who crossed the front pergola of the Vandeman bungalow that evening in the wake of Worth Gilbert, bound for an informal dinner. The tall unconscious lad who stepped ahead of me had been made safe in spite of himself. This weight off my mind, I felt kindly to the whole world, to the man under whose dining table we were to stretch our legs, whose embarrassing

(Continued on Page 64)

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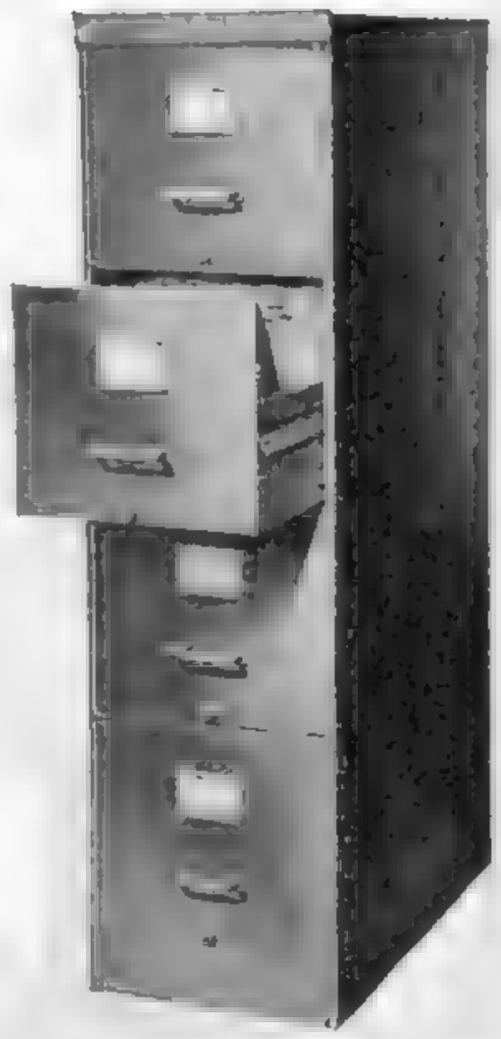

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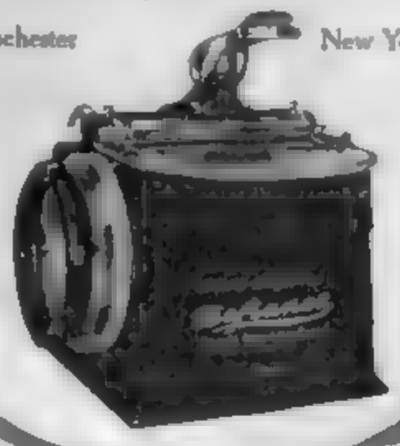

(Continued from Page 62)

private affairs I had uncovered. He'd taken it well—seconding his wife's dinner invitation, meeting my eye frankly whenever we encountered. My mood was expansive. When Vandeman himself opened the door to us, explaining that he was his own butler for the day, I saw him quite other than he had ever appeared to me.

For one thing, here in his own house—and this was the first time I had ever been in it—you got the man with his proper background, his suitable atmosphere. The handsome living room into which he took us showed many old pieces of mahogany and some of the finest Oriental stuff I ever saw; books in cases, sets of standard writers, such as people of culture bought thirty or forty years ago, some family pictures about. This was Vandeman; a lot behind such a fellow, after all, if he did seem rather a lightweight.

Ina joined us, very beautifully dressed. She also showed the ability to sink unpleasant considerations in the present moment of hospitality.

We lingered a moment chatting, then, "Shall we go and look at the artists working?" she suggested, and led the way.

We followed out to a flagged terrace at the rear. A dozen great muslin strips were tacked over the walls there, and two small figures, desperate, smudged, wearing the blue overalls Skeet Thornhill had waved at us, toiled manfully smearing the blossom-festival colors on in lettering and ornamental designs.

"Ina!" Skeet yawped at her sister. "Another low trick! Get yourself all dressed up like a sore thumb, and then show us off in this fix!"

Mutely Barbara revolved on the box she occupied. There was fire in her soft eyes; her color was high as her glance came to rest on Worth. "Fong Ling's nearly ready to serve dinner," said Ina calmly. "Stop fussing, and go wash up."

"Hello, Mr. Boyne!"

As Skeet passed she wiped a paw on a paint rag and offered it to me without another word. I got a grip and a look that told me there was no hangover with her from that scene yesterday in her mother's sick room. Vandeman was commenting on his depleted bamboo clumps.

"Mine suffered worse than yours, Worth. Fong Ling kicked like a bay steer about our taking so much. He's nursed the stuff for years like a fond mother. But we had to have it for that effect up round the orchestra stand."

"Then he's been with you a long time?" I caught at the chance for information on this chink—information that I'd found it impossible to get from the chink himself.

"Ever since I came in here. Chinamen, you know. Some loyalty! You can keep a good one for half a lifetime."

We strolled back to the living room; the girls were there before us, Skeet picking out bits of plum blossoms and bunches of cherry bloom from a great bowl on the mantel, and fastening them in Barbara's dark hair, wreath fashion.

"Best we could do at a splurge," she greeted us, "was to turn in our blouses at the neck."

"And what in the world are you doing to Barbara?" Mrs. Vandeman said sharply. "Let her alone, Skeet. You'll make her look ridiculous."

Skeet stuck out her tongue at her sister, and went calmly on, mumbling as she worked, "Hold 'till, 'ittle Barbie, child. Yook up at pretty mans and hold 'till."

Over the mantel in front of Barbara as she stood, her back to us all, hung an oil painting—one of those family groups—same old popper; same old mommer; and a fat baby in a white dress and blue sash. At that, it was good enough to show that the man had some resemblance to Vandeman as he leaned there on the mantel below it, rather encouraging Skeet's enterprise. From the other side I could see Barbara's glance go from man to picture.

"Doesn't it look like Van, Barbie?" Skeet kept up the conversation. "Got the same ring, and all. But it ain't Van. Him's the tootsie in there with the blue ribbon round his tummy."

"I say, Skeeter, lay off!" Vandeman looked self-consciously from the painted ring in the picture to the real ring on his own well-kept hand there on the mantel edge. "People aren't interested in family histories."

"I am," said Barbara unexpectedly.

As the gong sounded and we all began to move toward the dining room they were still on the subject and kept it up after we were seated.

Fong Ling served us. The bride had Worth on her right, and talked to him in lowered tones. Barbara, between Vandeman and me, continued to show an almost feverish attention to Vandeman. It was plain enough from where I sat that nothing Ina Vandeman could say gave the lad any less interest in his plate. But I suppose, with a girl, the mere fact of some other girl being allowed to show intentions counts.

Did the flapper get what was going on, as she looked proudly across at her handiwork and demanded of me, "Say, Mr. Boyne, you saw how Ina tried to do us dirt. And now, honest to goodness, hasn't Barbie with the plum blossoms got Ina and her artificial flowers skun a mile?"

I didn't wonder that young Mrs. Vandeman saved me the necessity of answering, by taking her up.

"Skeet, you're too outrageous!"

There she sat, quite a beauty in a very superior fashion; and Worth at her side was having his attention called to this dark young creature across the table, whose wonderful still fire, the white blossoms crowning her hair, might well have made even a lovelier than Ina Vandeman look insipid.

And Worth did take his time admiring her; I saw that; but all he found to say was "Bobs, I suppose Jerry's told you that he's treed Clayte at Tia Juana?"

"No," said Barbara, "he hasn't said a word. But I'm just as much surprised at Clayte's being caught as I was at Skeels' escaping capture."

"Say that over and say it slow." Vandeman was good natured. "Or, rather, put it in plain American, so we all can understand."

"Mr. Boyne knows what I mean." Barbara gave me a faint smile. "Mr. Boyne and I add up Skeels and Clayte, and get a different result, that's all."

"Bobs doesn't think that Skeels is Clayte, caught or uncaught," Worth said briefly, and went on eating his dinner. Apparently he didn't care a hang which way the fact turned out to be.

"Why don't you?" Vandeman gave passing attention.

She shook her head and put it, "Skeels, at liberty, was quite possibly Clayte; Skeels, captured, cannot be Clayte. Mr. Boyne, do you call that a paradox?"

"No—an unkind slam at a poor old man's ability in his profession. I started out to find a gang; but Clayte and Skeels are so exactly one, mentally, morally and physically, that I don't see why we should seek farther."

"Back up, Jerry!" Worth tossed it over at me. "Let Barbara"—he didn't often use the girl's full name that way—"give you a description of Clayte before you're so sure."

"How could I?" The girl's tone was defensive. "I never saw him."

"I want you"—Worth paid no attention to her objections—"to describe the man you thought you were asking for that day at the Gold Nugget, when Jerry butted in, and your ideas got lost in the excitement about Skeels. Deduce the description, I mean."

"Deduce it?" Barbara spoke stiffly, incredulously, her glance going from Worth to the well-gowned, well-groomed woman beside him. I remembered her moment of rebellion yesterday evening on the lawn, when she said so bitterly that if he asked it again she'd do it again, as she finished, "Deduce here?"

"Here and now." Worth's laconic answer sent the blood of healthy anger into her face, made her eyes shine.

And it brought from Ina Vandeman a petulant "Oh, Worth, please don't turn my dinner table into a side show."

"Ina, dear." Vandeman raised his brows at her, then, quite the cordial host urging a guest to display talent: "They say you're wonderful at that sort of thing, and I've never seen it."

Barbara was mad for fair.

"Oh, very well." She spoke pointedly to Vandeman, and left Worth out of it. "If you think you'd really enjoy seeing me make a side show of Ina's dinner table ——"

She stopped and waited. Vandeman played up to the situation as he saw it with one of his ready smiles. Worth threw no life line. Ina didn't think it worth while to apologize for her rudeness. Skeet was openly in a twitter of anticipation. There was nothing for me to do. A little commotion of skirts told us that she was drawing up her feet to sit cross-legged in her chair.

"She's going to! Oh, golly!" Skeet chortled. "Haven't seen Bobsy do one of those stunts since I was a che-ild!"

Arms down, hands clasped, eyes growing bigger, face paling into snow, we watched her. To all but Vandeman this was a more or less familiar performance. They took it rather as a matter of course. It was the Chinaman, coming in with the coffee tray, who seemed most strangely affected by it. He stopped where he was in the doorway, rigid, staring at our girl, though with a changeful light in his eye that seemed to me to shift between an unreasonable admiration and an unreasonable fear. Orientals are superstitious; but what could the fellow be afraid of in the beautiful young thing, Buddha posed, blossoms in her hair? The girl had gone into her stunt with a sort of angry energy. He seemed to clutch himself to stillness for the brief time that it held. Only in the moment that she relaxed, and we knew that Barbara had concentrated, Barbara was Barbara again, did he move quietly forward, a decent, competent servant, stepping round the table, placing our cups.

"Just two facts to go on," she said coldly. "My results will be pretty general."

"Nothing to go on in the way of a description of Clayte," I tried to help her out. "I'd call that one we had of him as near nothing as it well could be."

"Yes, the nothingness of it was one of my facts," she said, and stopped.

"Let's hear what you did get, Bobs," Worth prompted.

And Skeet giggled, half under her breath, "Speech! Speech!"

"At the Gold Nugget—whatever he called himself there—Edward Clayte was ten years younger than he had seemed at the bank; he appeared to weigh a dozen pounds more; threw out his chest, walked with his head up, and therefore would have been estimated quite a bit taller. This personality was an opposite of the other. Bank Clerk Clayte was demure, unobtrusive; this man wore loud patterns. The bank clerk was silent; this man talked to everyone round him, tilted his hat over one eye, smoked cigars just as those men were doing that day in the lobby; acted like them, was one of them. In the Gold Nugget, Clayte was a very average Gold Nugget guest—don't you see? Commonplace there, just as the other Clayte had been commonplace in a bank or an office."

Her voice ceased. On the silence it left Worth spoke up quietly.

"Bull's-eye as usual, Bobs. Every word you say is true. And at the Gold Nugget his name was Henry J. Brundage. He had Room Thirty on the top floor."

Skeet clapped her hands, jumped up and came round the table to kiss Barbara on the ear, and tell her she was the most wonderfulest girl in the world.

"Heh!" I flared at Worth. "Find that all out to-day in San Francisco?"

"No."

"Oh, it was the Brundage clew that took you south?"

"Yep. Left Louie on the job at the hotel while I was away. To-day I went after Brundage's automobile. Found he'd kept one in a garage on Jackson Street."

"It's gone, of course—and no trace," Barbara murmured.

"Gone since the day of the bank theft," Worth nodded. "He and the money went in it."

"Say"—I leaned over toward him—"wouldn't it have saved wear and tear if you'd told me at the first that you knew Skeels couldn't be Clayte?"

"Oh, but, Jerry, you were so sure! And Skeels wasn't possible for a minute—never in his little, piking, tin-horn life!"

I don't believe I had seen Worth so happy since he was a boy, playing detective. I glanced round and pulled myself up; we certainly weren't making ourselves very entertaining for the Vandemans. There they sat, at their own table, like handsome figureheads, smiling politely, pretending a decent interest.

"All this must be a bore to you people," I apologized.

"Not at all—not at all," Vandeman assured us.

"Well then, if you don't mind—Worth, I'll go and use Vandeman's phone; put my office wise to these Brundage clews of yours." I had by no means given up the belief that Skeels, in jail at Tia Juana, would still turn out to be one of the gang.

(Continued on Page 69)

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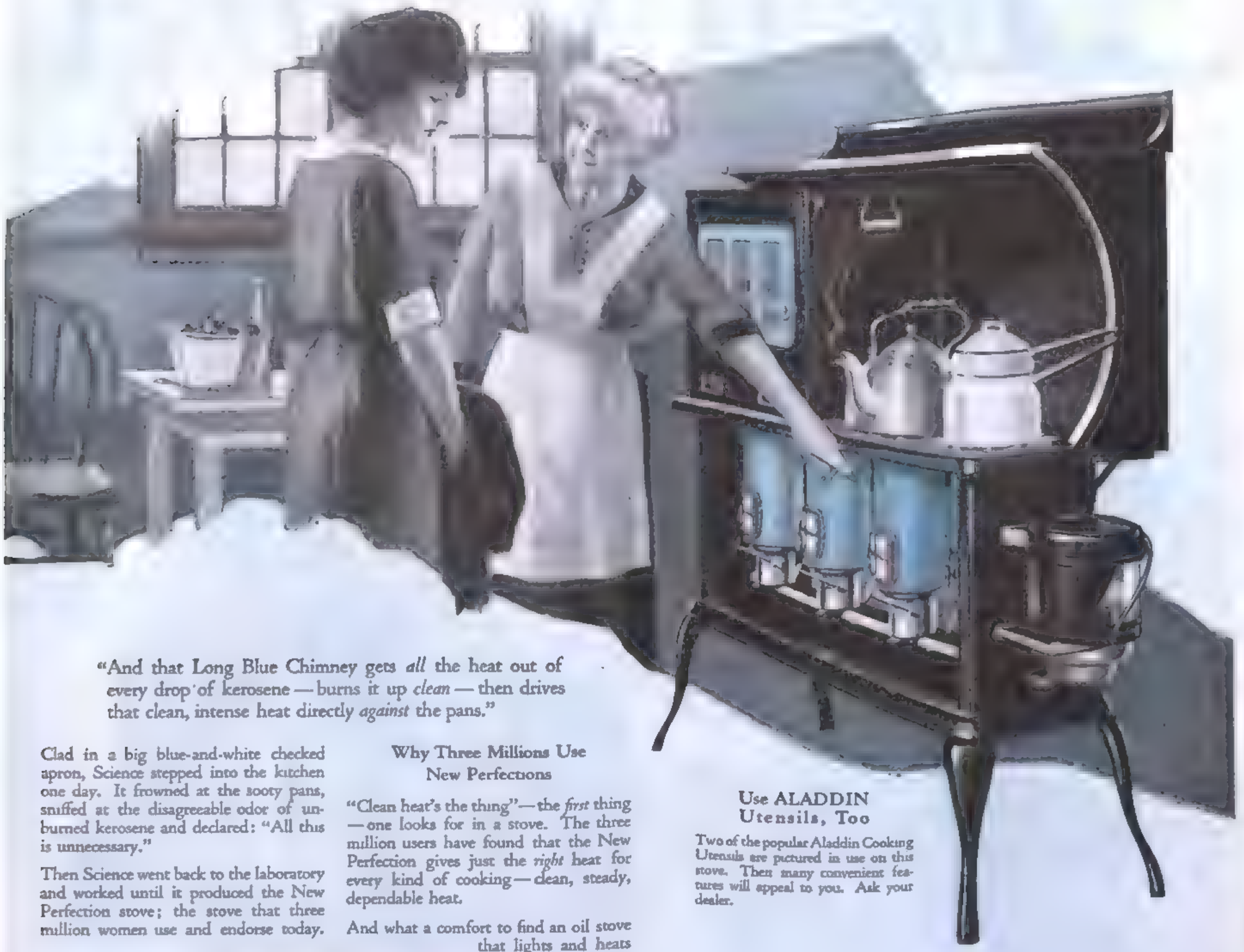
"But are your pans close enough to the fire?" "Yes, because it's *heat* that does the cooking"



"And that Long Blue Chimney gets *all* the heat out of every drop of kerosene — burns it up *clean* — then drives that clean, intense heat directly *against* the pans."

Clad in a big blue-and-white checked apron, Science stepped into the kitchen one day. It frowned at the sooty pans, sniffed at the disagreeable odor of unburned kerosene and declared: "All this is unnecessary."

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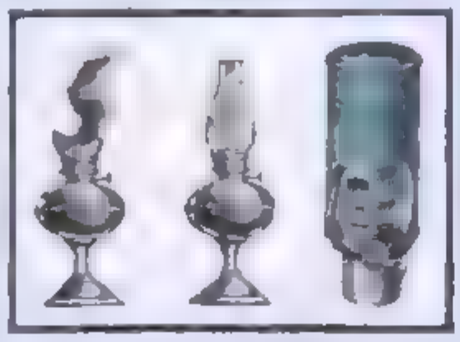
The Long Blue Chimney—the famous feature of the New Perfection — keeps the cooking pan away from the flame for very good reasons. The chimney provides just the space needed to allow *every drop* of the kerosene to burn up into *clean*, intense heat. None is wasted as soot or smoke. And picture the housewife's relief to be rid of these disagreeable things!



A long chimney on an oil stove is just as necessary for a clean, hot flame as a long glass lamp chimney is to secure a clean, bright light.

At the same time the Long Blue Chimney makes a strong draught—sends the heat, quivering-hot, up against the cooking pan. It hits the bottom of the cooking utensil with full force, and starts immediate operations upon the food inside.

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(Continued from Page 64)

Worth nodded. No social scruples were his.

I had just got back to the table from my phoning when the doorbell rang; we saw the big Chinese slip noiselessly through the rear into the hall to answer it, coming back a moment later, announcing in his weighty, correct English, "Two gentlemen calling—to see Captain Gilbert."

"Ask for me?" Worth came to his feet in surprise. "Who told them I was here?"

"I do not know." The Chinaman spoke unnecessarily as Worth was crossing to the door. "I did not ask them that."

"Use the living room, Worth," Vandeman called after him. "We'll wait here."

With the closing of the door conversation languished. Even Skeet was quiet and seemed depressed. My ears were straining for any sound from in there. As I sat, hand dropped at my side, I suddenly felt, under shelter of the screening tablecloth, cold nervous fingers slipped into mine. Barbara wasn't looking at me, but I gave her a quick glance as I pressed her gripping small hand encouragingly.

She was turned toward Vandeman. Pale to the lips, her great eyes fixed on the eyes of our host, I saw with wonder how he slowly stirred a spoon about in his emptied coffee cup, and stared back at her with a face almost as colorless as her own. The bride glanced from one to the other of them and spoke sharply:

"What's the matter with you two? You're not uneasy about Worth's callers, are you?"

"No, no, no." Vandeman was the first one to come out of it, responding to her voice a good deal as if she dashed cold water in his face, his eyes breaking away from Barbara's, his lips parted in a nervous smile. He ran a hand through his hair—an inelegant gesture for him at table—and laughed a little.

"We ought to be in there," Barbara said to me, a curious stress in her voice.

"How funny you talk, Barbie!" Skeet quavered. "What do you think's wrong?"

And Ina spoke decidedly: "Worth is one person in the world who can certainly take care of himself, and would rather be let alone."

"If you think there is anything we should do ——" Vandeman began anxiously.

And Skeet took a look round at our faces and fairly wailed, "What is it? What's the matter? What do you think they're doing to Worth in there, Barbie?"

"I'd think they were arresting him," Barbara said in a low choked tone, "only they don't know ——"

"Arresting him!" I broke in on her, startled, getting halfway to my feet; then, as remembrance came to me, sinking back with "Certainly not. The murderer of Thomas Gilbert is already in the county jail. I arrested Eddie Hughes this morning."

"You arrested—Eddie Hughes!" It was a cry from Barbara. The cold little hand was jerked from mine. Twisting round in her chair she stared at me with a look that made me chill. "Then you've moved those two steel bolts—for Cummings!"

I jumped to my feet. On the instant the door opened, and in it stood Worth, steady enough, but his brown tanned face was strangely bleached.

"Jerry." He spoke briefly. "I want you. The sheriff's come for me."

XXVI

MIDNIGHT in the sheriff's office at San José. And I had to telephone Barbara. She'd be waiting up for my message. The minute I heard her voice on the wire I plunged in:

"Yes, yes, yes; done all I could. A horse can do no more. They've got Worth. I"—the words stuck in my throat; but they had to come out—"I left him in a cell."

A sound came over the wire; whether speech or not, it was something I couldn't get.

"He's taking it like a man and a soldier, girl," I hurried. "Not a word out of him about my having gone counter to his express orders, arrested Hughes, and pulled this thing over on us."

"Oh, Mr. Boyne! Of course he wouldn't blame you. Neither would I. You acted for what you thought was his good. The others ——?"

"Vandeman's already gone home. Tell you, he stood by well, Barbara—that tailor's dummy! Surprised me. No, no. Didn't let Jim Edwards come with us; so broken up I didn't want him along—only hurt our case over here, the way he is now."

"Your case?" she spoke out clearly. "What is the situation?"

"A murder charge against Worth on the secret files. Hughes is out—Cummings got him—took him, don't know where. Can't locate him."

"Do you need to?"

"Perhaps not, Barbara. What I do need is someone who saw Thomas Gilbert alive that night after Worth left to go back to San Francisco."

"And if you had that—someone?"

"If we could produce before Cummings one creditable witness to that it would mean an alibi. I'd have Worth out before morning."

"Then, Mr. Boyne, get to the Fremont House here as quickly as you can. Mr. Cummings is there. Get him out of bed if you have to. I'll bring the proof you need."

"But, child!" I began.

"Don't—waste—time—talking! How long will it take you to get here?"

"Half an hour."

"Oh! You may have to wait for me a little. But I'll surely come. Wait in Mr. Cummings' room."

Half-past twelve when I reached the Fremont House, to find it all alight, its lobby and corridors surging with the crowd of blossom-festival guests. Nobody much in the bar; soft drinks held little interest; but in the upper halls, on my way to Cummings' room, I passed more than one open door where the hip-pocket cargoes were unloading, and was even hailed by name, with invitations to come in and partake. Cummings was still up.

The first word he gave me was "Dykeman's here."

"Glad of it," I said. "Bring him in. I want you both."

It took a good deal of argument before he brought the Western Cereal man from the adjoining room, where he had evidently been just getting ready for bed. He came to the conference resentful as a soreheaded old bear.

"Maybe you think Worth Gilbert will sleep well to-night—in jail?" I stopped him and instantly differentiated the two men before me.

Cummings took it with an ugly little half smile. Dykeman rumpled his hair, and bolstered his anger by shouting at me: "This country'll go to the dogs if we make an exempt class of our returned soldiers. Break the laws—they'll have to take the consequences, just as a man that was too old or too sickly to fight would have to take 'em. If I'd done what Captain Gilbert's done—I wouldn't expect mercy."

"You mean, if you'd done what you say he's done," I countered. "Nothing proved yet."

"Nothing proved?" Dykeman huddled in his chair and shivered. Cummings shook out an overcoat and helped him into it. He settled back with a protesting air of being about to leave us, and finished squeakily, "Didn't need to prove that he had Clayte's suitcase."

"Good Lord, Mr. Dykeman! You're not lending yourself to accuse a man like Worth Gilbert of so grave a crime as murder just because you found his ideas irregular—maybe reckless—in a matter of money?"

"Don't answer, Dykeman!" Cummings jumped in. "Boyne's trying to get you to talk."

The old chap stared at me doubtfully, then broke loose with a snort:

"See here, Boyne, you can't get away from it; your man Gilbert has embarked on a criminal career; mixed up in the robbery of our bank, with Clayte to rob us; had our own attorney go through the form of raising money to buy us off from the pursuit of Clayte ——"

"How about me?" I stuck in the question as he paused for breath. "Do you think Worth Gilbert would put me on the track of a man he didn't want found?"

Cummings cut in ahead to answer for him:

"Just the point. You've not done any good at the inquiry; never will so long as you stand with Worth Gilbert. He needed a detective who would believe in him through thick and thin. And he found such a man in you."

I could not deny it when Dykeman yipped at me, "Ain't that true? If it was anybody else, wouldn't you see that connection? Captain Gilbert came here to Santa Ysobel that Saturday night as we've got witnesses to testify had a row with his father we've got witnesses for that, too—the word 'money' passed between them again and again in that quarrel—and then the young man had the nerve to walk into our bank on Monday morning with his father's entire holdings of our stock in Clayte's suitcase. Boyne, you're crazy!"

"Maybe not," I said, reckoning on something human in Dykeman to appeal to. "You see, I know where Worth got that suitcase. It came out of my office vault—evidence we'd gathered in the Clayte hunt. Getting it and using it that way was his idea of humor, I suppose."

"Sounds fishy." Dykeman made an uncomfortable shift in his chair. But Cummings came close, and standing, hands rammed down in the pockets of his coat, let me have it savagely.

"Evidence, Boyne, is the only thing that would give you a license to rout men out at this time of night—new evidence. Have you got it? If not ——"

"Wait." I preferred to stop him before he told me to get out. "Wait." I looked at my watch. In the silence we could hear the words of a yawp from one of the noisy rooms when a passer-by was hailed: "There they go! There—look at the chickens!"

A minute later a tap sounded on the door. Cummings stood by while I opened it to Barbara and a slender veiled woman, taller by half a head in spite of bent shoulders and the droop of weakness which made the girl's supporting arm apparently necessary.

At sight of them Dykeman had come to his feet, biting off an exclamation, looking vainly round the bare room for chairs, then suggesting, "Get some from my room, Boyne."

I went through the connecting door to fetch a couple. When I came back Barbara was still standing, but her companion had sunk into the seat the shivering, uncomfortable old man offered, and Cummings was bringing a glass of water for her. She sipped it, still under the shield of her veil. This was never Ina Vandeman. Could it be that Barbara had dragged Mrs. Thornhill from her bed? I saw Barbara bend and whisper reassuringly. Then the veil was swept back, it caught and carried the hat with it from Laura Bowman's shining, copper-colored hair, and the doctor's wife sat there, ghastly pale, evidently very weak, but more composed than I had ever seen her.

"I'm all right now." She spoke very low.

"Miss Wallace," Dykeman demanded harshly, "who is this—lady?"

"Mrs. Bowman." Barbara looked her employer very straight in the eye.

"Heh?" he barked. "Any relation to Doctor Bowman—any connection with him?"

"His wife." Cummings bent and mumbled to the older man for a moment.

"Laura," Barbara said gently, "this is Mr. Dykeman. You're to tell him and Mr. Cummings."

"Yes," breathed Mrs. Bowman, "I'll tell them. I'm ready to tell anybody. There's nothing in dodging, and hiding, and being afraid. I'm done with it. Now—what is it you want to know?"

Cummings' expression said plainer than words that they didn't want to know anything. They had their case fixed up and their man arrested, and they didn't wish to be disturbed.

She went on quickly, of herself, "I believe I was the last person who saw Mr. Gilbert alive. I must have been. I'd rushed over there, just as Ina told you, Mr. Boyne, between the reception and our getting off for San Francisco."

"All this concerns the early part of the evening," put in Cummings.

"Yes—but it concerns Worth too. He was there when I came in. It was very painful."

"The quarrel between Captain Gilbert and his father, d'ye mean?" Dykeman asked his first question. Mrs. Bowman nodded assent.

"Thomas went right on, before me, just as though I hadn't been there. Then, when it came my turn, he would have spoken out, before Worth, of—of my private affairs. That was his way. But I couldn't stand it. I went with Worth out to his machine. He had it in the back road. We talked there a little while, and Worth drove away, going fast, headed for San Francisco."

"And that was the last time you saw Thomas Gilbert alive?" Cummings summed up for her.

"I hadn't finished," she objected mildly. "After Worth was gone I went back into

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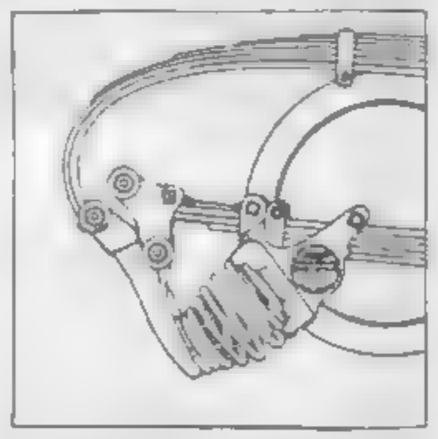

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profit indirectly by a rise in Eddie's fortunes, Aunt Minnie pointed out, and Eben himself would enjoy the rewarding consciousness of benevolence.

The idea appealed to Arthur Timlow on economic grounds, and he indorsed it with forcible quotations from his reading and his public addresses delivered under gasoline torches from the tail of a cart. Eben, according to these doctrines, had already become an apostate, a capitalist, an oppressor of the laboring class. Here was an opportunity to align himself with the irresistible forces which would presently sweep away the clamorous injustice of industrial conditions and precipitate a social millennium.

"Let him save his wages and buy in," repeated Eben. "I'm not stopping him."

"But it would be such a lovely, generous thing to do, Eben, dear. Think how happy you'd make Eddie and dear Mrs. Frew. You've been so successful that I'm sure you won't keep on being selfish."

Eben scowled. He ought to despise himself, he knew, and in a rather forced way he did. He was selfish, and selfishness was a contemptible thing in anybody. If he were the right sort of human being he'd want to be generous; he wouldn't have to combat a stubborn instinct to look out for Number One. He'd enjoy giving things away instead of keeping them. As it was, he couldn't and wouldn't. Why should he be different from other people, he wondered. Why wasn't he naturally open-handed, like his father and Aunt Minnie? He regretted sincerely that he was what he was. But he didn't give Eddie Frew his interest in the business, and two weeks later, when he caught Eddie overcharging a customer in order to pocket the difference, he incontinently discharged him. Also, in unmoved silence, he faced the family disapproval of this high-handed, ungenerous behavior. Aunt Minnie found the affair a cause for tears.

"I've tried so hard," she said. "All these years I've done everything I could to make you unselfish, Eben, and it hasn't done a bit of good. It must be my fault. I've failed. I haven't done my duty."

"Not your fault at all." Eben rejected the notion emphatically. "Guess I was just born that way. Can't help it. Don't want to. That's all there is to it. Sorry."

"Just look at the way you treat the girls too!" Aunt Minnie dissolved again. "Your own sisters! And you wouldn't even lend Laura the money to buy the furs she wanted so dreadfully!"

"Furs are all right for folks 't can afford 'em," said Eben. "Laura can't. And I wouldn't lend Joe Turnbull the money to start housekeeping with Elsie either. If he can't support her now he can wait till he can. No reason why I should foot the bills for him."

"Oh, Eben! I don't see what makes you so hard! You don't care a straw about anybody on earth except yourself! And you'll find out some day that you're unhappy—that you haven't any friends."

"Guess I'll manage to stand it," said Eben. "You see, Aunt Minnie, you're judging me by yourself. You'd be unhappy if you weren't always doing other folks' jobs for 'em, and so you think I'll be because I don't. You forget that I'm different. I'd be miserable if I kept wasting my money on other folks. I like being selfish. I'd rather take care of Number One."

"But some day you'll fall in love and marry," she persisted, reviving an old and bitterly contested issue; "and you'll make some girl the unhappiest woman alive, and she'll think it's because I didn't train you when you were young."

"Don't you worry about me marrying," said Eben.

He held strong views on the subject, based on shrewd observation. Fellows who married put their heads into a noose, and deserved what they got, he believed. How could a fellow take decent care of Number One when there was a woman about, with a prior lien on everything Number One earned? And children too—children who'd have a second mortgage on a man. Not for Eben Timlow!

When he was twenty-six he owned all the stock in the corporation which had replaced the old partnership as soon as he became aware of the risk he ran in underwriting Henry Pope's private obligations. He had acquired Pope's stock bit by bit, paying an honest figure for each share as Henry sold it to keep up with his wife's expanding ideas of her position. The business, developing swiftly into a small manufacturing concern, paid thriftily. Eben never permitted his profits to accumulate. Money in the bank was too easily attacked by relatives and acquaintances. He was extraordinarily adept in the art of saying no, to be sure, but he observed, with mingled alarm and satisfaction, a growing weakness in this respect. There were occasions when he was actually tempted to say yes, instead. He protected himself against this tendency by reinvesting speedily. If he didn't have money on hand he simply couldn't lend it to Joe Turnbull or give it to Cousin Dan Timlow, who was nearly always on the point of financial disaster and who had a dangerously silver throat.

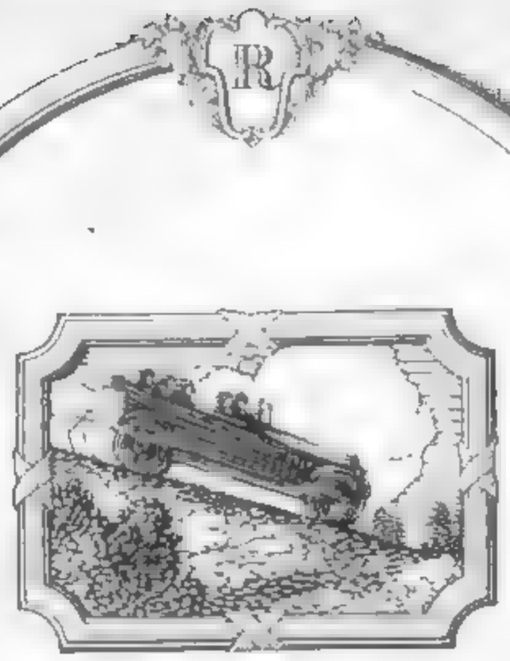
Besides, the business could use all the capital he could provide it; and by putting his own gains back into it, instead of spending them and taking in outsiders, he kept the whole harvest of his labors for himself. This suited him admirably. He would have detested the idea of making money for a lot of stockholders who did nothing to deserve more than the legal rate of interest on their investments. He enjoyed making it for himself. Number One was always grateful, always deserving.

He moved the plant to Buxton, partly because he foresaw better labor conditions there and partly because he was tired of living under the united censure of his family. He paid considerably more than his share of the household expenses, and yet he was unanimously regarded and described as avaricious, mean, stingy, selfish. Elsie and Laura held his niggard instincts responsible for the indignity of their estate as stenographers. They had a rich brother; it was disgraceful that they should exert themselves for their spending money, their clothes, their pleasures. Aunt Minnie was keenly sensitive to her anomalous position. As own aunt to the most promising young business man in Moravia there were multiplying obligations upon her. She was expected, she explained, to do a great deal more than she could afford, merely because everybody knew that she was Eben Timlow's aunt. She read Eben moving appeals of infinite variety in every respect but one. She begged him to let her send Fred Dexter to college; she wept over his mystifying refusals to lend Lonnie Creswell the price of a motor car, which he wanted terribly, it appeared, and which would enable him to take his family into the country for holiday trips. She was depressed for weeks over his unwillingness to take a third interest in the real-estate business which Mr. Augustus Poley was endeavoring to establish, after successive failures in eight other lines of commerce.

Arthur Timlow was less insidious, but more persistent. The spread of his doctrines required money, and there was no deep-rooted prejudice against using the illegitimate gains of capitalism for this high purpose, either on Mr. Timlow's own part or on that of his associates. Eben discovered that his father enjoyed some reputation among these allies as a gentleman of importance, a man agreeably close to the iniquitous wealth of private origin and ownership. Ever since Eben had been contributing to the household expenses Arthur Timlow had been able to dedicate most of his small income—assured under that capitalistic institution of trusteed funds—to his personal enthusiasms. He was averse to confessing, among his red intimates, the sorry truth of his inability to influence his son.

(Continued on Page 95)

"Some Day You'll Fall in Love and Marry, and You'll Make Some Girl the Unhappiest Woman Alive"



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the study and pleaded with Thomas for a long time. I pointed out to him that if I'd sinned I'd certainly suffered, and what I asked was no more than the right any human being has, even if they may be so unfortunate as to be born a woman."

Dykeman looked exquisitely miserable; but Cummings was only the lawyer getting rid of an unwanted witness as he warned her, "Not the slightest need to go into your personal matters, Mrs. Bowman. We know them already. We knew also of your visit to Mr. Gilbert's study that night, and that you didn't go there alone. Had the testimony been of any importance to us we'd have called in both you and James Edwards."

I could see that her deep concern for another steadied Laura Bowman.

"How do you know all this?" she demanded. "Who told you?"

"Your husband, Doctor Bowman."

Up came the red in her face; her eyes shone with anger.

"He did follow me, then? I thought I saw him creeping through the shrubbery on the lawn."

"He did follow you. He has told us of your being at the study—the two of you—when young Gilbert was there."

"See here, Cummings," I put in, "if Bowman was round the place, then he knows that Worth left before the crime was committed. Why hasn't he told you so?"

"He has," Cummings said neatly; and I felt as though something had slipped. Barbara kept a brave front, but Mrs. Bowman moaned audibly.

"And still you've charged Worth Gilbert? Why not Bowman himself? He was there. As much reason to suspect him as any of the others. Do you mean to tell me that you won't accept Mrs. Bowman's testimony—and Doctor Bowman's—as proving an alibi for Worth Gilbert? I'm ready to swear that he was at Tait's at five minutes past ten, was there continuously from that time until a little after midnight, when you yourself saw him there."

"A little past midnight!" Cummings repeated my words half derisively. "Not good enough, Boyne. We base our charge on the medical statement that Mr. Gilbert met his death in the small hours of Sunday morning."

I looked away from Barbara; I couldn't bear her eye. After a stunned silence I asked, "Whose? Who makes that statement?"

"His own physician. Doctor Bowman swears ——"

"He?" Mrs. Bowman half rose from her chair. "He'd swear to anything, I——"

"Don't say any more," Cummings cut her off.

And Dykeman mumbled, "Had the whole history of your marital infelicities all over the shop. Too bad such things had to be dragged in. Man seems to be a worthy person ——"

"Doctor Bowman told me positively," I broke in, "on the Sunday night the body was found, that death must have occurred before midnight."

"Gave that as his opinion—his opinion—then," Cummings corrected me.

"Yes," I accepted the correction. "That was his opinion before he quarreled with Worth. Now he ——"

"Slandering Bowman won't get you anywhere, Boyne," Cummings said. "He wasn't here to testify at the inquest. Man alive, you know that nothing but sworn testimony counts."

"I wouldn't believe that man's oath," I said shortly.

"Think you'll find a jury will," smirked Cummings.

And Dykeman croaked in, "A mighty creditable witness—a mighty creditable witness!"

While these pleasant remarks flew back and forth, a thumping and bumping had made itself heard in the hall. Now something came against our door, as though a large bundle had been thrown at the panels. The knob rattled, jerked, was turned, and a man appeared on the threshold, swaying unsteadily.

Two others, who seemed to have been holding him back, let go all at once and he lurched a step into the room—Dr. Anthony Bowman.

A minute he stood blinking, staring, then he caught sight of his wife and bawled out, "She's here all right! Tol' you she was here. Can't fool me. Saw her go past in the hall."

I looked triumphantly at Dykeman and Cummings. Their star witness—drunk as a lord! So far he seemed to have sensed nothing in the room but his wife. Without turning he reached behind him and slammed the door in the faces of those who had brought him, then advanced weavingly on the woman, with, "Get up from there! Get your hat. I'll show you. You come 'long home with me! Ain't I your husband?"

"Doctor Bowman," peppery little old Dykeman spoke up from the depths of his chair, "your wife was brought here to a to a ——"

"Meeting," Cummings supplied hastily.

"Huh?" Bowman wheeled and saw us. "Why-ee! Di'n' know so many gen'lemen here."

"Yes." The lawyer put a hand on his shoulder. "Conference—over the evidence in the Gilbert case. No time like the present for you to say ——"

"Hol' on a minute." Bowman raised a hand with dignity.

"Cummings," said Dykeman disgustedly, "the man's drunk!"

"No, no"—owlishly—"'m not 'ntoxicated. Overcome with 'motion." He took a brace. "That woman there—'f I sh'd tell you—walk into hotel room, find her with three men! Three of 'em!"

He dropped heavily into the chair Cummings shoved up behind him, stared round, drooped a bit, pulled himself together and looked at us; then his head went forward on his neck, a long breath sounded.

"And you'll keep Worth Gilbert in jail, run the risk of a suit for false imprisonment—on that?" I wanted to know.

"And plenty more," the lawyer held steady, but I saw his uneasiness with every snore Bowman drew.

Barbara crossed to speak low and earnestly to Dykeman.

I heard most of his answer—shaken, but disposed to hang on.

"Girl like you is too much influenced by the man in the case. Hero worship—all that sort of thing. An outlaw is an outlaw. This isn't a personal matter. Mr. Cummings and I are merely doing our duty as good citizens."

At that I think it possible that Dykeman would have listened to reason; it was Cummings who broke in uncontrollably.

"Barbara Wallace, I was your father's friend. I'm yours—if you'll let me be. I can't stand by while you entangle yourself with a criminal like Worth Gilbert. For your sake, if for no other reason, I would be determined to show him up as what he is—a thief, and his father's murderer."

"Those were the last words you will ever say to me, Mr. Cummings, unless you should sometime be man enough to take back your aspersions and apologize for them," replied Barbara clearly.

He gave ground instantly. I had not thought that dry voice of his could contain what now came into it.

"Barbara, I didn't mean—you don't understand ——"

But without turning her head she said to me: "Mr. Boyne, will you take Laura and me home?" gathering up Mrs. Bowman's hat and veil, shaking the latter out, getting her charge ready as a mother might a child. "She's not going back to him—ever again." Her glance passed over the sleeping lump of a man in his chair. "Sarah'll make a place for her at our house to-night."

"See here"—Cummings got between us and the door—"I can't let you go like this. I feel ——"

"Mr. Dykeman"—Barbara turned quietly to her employer—"could we pass out through your room?"

"Certainly." The little man was brisk to make a way for us. "I want you to know, Miss Wallace, that I, too, feel—I, too, feel ——"

I don't know what it was that Dykeman felt, but Cummings felt my rude elbow in his chest as I pushed him unceremoniously aside, and opened the door he had blocked, remarking, "We go out as we came in. This way, Barbara."

It was as I parted with the two of them at the Capehart gate that I drew out and handed Mrs. Bowman a small piece of dull-blue silk, a round hole in it, such as a bullet or a cigarette might have made, with "I guess you'll just have to forgive me that."

"I don't need to forgive it." Her gaze swam. "I saw your mistake. But it was for Worth you were fighting, even then; he's been so dear to me always—I'd have to love anyone for anything he did for his sake."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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THE ETERNAL MASCULINE

(Continued from Page 15)

said and to give him the impression that you agreed with him especially in what he agreed in about himself. Augustus agreed in a great many things about himself. First of all, we agreed that he was a thorough gentleman, and when we agreed upon that Augustus was willing to agree that I was a thorough lady. And then we would agree that we each agreed with the other.

Augustus looked down on mankind. In a restaurant, for instance, he would be nice to the waiters so that he could feel that he had been nice in being nice to them. But he was nice only if everything went exactly as he wanted it to go; a single flaw—one undercooked potato or one suspicious-looking oyster—and Augustus became terribly indignant and threatened the restaurant that he would never return.

To the Restaurant Born

Augustus loved to dine; and I must admit that he knew how to do it. Even when I murmured, purely from philanthropic motives, that I was not hungry, Augustus ordered plenty of food. He always ordered the sort of thing that has to be brought in for approval before you are allowed to eat it. It was remarkable how quickly Augustus could tell whether or not a lobster was broiled to the psychological climax, or whether or not a steak had precisely the correct number of mushrooms in its sauce. The waiter would come prancing gayly up to Augustus, balancing superbly, as he came, the precious dish upon his palm. Swoop! The lid was lifted—and there was displayed to our dazzled eyes a lobster or a steak in all its pristine beauty! Augustus nodded his head gravely over the carcass and—swoop! Back would go the cover, and a few moments later we would be solemnly swallowing the coveted morsel. There are some men who are born to eat in a restaurant.

When I dined with Augustus we always looked about at the other people and Augustus remarked how very stupid everyone was—except ourselves—and Augustus explained that most people were really hopelessly boorish, although he had fought for democracy. When we were not talking about the stupidities of other people we talked about Augustus, or Augustus' doings, or Augustus' ideas. Augustus fought in the Y. M. C. A. during the war, and he loved to describe the battles that he saw. It seems that but for Augustus several of them would have been quite, quite lost. At Château-Thierry, for instance, Augustus rushed up to the front-line trenches at the critical moment bearing in his arms two sandwiches and a cup of coffee for the regiments. Of course that saved the day. Augustus said that the soldiers deserved a great deal of credit; but he said that without those two sandwiches and that cup of coffee no amount of bravery could have won that battle.

And Augustus suffered intensely during the war—mentally, you know. Augustus said that physical suffering cannot be compared with mental suffering—the latter is so much more intense! And Augustus said that every time a poor fellow was brought into the base hospital with one of his legs shot off, or his eyes blown out, he—Augustus—suffered agonies. I felt so sorry for Augustus, because there must have been a great many wounded soldiers. Just think how often Augustus must have suffered!

Augustus had very high ideals; this is where his disapproval of sensuosity comes in. Almost all his friends were divorced—but Augustus disapproved of his friends, he said, absolutely. And Augustus thought that the modern stage was degrading, but when he did go to the theater he preferred to see a musical comedy and to sit in the front row. Augustus said that he did this because it was better to stare vice openly in the face. Once when Augustus and I were staring vice openly in the face at the Follies one of the chorus ladies seemed to recognize Augustus. But Augustus pretended not to see. He told me afterward that she must have mistaken him for someone else.

Why Augustus Approved of Me

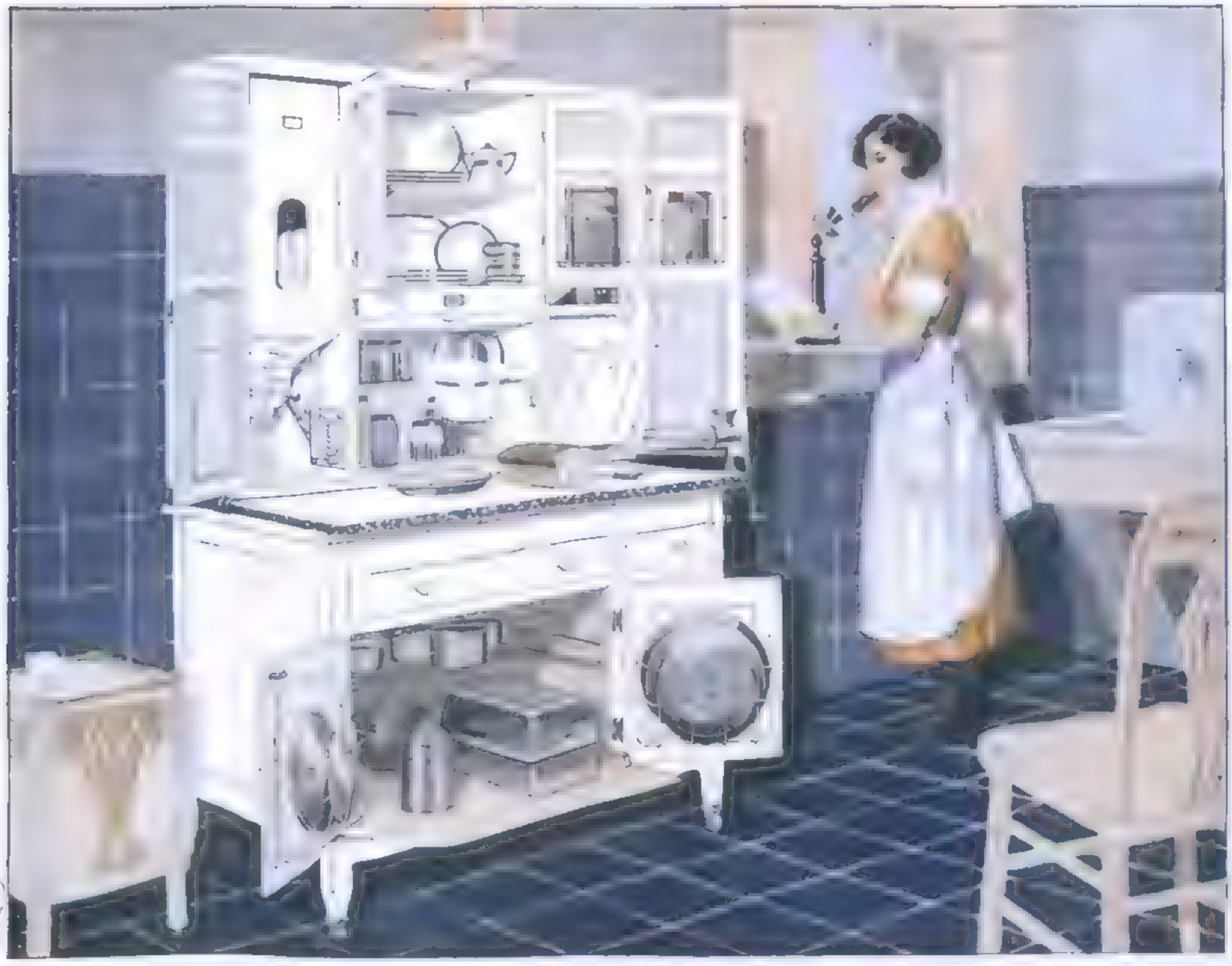
Augustus had very high ideals about love too. He used to tell them to me. He did not approve of the new woman. He said he approved of me because I wasn't new because he could see that I would maintain a happy home and enjoy the society of children, and insist upon the meals being properly cooked. Augustus said that this last was most important. And always when Augustus talked of love he would gaze at me wistfully, and I knew that he was wondering whether I really understood the soul of cookery.

Augustus said that we had a great many things in common, and I did not tell him that I suspected myself of being a new woman. I fancy that it was quite fortunate for Augustus that we did not marry.

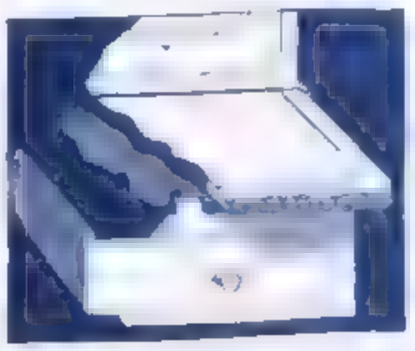
For a long time Augustus avoided the ultimate point, and when he did encounter it, it was under peculiar circumstances. We were motoring. When we motored we used to go out into the country, and Augustus would tell me everything over again. I got so that I knew pretty much what Augustus was going to say before he said it, for he never said anything new. And sometimes

(Continued on Page 76)

So I Cuddled Down in That Delicious Chair and Told Him That I Would Always Be a Sister to Him



"—and Betty, just think—a beautiful Sellers for our anniversary!"



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(Continued from Page 72)

when we were off the main road Augustus indulged a habit that he had acquired of driving the car with one arm and putting the other casually around the seat in which I was, as it were, expectantly ensconced. Then as we talked aimlessly on about Augustus, and Augustus' doings, and Augustus' ideas, that arm of Augustus' would slip gradually about my shoulders—quite casually, you know—and quite as though Augustus had forgotten that he had an arm at all, or, if he hadn't forgotten that he had one, at least as though he had completely forgotten where it was. I did not remind him.

But once when we were going along like this and Augustus was telling me over again his high ideals about love, another motor came quickly around a corner in front of us, and Augustus, not being able to remember as quickly, I suppose, where his other arm had been mislaid, found it necessary to steer our car into the ditch with his only remaining arm—and there we immediately stuck in two feet of mud while the other car flew merrily past us and impudently disappeared.

It was almost dusk and I had a dinner engagement that I did not want to miss; and besides, I had felt for the first time, that afternoon, a trifle fed up with Augustus' high ideals.

So I said rather peevishly, "Well, what are we going to do?"

The Episode of the Kiss

But Augustus didn't do anything. He just sat there smiling as though nothing had happened, and he did not even yet remember his left arm, which was still where it should not have been in the first place.

"Well," I repeated more emphatically, "what are we going to do?"

And I tried to squirm as far away as possible from Augustus. It was then that Augustus did a most amazing thing. He deliberately leaned down and kissed me! And as he did it he said, "This—this is what I'm going to do!"

Well, if it had happened at any other time I might not have minded so much—in fact, perhaps I might not have minded at all—but it seemed to me rather thoughtless of Augustus to have run the car into two feet of mud when I had a dinner engagement. I told him so. I told him, moreover, that I could never marry a man who had kissed me.

And when Augustus said "Why not?" I said, "Because a kiss should be the consummation, not the conception of love that is spiritual."

Wasn't that clever? Augustus was crushed.

And after a while a farmer came along in a flivver and pulled us out. All the way home Augustus kept saying that everybody kissed before they were even engaged, but I told him that it was sickening to hear such sentiments expressed by a man whom I had always credited with high ideals. I said that he had made *me* a disillusioned woman.

And Augustus said well, he guessed his ideals were high enough for plenty of women. He said he guessed he knew what he was talking about and that I was only a child, anyway, and that he had not realized, before, my extreme youth. And I said that probably nineteen did seem young when one got to be forty.

So Augustus let me out at my door and made me a deep sarcastic bow. And I nodded coldly to Augustus and looked over his head at the drain pipe on the roof. And Augustus said that he inferred this was the end. And I said that I inferred that it was. And we parted—probably forever.

By this time the too thin, too fat and too intelligent ladies who have perused these flagrant pages must be quite frantic with horror at my shameless conduct, and they will be pleased to hear me admit that even to the not too thin, not too fat and not too intelligent of our species beaus tend to pall. As I have always said—and have since learned that Schopenhauer agrees—happiness does not lie without us but is contained, as it were, within us—if you know what I mean. Thus beaus, though they may and probably do lie about us, certainly lie, nevertheless, inevitably without us—and therefore beaus cannot constitute our inner joy. My meaning here as those who think that they perceive it will readily grant is extremely elevated. Put more simply it is this: A beau, for the reason that he is a beau, is not less a bore—anyone will understand that.

Once you have proved to yourself and to everyone else that you can secure a beau whenever you desire the appendage you immediately cease to desire it. Charlie and Augustus certainly served, in my life, a very useful function; they served to reveal to me that company, if it is not congenial, is worse than no company at all. Other great thinkers have come to the same conclusion.

Oh, ye too fat, too thin and too intelligent maidens—rejoice! For ye there are no languishing, lucid and ludicrous lovers to telephone you at unearthly hours, deport you upon interminable theater parties, pester you with unfathomable notes, and generally aggravate the tenor of an otherwise bearable existence!

What can we who are neither too fat, too thin, nor too intelligent do? We have struggled to attain this our enviable (?) pinnacle of balance, and behold—our efforts have led us to the very apex of ennui! Oh, tragic truth! For the Charlies and the Augustuses in the world are multitudinous—and they are always with us. It is as though some heartless little demon took upon himself the joyful task of reversing, upon such young ladies, their own tactics—of forcing them to swallow—unhappy girls!—the pills they administered to others! No sooner do we dispose of our Charlies and our Augustuses and confront the world with a beatific and worldly-wise smile than there looms gigantic upon our lives the inevitable beau unsought! Ah, Charlies and Augustuses—how swiftly is your downfall avenged!

He loomed upon me—my own first unsought and unsuitable beau. There is something about me that draws unerringly to my side youths of tragic propensities. I am haunted by pallid lugubrious faces. Mournful eyes are fixed continually upon mine. There was a time when I felt that I should be the occasion of innumerable suicides.

Rupert was my first unsought and unsuitable beau, and he loomed at an unpropitious moment. But he was so arrestingly tragic. Charlie and Augustus had not gazed upon me with such profundity of woe as I perceived, with interest, I admit, in Rupert's smoldering orbs. And Rupert stammered. He stammered beautifully. When Rupert proposed the first time it was quite enchanting—for Rupert stammered so helplessly that I was obliged to come to his aid and supply words which I felt convinced that he was agonizing to utter. I made a long and charming proposal to myself, and when it was ended Rupert took fifteen minutes to assure me that it was exactly what he had meant to say.

Playing Up to Rupert

It was Rupert's mournfulness that for a time touched my heart—and my vanity. Here was one, I felt, who appreciated me as I deserved to be appreciated. He alone perceived to the full my entrancing qualities. If I smiled at Rupert his day was a success; if I frowned he became so abject and so intolerably, amusingly miserable that I could not bear to shatter, immediately, his dreams of happiness. The affections of Charlie and Augustus had been, I was beginning to suspect, but passing emotions; emotions in fact which, as far as I was concerned, seemed to have already passed. But Rupert was different. Here was one to whom I was the only being! The ineffable! The superb! The ultimate!

He became quite paralyzed in my presence—a condition which was flattering, no doubt, but hardly entertaining. Nevertheless, I endured Rupert for a long time. I endured him for a whole year—and Rupert continued to be paralyzed in my presence and to stutter helplessly when he spoke to me. We walked, we rode, we motored together—but never once did Rupert remember that, as it were, my feet were of clay. I was for him—as he frequently told me—a sort of superarchaic woman. He perceived in me, he said, the virtues of the women of all time; I was a kind of mystical incarnation of his admiration, and though it was in a sense agreeable to know myself considered such an epitome of goodness it was distinctly disagreeable to know that I was really no such thing.

Rupert made it quite clear that he loved me for what he had decided was in me—not under any considerations for what was, as a matter of fact, in that unfortunate predicament. Rupert loved a woman of his own imaginings, and I was the hook upon which he happened to hang his imaginations. He thought that he loved me—poor Rupert—I am certain that he thought so. But this woman that he loved was not I, it was another woman; a woman whom, I fear, he will never find.

Rupert's exalted opinion of me at last made me quite uncomfortable when I was with him. I was afraid to act naturally, and show my inferiority to this goddess for whom I was mistaken. If I smoked a cigarette Rupert stared at me in a stricken manner and I felt that I had opened the gates of Inferno and was indeed a lost woman. If I drank a cocktail I was conscious of Rupert's sad eyes focused accusingly upon me, and I knew that he was thinking, "What does she mean by upsetting my idea of her in such a way?"

On and Off the Pedestal

If I differed with him upon any subject Rupert became dreadfully, almost tearfully morose. When I think of him now I pity him. It must have been a terrific struggle, this of maintaining an ideal—of me! But why, oh, why will men—even in our pet, disillusioned twentieth century, which has, we insist, done away with pedestals—why will men continue to adore, in women, only their own illusions? Women do not want this adoration. Their plea is to be loved sanely, sincerely; to be loved for what they are, not for what the individual man wishes them to be. And this plea has been reiterated so often as to have become a platitude and—probably because it is a platitude—no one pays any attention to it. It is true that love, of its very nature, tends to idealize its object. But, men! Can you not idealize the good qualities which we do possess, and not seek to read into us those others which we do not—and probably never can—attain? Will you never be able to love us, as I think we are able to love you, in spite of our faults, in spite of our mistakes; love us, in a word, only for what we are? Oh, it is such an old plea—the world is weary of hearing it!

Rupert found me at first, no doubt, amenable to his doctrines. I absorbed his hints as to what he admired in woman, and attempted to construct my own personality along these elevated lines. But I was not equal to such engineering. There occurred one day a terrific wreck, out of which Rupert and I crawled abjectly in opposite directions. For some time preceding this glorious catastrophe I had felt the elevated lines tottering upon their weak supports. "Why," I had been asking myself, "do I spend all my days in contriving to be what I am not?" I did not love Rupert. Had I loved him I might have gone on contriving to accomplish the impossible; and the wreck would have been deferred—but never averted. We cannot shed our personalities as a snake its skin—no skin but our first will fit us.

Rupert and I had indeed felt mutually out of tune for some months. We rarely agreed upon anything; in fact a little imp had risen within me and spent all of his time in prompting me to adopt, almost mechanically, the opposite point of view from Rupert. Upon the most trivial matters we held long and desperate discussions. Did Rupert happen to mention that he considered somebody's dress decidedly ugly I felt it incumbent upon me to defend the garment fervently, and did Rupert happen to observe that he thought fried fish unappetizing I would launch into enthusiastic praise of all fish, fried, boiled, sizzled or burned.

Rupert must have found me in those days an extremely difficult ideal, but he bore with me patiently, poor man, always believing steadfastly that if I apparently thought a hideous gown beautiful I was suffering but a momentary illusion, and that if I seemed to like fried fish I would not indulge in it to the ruin of my digestion or my soul—or both.

But when I decided that I for one could not bear longer with Rupert—and told him so—he smiled me gently to scorn. If I did not seem to enjoy his company this was on my part, he thought, but another mistake. It was quite as inconceivable to him that I should be bored with him as that I should enjoy fried fish; in fact, I suppose it was rather more inconceivable.

"Why?" he said, gazing at me with those painfully mournful eyes, that had once stricken my heart with compassion.

(Concluded on Page 79)

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"Compare the Work"

(Concluded from Page 76)

"But why? A-Adele you-you are go-going to-to-to marry some-some-some——"

"Yes, sometime, I hope," I replied.

"No—I mean some-some-somebody?"

"If sometime, then certainly somebody."

"Well, A-Adele, don't you th-think you could-could-could ——"

"No, I don't," I said.

"But, A-Adele, you can't m-m-mind seeing me some-some-times. I'll never love any-any other w-w-woman, A-Adele. If you don't marry me I will-will-will ——"

"No, you won't," I said flatly.

"Yes, I w-w-will. Why won't you g-g-give me the chance to m-make you love me, A-Adele? I know I c-c-can ——"

"No," I repeated, stifling an insane desire to put my hand over his mouth. "No, Rupert, I know that I can never love you." And I felt perfectly capable of adding—although I didn't—"strange as it may seem."

"Well, A-Adele, you c-can't stop me from l-loving you, and you c-c-can't stop me from seeing you, A-Adele. You haven't any r-r-right to s-s-stop me."

"And pray, why not?" I inquired.

"Because you h-haven't—th-that's all. And I am g-going to make you l-love me, A-Adele!"

Good heavens! Would he never stop? Was it impossible for him to believe that there was actually one person who could not care for him? Did he really think that he could mold my desires to this extent?

When he left me that evening he had the audacity to remark: "You c-c-can't get away f-from me, A-Adele. I w-want you and I'm g-g-going to have you!"

I shut the door upon him with undue gentleness, because I felt an almost unrestrainable impulse to slam it in his face; and I ran up to my room and penned Rupert such a letter as might have disturbed the equanimity of a jellyfish.

The next morning at, it seemed to me, daybreak, I was summoned to the telephone. It was Rupert, but I could hear only a series of apoplectic ejaculations over the wire—and hung up. That afternoon Rupert appeared in person at the door and demanded to see me, but I refused. Thrice again he telephoned, and finally, two weeks later, I received a small, carefully wrapped bundle which turned out to be the letters I had written him in which he must have considered that I had perjured my soul.

I glanced through them wearily. No, this time I had not perjured it! Those letters were not to be compared with the masterful epistles that the unworthy Charlie had taken to—or, to be quite honest, that had been thrust upon—his bosom. I burnt them in calm exultation, and thereafter instantaneously forgot dear Rupert.

But since Rupert I have endured, I confess it, the attentions of other Ruperts, and other Charlies, and other Augustuses. They are all alike. They are all variations, you might say, on these three most universal and basic of themes—the susceptible, the snobbish and the supersensible. And now I think I shall conclude this edifying little discourse with a few don'ts.

First of all, to the susceptible:

Don't topple easily; or, if you must, pretend that you haven't.
Don't prattle.
Don't propose within ten miles of a wise man.

Secondly, to the snobbish:

Don't pity the masses.
Don't suffer mentally.
Don't be forty.

Lastly, to the supersensible:

Don't be desirable.
Don't be determined, and
Don't, don't, don't mope!

And now there remaineth these three—but it's hard to say which is worst.

SCOTLAND FOR SCOTCH

(Continued from Page 4)

indignantly, and award the palm for all-round tipsiness to Glasgow.

During the first sixteen weeks of 1920 the number of persons who were convicted of or who forfeited pledges in Glasgow for offenses involving drunkenness was 6077 males and 1344 females—or a total of 7421 hard-boiled souses in less than one-third of a year. This number is smaller than during a prewar year, because certain wartime restrictions still apply; but it is very much larger than in 1918 and 1919, when Scotland's liquor supply was greatly restricted at the source. For the corresponding period in 1918 there were only 1779 convicted drunks of both sexes in Glasgow, and in 1919 there were only 1426 of them during the first sixteen weeks of the year. Now that the wartime restrictions are being removed the drunk is coming into his own again with a loud, wet splash.

The first thirty-two weeks of 1920 showed 17,177 convictions for drunkenness in Glasgow, or one conviction for every twenty-three men more than twenty-one years of age. When a Glasgow citizen of the wet persuasion begins to wave his arms wildly and deny that Scotchmen are particularly heavy drinkers it is easy to give him the gentle razz by reminding him that Glasgow alone spends as much on drink every week as would build 180 cottages at £750 per cottage.

Cause for Arrest

It should be understood that the number of persons convicted for offenses involving drunkenness has no bearing at all on the number of persons who are drunk. I have never had any Scotchman explain to me what one must do in addition to being drunk in order to be arrested for drunkenness in Glasgow; but it is my impression that one can sop up all the whisky one may be able to hold and roll around in the streets and howl and yell and cuss and finally be dragged home by friends, and the police will look on with a benignant and imperturbable eye so long as one doesn't attempt to murder a policeman or set fire to a house or otherwise become rough.

On a Thursday night I walked through the crowded mobs of Argyle Street from one end to the other and back again. During the walk I saw only five policemen, four in pairs and one alone. There were literally hundreds of drunks. They weren't men that were slightly under the influence of liquor; they were in that condition which is vulgarly known as stewed to the ears. They were clinging to doorways and tumbling up against the passers-by and falling off the sidewalks into the gutters and supporting each other in abortive attempts to proceed in some definite direction which could neither be determined by a casual observer nor by a scientist equipped with instruments for plotting the curve of their footsteps. I saw two drunks, dragging between them a third drunker drunk, stagger crazily under the very nose of a lone policeman. He gazed at them broodingly, and as they staggered onward he wearily turned his eyes away in search of more interesting matters.

On another night I saw two men with monumental jags pitch out of a doorway just where Argyle Street runs under the Central Railway Station, and where the crowds are so thick between eight and ten o'clock every night that one must use force in order to get through. They were fighting industriously. They plunged off the curb, and their impetus carried them to the street-car tracks. The wheels of a double-deck tram passed a fraction of an inch from the head of one of them, and after it had passed a stranger rolled him back from the car tracks into the gutter.

I saw a man and a woman, fighting drunk, start slugging each other with their fists in the middle of Main Street in the Bridgeton section of Glasgow. The woman seemed to be getting the best of it, when another man came running up and hit her under the left ear, so that her attack, in a manner of speaking, broke down. I saw scores of drunken women, some of them with their babies wrapped in their shawls in the peculiarly Scotch manner, and a number of drunken girls about seventeen or eighteen years old. And out of all the nights that I walked the streets of Glasgow I saw not one arrest for drunkenness. Therefore I say that the number of persons convicted for drunkenness has no bearing on the number of persons who are drunk.

I have witnessed a large number of souse parties, ranging from the hectic celebrations in college towns after big football victories to the fireworks which resulted when 2000 soldiers were turned loose to lap up Japanese Scotch whisky in Hakodate, the fishing city of Northern Japan; but never have I seen more degrading, depressing, sickening drunkenness than I saw in one night in the city of Glasgow.

Glasgow's largest and most influential newspaper, shortly before the 1920 elections, stated editorially that for the people to vote to retain public houses "would mean that for at least three years more we should witness that excess of drunkenness on our streets which is an index to the misery of thousands of women and children and to an amount of self-inflicted inefficiency in industrial life which shames our boasted civilization."

This newspaper, by the way, was the only influential paper in all Scotland—and England, too, for that matter—which came out flatfooted in favor of prohibition. The English newspapers took it to task severely for its attitude; and one staunch and representative English journal referred frequently to the editorial stand of the Glasgow paper as "that unedifying spectacle" and spoke of the antiprohibitionists as "the forces of common sense and decency," and of the prohibitionists as "bigoted and wrong-headed people working in a bad cause."

The slums of Glasgow and Edinburgh, which produce by far the largest percentage of Scotch souses, are the equals of any slums in the world. The slum districts in many instances are composed of houses which were old when Mary Queen of Scots was complaining about the Scotch climate and getting ready to be beheaded. From the Old Town of Edinburgh down to the turreted walls of Holyrood Palace runs a straight, steep street about a third of a mile in length, known as the Canongate. The Canongate and the narrow alleyways and courtyards and holes in the wall which lead from it—alleys and holes known in Scotland as wynds and closes—make up the principal slum district of Edinburgh. The houses which abut on the Canongate and its dark offshoots are towering buildings of dingy gray stone, eight, ten, twelve and even fourteen stories high. These buildings are known as lands, and in the old days they were inhabited by Scotland's best. Poets, statesmen, scholars, clergymen, philosophers and belles of the Assembly Rooms passed each other daily on their narrow staircases.

From Grandeur to Squalor

Here lived the most powerful and famous of the Scotch nobility—the Duke of Queensberry, the Duke of Hamilton, the Marquess of Argyll, the Earls of Dalhousie, Moray, Breadalbane, Haddington, Panmure—the list is endless. John Knox's house adjoins it, and Blackfriars Street, formerly Blackfriars Wynd, on which were built the homes of cardinals, archbishops, princes—and above all the princely house of St. Clair, Earls of Orkney and Rosslyn. When Earl William headed this family, the Scotch records show, his lady never rode out of Blackfriars Wynd and down the Canongate but she was accompanied by two hundred belted knights; and when she came home late at night she didn't come home in the dark, for eighty pages, all of noble birth, held torches on either side. She was attended by seventy-five gentlewomen, of whom fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvets and silks.

To-day the lands of the Canongate are the abodes of misery. Six, eight, ten and even more people huddle in dark, squalid, filthy cubicles of rooms. The spare money of the families—or rather the money which should be spent on decent clothes and decent food—is spent on whisky. The children who dart in and out of the wynds and closes have neither shoes nor stockings in many instances, even in the raw and biting weather of a late Scotch autumn, and their clothes are of the meanest and sleaziest materials, and often ragged to boot.

Doctor Littlejohn, Medical Officer of Health for Edinburgh at a time when more than $5,000,000 was spent on housing and in clearing away the haunts of poverty and wretchedness, made the following statement:

"The greatest obstacle to the improvement of the homes of the working classes has been intemperance, leading to improvidence and poverty. Wherever a home is

(Continued on Page 82)

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To Reduce the Cost of Eating

By ALONZO ENGLEBERT TAYLOR

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

DEFLATION of currency and credit, deflation of price, deflation of costs and deflation of income must proceed until a new equilibrium is established. The orchestra of the world was tuned at too high a pitch and every instrument must be tuned down. We may not expect these deflations to proceed uniformly. History gives no example of an orderly deflation. No one can forecast when the new equilibrium will be attained and how it will compare with the prewar position, on account of the disorganization of the finances and industries of the world. Each individual is concerned in the relative positions of income and prices.

It seems certain that the new level of stabilized commodity prices, towards which we are trending, will not be so low as that of the prewar period.

Price reduction can proceed for a time on liquidation and increased efficiency of production; but sooner or later wages will fall, though it seems clear that following the present period of readjustment labor will receive an income absolutely and relatively larger than before the war.

The descent of prices of agricultural products during the past few months represents an enormous reduction in the income of the rural classes. The rural communities have been heavy consumers of groceries of all kinds. When the farmer finds that a bushel of wheat will scarcely buy a pound of chocolates, that a bushel of oats will not bring back two pounds of mess pork, country buying is drastically reduced. And the farmer can be self-sufficient to a marked extent and over a long time. The price slashing now being witnessed in the distributing trades must result in heavy reductions in the salaries of their forces. The incomes of most investors may be expected to fall, and the salaries of civil servants will cease rising. In the period of readjustment all incomes will exhibit uncertainties, with grave danger of sudden reductions, though the downward trend will be everywhere apparent. And with descending incomes, maintained or ascending taxes seem inevitable.

A period of price deflation creates new problems of domestic management, in household and government. The problem of the high cost of living is almost as difficult in a period of price deflation as in one of price inflation. Consumers become very chary in purchases. This does not mean that the standards of living have already been reduced. Our purchases of commodities of all kinds were so extensive from the spring of 1919 to the fall of 1920 that a brief withdrawal from the shops will not make us run short of the necessaries of life. The attitude of the buyer a year ago was one of easy confidence and liberal expenditure; his attitude to-day is one of apprehension and caution.

The Future of Food Prices

SOME of us will have reduced incomes as motives for retrenchment in expenditures. All of us, the rich even more than the poor, have a motive founded in the economics of the state. We must consume less than we produce because we have imperative uses for savings, savings in large volume and through the years for many years. Capital is nothing but savings, the difference between production and consumption, available for reinvestment.

We must accumulate savings on a scale never before practiced in this country, for three purposes: To secure fresh capital, needed to expand our activities to keep pace with increase in population and industrial and social development; to pay our war debts, and to use in foreign countries, in the form of credits or investments.

Before the war the national savings were variously estimated at from $5,000,000,000 to $7,000,000,000 per annum. That relative volume of savings will not suffice now. Our war debts and costs are some $35,000,000,000. The interest on our government bonds is as much as the national expenditures a decade ago. National bonds are not capital; only when canceled will they represent capital. Investments abroad are not to be regarded as speculations; we need to invest abroad for the same reason that we need to increase capital at home, to enlarge the scope of opportunity and the field of endeavor of American enterprise. We cannot be self-supporting unless we work in foreign fields. Increased savings must not represent a lowering of the standard of life; they must mean more efficient consumption and more effective and intensified production, so that the margin between the two is widened. Efficiency in output of commodities represents the productivity of men; efficiency in household management represents the productivity of women. Therefore upon everyone lies the injunction to live efficiently and save for the purpose of national acquisition.

The doctrine of efficiency in diet that was inculcated during the war had lapsed from consciousness a year ago; to-day it is reasserting itself. The American housewife again sees herself constrained to plan her table more on the basis of costs, if not because of present necessity at least for reasons of future exigencies. But war conservation was one thing and peace economy is a different thing. Few war slogans apply in peacetime, and efficiency means more than conservation. Economy in the diet should take advantage of falling prices; but one must not simply follow prices, disregarding other considerations. And buying must not be drastically curtailed, since stabilization of prices on a lower level can be accomplished only by ample production; and a buyers' boycott does not stimulate production.

Foodstuffs are the largest single item of family expenditure. In a process of retrenchment we naturally expect to save most in the large items. But in a period of price deflation one must regard the relative position of prices in the several items. In May of 1920 the wholesale index number of foodstuffs was about 195, the normal base line being 100; that of clothing was 350. In the descent of prices from these levels greater savings will result from deflation in price of clothing than in price of foodstuffs. The wholesale index numbers exhibit several marked irregularities like the above, and we may expect the process of liquidation to continue unevenly until normal relations between commodities are again established. It seems to be the general estimate of students of prices that we may expect wholesale prices to decline until they stand at about 160 compared to 100 before the war. This is about the point to which prices had ascended at the time of our entrance into the war in 1917. From this point on we may expect a gradual falling of prices, aided by improved efficiency in production and reduced output of gold, but retarded by the speculative features in international trade that spring from the disorganization of Europe. And the slowly falling curve of prices of foodstuffs may be expected to exhibit irregular fluctuations.

Whenever a change in national diet is being advocated—and this holds even for the best diet in the world—the movement must be controlled by two considerations:

First, it is not possible in peacetime and under conditions of free markets to reduce the total quantity of food available without producing widespread dissatisfaction and inequality in distribution between classes. A national reduction in consumption of food can be attained during war, under sentimental motivation, with an intensive campaign of education in conservation and elimination of waste. In normal times restriction in consumption is restriction by price; the poorer classes buy less, and reduction in consumption is confined to them. In a period of income deflation restriction by price becomes more widespread, and grave dissatisfaction is likely to occur. European experience illustrates how sharp is the public reaction to a sudden reduction in the food supply, even though it be slight. After habituation to low rations has been established, the public becomes almost indifferent to restrictions that would provoke riots in a normal population. The World War has been resolved, so to speak, into a reconstruction problem, the social outcome of which cannot be foreseen. Each normality in life represents a positive force of value. And the normality of the diet must not be underestimated as a social factor.

Second, alterations in the diet that are to be urged in the interests of national economy must be so formulated as to conserve the psychology of the diet, by which we mean the natural cuisine, the accustomed taste and appearance of food. It is much better to have the diet altered by having more or less of certain things than to introduce new items or dishes. Substitutions may be necessary in wartime, but they are hazardous in peacetime.

To recommend increased consumption of bread is to follow a natural line; to urge substitution with rice is to enter upon an unnatural line, to be adopted only in a situation of gravity.

This is illustrated in Europe. Italy occupies the happy position of having a population that is accustomed to the use of wheat, rice and corn, and she is able to shift from one to the other to a considerable extent without infringing seriously on the normal diet. But in Northern Europe the use of corn had to be abandoned after the armistice, despite the fact that the scarcity of food had undergone little amelioration. In abnormal times old habits are doubly valued, and innovations trebly feared.

The Place of Wheat in the Caucasian Diet

WE HAVE three criteria by which to judge a projected national diet. We can judge it according to the diets of ten, twenty and thirty years ago, during which decades the American public certainly did not suffer from undernutrition, except in subnormal spots. We can measure it with the yardstick of physiological knowledge, in which our public had a liberal education during the war. We can form an estimation finally by comparison with the diets of the countries of Europe. They have undergone restrictions and alterations far exceeding any to which we have been subjected or are likely to be exposed, since our diet is far above that of any nation of Europe.

The Caucasian diet is founded on bread and milk. Everything preached in wartime on conservation of wheat must be now reversed. It was then imperative to conserve wheat because the Allied and Associated Powers could not waste tonnage hauling wheat to Europe from distant parts of the globe. Europe is not embarrassed by scarcity of ocean tonnage now. There is no reason why Americans should not eat the cereal that pleases them, and there are reasons why our total cereal consumption should be increased.

Before the war our approximate per capita consumption of wheat flour was 18 pounds a month, and of rye, oats, barley, corn and rice in all forms 5½ pounds. This represented approximately 35% of the calories of the diet. The consumption of cereals in the United Kingdom was 20½ pounds; in Germany, 25½; in France and Italy, 31 pounds. The cereal consumption in the United Kingdom was 37% of the total calories; in Germany, 40%; in France, 55%; in Italy, 60%. These figures are only approximate. The careful figures of the United States Food Administration indicated that in 1917–18 our average consumption was 15.4 pounds of wheat flour and 8 pounds of other cereals a month, representing 33% of the calories of the total diet.

Cereals are the cheapest foods. Before the war cereals furnished the American with approximately one-third of his food at approximately one-tenth of the total cost. Conditions are not far from that to-day. When the cost of the diet is to be reduced the intake of the lowest-priced food must be increased. The world over, with Caucasian peoples, hard times are characterized by increased consumption of cereals. Three-fourths of the cereal consumption of this country is in the form of wheat bread. For the average American reduction in cost of the diet without reduction in quality is to be attained through increasing the daily consumption of bread. Different classes in different sections of the country may prefer corn, rice, rye or oatmeal; but for the average American increasing the consumption of cereal means eating another slice of bread

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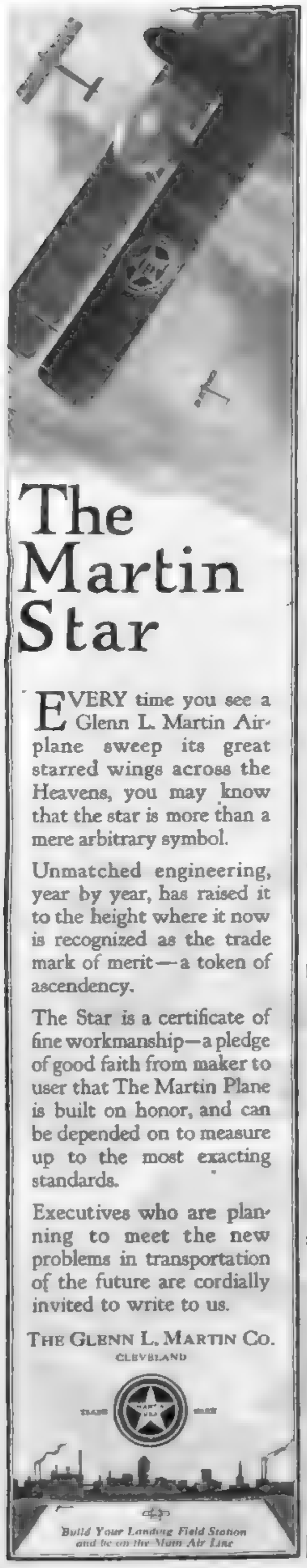
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(Continued from Page 79)

found in a wretched condition, out of repair and unwholesome owing to squalor and filth, in ninety-nine out of a hundred the cause is the use of alcoholic liquors. Until the habits of the working classes undergo alteration it is impossible to expect that they will be decently housed. The temptations by which they are surrounded in the shape of spirit shops are such that good resolutions are easily broken down, and the efforts of social reformers are completely frustrated. Our great scheme of city improvement has been rendered almost nugatory, so far as the housing of the poorer classes is concerned, by the prevalence of intemperance."

The last time I passed Blackfriars Street, out of which used to ride the lady of the house of St. Clair with her two hundred belted knights, there were three Scotch women, drunk, staggering down it arm in arm through a cold rain.

One of the great causes of infant mortality in Scotland and England is what the British call overlaying. A mother, stupefied by liquor, rolls over on her baby in her sleep and the baby strangles. That is overlaying. In the last prewar year 1226 babies were killed by overlaying. America has never known this form of child killing; but it is common in Scotland.

The Fight for Local Option

The public houses of Scotland are more like the barrooms of America than the pubs of England. The women don't bulge up to the bar as they do in England, and in more refined drinking circles there is a pronounced belief that when a woman wants a drink she should get it as inconspicuously as possible. Consequently there is a back room in most Scotch pubs, and the women steer for the back rooms. In the slum districts, however—like the Canongate in Edinburgh, for example—the women go into the bar with the men. I dropped into one bar on the Canongate—in the pursuit of knowledge, of course—and when the barkeeper slipped me a jolt of Glenlivet he had to pass it over the heads of six lady patrons who were roasting the weakness of 80-per-cent-under-proof whisky with such venom that one might have thought they had to drink a gallon apiece in order to get a glow.

One marked difference between the bars of Scotland and the bars that America knew lies in the manner of dispensing whisky. In a Scotch bar one never sees a bottle—probably because the premises would soon be so cluttered up with bottles that there would be no room for anything else. In a Scotch bar all the whisky is draft whisky. The whisky casks usually stand high above the bar and are connected with the bar by pipes, so when a cluster of boon companions drifts in and calls for mugs of Scotch the barman simply turns a spigot and lets it run.

Once a man is soused and shows it the doors of all pubs are closed to him until he has lost his jag. The Scotch pubs, and the English pubs as well, are very strict on this point; for the publican who ignores it stands an excellent chance of losing his license. When, therefore, the old prune juice reaches a drinker's brain and he begins to make noisy announcement that he can lick each or all of his fellow drinkers he finds himself seized by the back of the collar and the slack of the pants and hurled out on the cold bricks with such force as to telescope or pulverize several of them.

I do not wish to convey the impression that everybody who walks the streets of Glasgow and Edinburgh and other Scotch cities on Saturday night is burdened with a skinful of hard liquor. The population of Glasgow, for example, is 1,000,000, and the percentage of that number which is drunk on any given night is small. Even on hogmanay, which is the Scotch name for New Year's Eve, when thousands of drunken citizens of Glasgow congregate in the Cross, where the Trongate and the Gallowgate converge, and pepper the statue of King William III with empty bottles, the percentage of drunks to the rest of the population is small. None the less, Glasgow has some of the wettest spots of any city in the world, and there are several other Scotch cities which crowd it close for premier honors.

Conditions of this sort are the ones that the people of Scotland fought in the elections of November, 1920, and the ones that they have been fighting since 1851, when the state of Maine passed the first local option law. In 1853 the people of England and Scotland began to fight for a local option law of their own, based on the Maine law, which should give them the right to express an opinion as to whether or not the community should be saddled with the public house. England is still fighting, and is almost as far from gaining her objective as she was in 1853. Scotland, however, was luckier. On August 13, 1913, the Temperance (Scotland) Act was passed into law by Parliament, after a fight on the part of the Scotch temperance workers which had lasted for sixty years. The liquor interests, however, fought nearly as hard; and before the act was passed they had slipped so many knives into it and forced so many compromises on the temperance advocates that it was one of the weakest, palest, sickliest temperance acts that ever caused a brewer to burst into hilarious and derisive laughter.

The act, for example, gave to the people of Scotland the right of local option at the end of seven years. Though the act became a law in August, 1913, the people of Scotland couldn't vote on the question involved in the law until November, 1920. Thus the brewers and the distillers and the public-house owners had seven years of grace in which to make their fortunes if they had not already done so, or to change their occupations if they were sufficiently foolish to think that the act would ever result in putting any barkeepers or distillers or brewers out of business.

The act provided that when voting time finally arrived no voting area could vote itself no-license by a bare majority. Unless 55 per cent of the voters voted for no-license the area remained wet. Moreover, the 55 per cent must represent at least 35 per cent of the total number of electors in the voting area. In other words, if a bare majority of a district voted to make the district dry the district remained wet in spite of their wishes. This very thing happened repeatedly in the November elections. If the wet and the dry issues of the election had been settled by a majority vote twice as many areas would have gone dry as actually went. In using the word "dry" I am using it in the Scotch sense, which allows more latitude than the American interpretation.

Provisions of the Act

The act also provided that towns with populations less than 25,000 should vote as a unit; but that larger towns should vote by wards, and that no ward should be affected by the votes in other wards. This situation can be better realized if one imagines New York voting for prohibition measures under such an act. If most of New York were to vote itself dry by large majorities, but if a few districts refused to do so, those few districts would be unaffected by the majority vote and would continue to dispense liquor as before. Not only would they dispense liquor as before but they would also dispense it to most of the rum hounds from all the districts which had gone dry. Now an optimistic prohibitionist may regard such a state of affairs as effectively prohibitive; but the most active bar flies of America would regard a city with one wet ward as a haven of refuge and a paradise of golden opportunity.

Finally the Temperance (Scotland) Act is so framed that when a voting area goes no-license the licensing of inns, hotels and restaurants for the sale of drink is not affected; and there are hundreds of thousands of people in America—those, by the way, who are raving the loudest against prohibition—who would consider that a city whose inns, hotels and restaurants could sell spirituous liquors was as wet as the Atlantic Ocean if not wetter.

This act, it must be understood, is not the act which the prohibitionists and the temperance workers wanted. They wanted a very much stronger act—one which would close the distilleries and hit the traveler and the wealthy citizen the same brutal wallop that it would hit the workingman. They couldn't get it, however. Even after the act had been passed into law in 1913 the liquor interests claimed that it was a dead law because of the handicaps which they had caused to be imposed on the temperance workers. It is not a dead law, though, and it has frightened the Scotch distillers and brewers and the liquor trade of the United Kingdom generally into a series of violent convulsions.

The so-called prohibition fight in Scotland—I say so-called because the fight has not been on prohibition as America understands it, but on the evils of the public house and the question of licensing or not licensing public houses—was waged on the dry side by the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association and by the National Citizens Council. The Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association is the association which struggled for sixty years to gain for the people of Scotland the right to vote on the sale of liquor in the districts in which they live. It is the organization which persuaded Pussyfoot Johnson to come to Scotland and help the dry campaign by telling Scotchmen about the good things that prohibition has done for America. The National Citizens Council is a comparatively new organization formed, according to its officials, "on the widest basis of citizenship for the purpose of educating the public as to its rights and duties with regard to the new act." Among the officials of the National Citizens Council are such representative Scotchmen as Lord Rowallan, a leading Scottish peer; Sir Joseph Maclay, the Shipping Controller; William Graham, a Labor member of Parliament from Edinburgh; Sir Samuel Chisholm, Lord Provost of Glasgow; Sir Edward Parrott, a member of Parliament from Edinburgh and head of the Nelson printing firm; and Bishop Walpole of the Scottish Episcopal Church.

The Campaign of the Wets

The brains and heart of the wets—and the lungs and limbs and viscera as well—is the Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council. This council is composed of three brewers, three distillers, three liquor retailers and a secretary. It represents all the distillers of Scotland, all the brewers, all the wine merchants, retailers and allied traders. More than a hundred associations—such, for example, as the Whisky Association (Scottish Branch); the Brewers' Association of Scotland; the Scottish Licensed Trade Defense Association; the Scottish Licensed Trade Veto Defense Fund—are affiliated with the council. Through the Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council the licensed liquor trade of Scotland fought as one body; and it is a safe bet that if the Scottish liquor trade had not organized as it did and fought as it did Scotland to-day would be so spotted with dry areas that if they were shown on a map the general effect would be that of a bad case of measles.

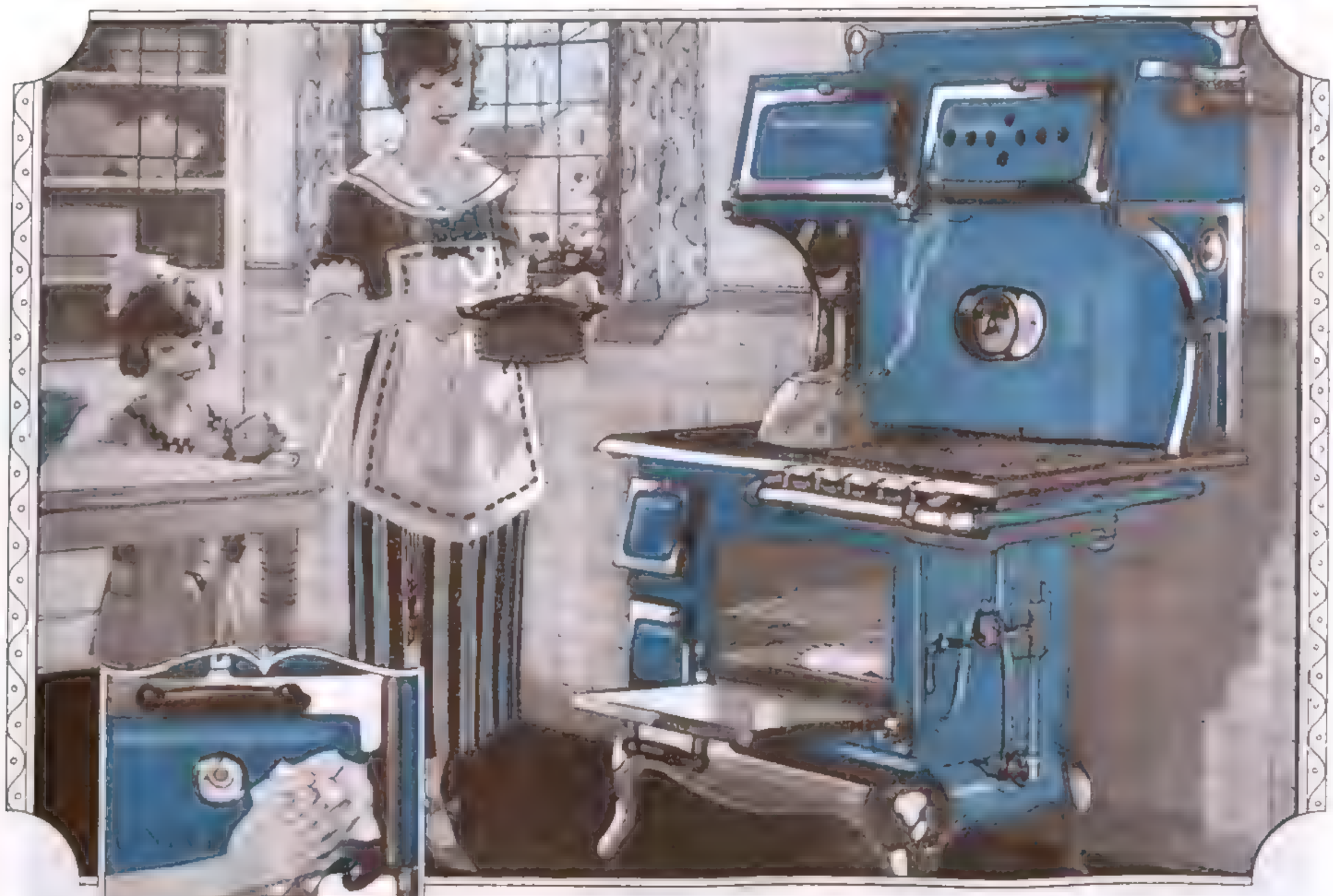
Each of the hundred affiliated associations of the Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council had election agents, competent secretaries and large working committees composed of both men and women. In every voting area these associations set up the usual parliamentary electoral machine and did their campaigning under the guidance of the Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council.

The headquarters of the council in Edinburgh had a large staff of workers, enormous masses of literature, posters and propaganda of various sorts, and a corps of trained antiprohibition speakers. Fifty of these antiprohibition speakers were ex-army officers who were trained in London for their particular task by the English liquor interests, who maintained a school for the purpose. The speakers, the literature and the posters were distributed from Edinburgh in such a manner as to reach the places where they were most needed at times when they were most needed. The machinery of the Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council deserves to be described in detail, for its excellence was responsible for the overcoming of an almost overwhelming sentiment in Scotland against the public house and indiscriminate drinking.

The Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council in its seven months of active fighting prior to and during the election issued more than 25,000,000 pamphlets dealing with the subject of prohibition from all points of view—except, of course, those points favorable to prohibition. The council published a two-sheet newspaper once every month, and distributed 250,000 copies of each issue. It printed and distributed 18,000,000 bottle labels, and saw to it that no bottle containing an alcoholic beverage should reach a consumer without one of the labels pasted on it. The sentiments conveyed by these labels were short and sweet, such as "Prohibition Destroys Liberty—Vote No Change." "Prohibition Means More Taxation—Vote No Change." "Prohibition Increases Cost of Living—Vote No Change." "Prohibition is 'Dry' Rot—

(Continued on Page 85)

Pillsbury's
½ LBS NET WT.
Pillsbury's BEST XXXX Minneapolis Minn.
STERILIZED
VITOS
Wheat Cereal
"I Believe in This"
Mothers everywhere have learned to believe in Pillsbury's Wheat Cereal. Very easily digested, it is usually one of the first solid foods given to infants, yet it also furnishes the nourishment necessary to sustain the hardest worker.
The purity, wholesomeness and rare flavor of these creamy-white hearts of wheat, make instant appeal to all appetites. For the infant, the adult—for the invalid, the athlete—for every member of every family—Pillsbury's Wheat Cereal.
Always buy Pillsbury's Family of Foods—different in kind, but alike in quality. At your grocer's.
Pillsbury's Best Flour
Pillsbury's Wheat Cereal
Pillsbury's Health Bran
Pillsbury's Pancake Flour
Rye, Graham and Macaroni Flours
PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
Minneapolis, U. S. A
Pillsbury's
FAMILY OF FOODS
Wheat Cereal
Pillsbury's
Health Bran
Pillsbury's
Pillsbury's BEST XXXX Minneapolis Minn.



"women praise the fine cooking . . . and its beauty"

In homes everywhere, women give unstinted praise to the fine cooking and baking done by the Universal Combination Range, and to its uncommon beauty. Its immaculate surface of porcelain is easily washed, always clean, meeting the demands of modern, sanitary kitchens. Marvelously simple and compact; of trim, handsome lines; fits in small space, saves room.

It is "The Range of Simplicity and Thrift"; famous for its Simplicity, Economy, Beauty and Compactness. See insert number two—a mere twist of the wrist changes completely from Coal or Wood to Gas. No parts to take out; no dampers to operate. Automatic. Insert number one shows Washable, Sanitary, Univit Porcelain finish, made in Peacock Blue or Pearl Grey; durable, unbreakable. Insert number three shows Pastry Oven. The equipment includes Baking and Roasting Oven, Pastry Oven, Broiler, Warming Closet, Self-Starter for Gas, Gas Kindler for Coal.

Keeps kitchen cool in summer, warm in winter. Economical, wastes no fuel. No worry about Gas Shortage. At all good dealers', in plain, nickel or porcelain finish—cash or terms. Dealer's name and illustrated booklet on request.

CRIBBEN & SEXTON COMPANY, 600-800 N. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
NEW YORK PITTSBURGH BAYONNE N. J. PORTLAND SAN FRANCISCO DENVER
Made in Canada under the name SIMPLEX by Mc Clary's, London Patented in United States and Canada

UNIVERSAL COMBINATION RANGE

Burns Natural or Artificial Gas *and* Coal or Wood

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Vote No Change," "Prohibition Means Unemployment—Vote No Change," "Temperance is Strength, Prohibition is Slavery—Vote No Change," "Prohibition Robs the Worker, But Will Not Empty the Rich Man's Cellar—Vote No Change."

It printed 8,000,000 cards which were slipped into the hands of people on the streets by wet workers. On these cards were printed select antiprohibition remarks by great writers. Samples that were given to me quote John Stuart Mill to the effect that so monstrous a principle as prohibition is far more dangerous than any single interference with liberty; there is no violation of liberty which it would not justify.

This quotation is probably correct, though both the wets and the drys in Scotland have an unpleasant habit of quoting the same people to prove their cases. The wets quote Mill to show that prohibition is a horrible infringement on liberty; the drys quote him to show exactly the opposite. The wets quote Abraham Lincoln to show that they are being abused; the drys quote Abraham Lincoln to show that the suppression of the liquor traffic was a thing which he ardently hoped to accomplish as the crowning feat of his career. The wets quote Sam Gompers, and so do the drys. Both of them quote Theodore Roosevelt in support of their arguments, and each side claims Oliver Cromwell and quotes him extensively.

Ubiquitous Propaganda

The Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council purchased 2,500,000 paper bags in two sizes and issued them to grocers all over Scotland. Grocers sell bottled goods, and the Temperance (Scotland) Act affects them, so that they are glad to use all the bags that are given them. On one side of each bag was printed:

"To Housewives: Dry America has raised the price of sugar to its present high figure because of her enormous increase in the use of so-called temperance drinks and candies. If there is prohibition in this country the price will rise still higher, and with many other household necessities will become a luxury only for the rich. Vote No Change."

This bag, which was carried into every home in Scotland before the campaign was over, was excellent propaganda; and the propaganda was damaged very little by the fact that sugar during the last part of the campaign was considerably lower in price in America than it was in England.

The council distributed 260,000 posters limited to printing, 60,000 colored picture posters and 20,000 enormous sixteen-sheet colored posters of the same designs as the 60,000 smaller colored ones. Every hotel, public house and licensed grocery covered its windows with the council's posters, and in many cases the entire front of a public house would be covered so that no house could be seen. A cartoon in an Edinburgh paper showed two Scotchmen standing in front of a mass of posters. "Whaur's the pub, Tam?" one of them is asking. Every billboard and hoarding in Scotland was covered with these posters for six months before the election. There were wet posters in every railway station in the country. The council contracted with street-car companies so that the cars carried strip posters twenty feet in length along their sides. They contracted with moving-picture houses so that every silver screen in the land warned the people against the perils of prohibition throughout the afternoon and evening. Wet slogans appeared on the football-result cards which hang in all public places, and on the programs of all theaters and athletic events. At big football parks the council painted antiprohibition signs 200 feet long and thirty feet deep on the tops of grand stands—and Scotch football parks hold as many as 120,000 people. Wherever it could rent the end of a house or a private fence it painted thereon a powerful blast against prohibition.

The council carried on a seven-month advertising campaign in all the important newspapers in Scotland, a house-to-house campaign for distributing antiprohibition literature and a personal canvass of all electors. It held meetings in many places each day from the middle of August to the end of November, and for speakers at these meetings it provided members of Parliament, clergymen, barristers, ex-members of Parliament and the ex-army officers of whom I have already spoken.

There is no question but that the dry interests would have been far more successful if the wet campaign had been a little weaker or had started a little later. The people of Scotland were deeply aware of the evils of drink, and wanted to stamp them out. But the assurance on the part of the wets that prohibition meant increased taxation and increase in the price of necessaries of life set a lot of the housewives to wabbling; and when they wabbled their menfolk wabbled—wiffle-waffled, as the Scotch say. The drys assured me that if the elections could have taken place three months earlier they would have won some striking victories. Some of the wet leaders confirmed this statement.

The drys could not counteract the wet advertising campaign because their resources were much smaller than those of the wets, and also because they were unable to get their propaganda into the voters' hands with the same surety. They could not, for example, reach the housewives who carried home provisions from the groceries in paper bags which assured them that prohibition would send the price of sugar beyond their reach. The grocers, being wets by nature of their business, would throw all possible obstacles in the path of those who attempted to show that this statement was untrue. The drys couldn't get their propaganda into the pubs, and so reach the workingmen. At the lowest estimate, the cost of the wet campaign was ten times the cost of the dry campaign. The wets probably spent much more than ten times as much as the drys, because a majority of the prohibitionists and temperance workers do their work for love or in the interests of humanity; whereas I have never happened to encounter an active worker in the antiprohibition cause who was working for anything except his bank account.

The campaign of the no-license workers—the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association and the National Citizens Council—was an educative campaign carried on by means of posters, pamphlets, a fortnightly newspaper, a few newspaper advertisements and a number of speakers. Pussyfoot Johnson, on the invitation of the secretary of the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association, spoke in behalf of no-license in all parts of Scotland. One other American speaker participated in the campaign, and these two speakers, so far as I could learn, comprised the "horde of Yankee agitators" to which the wets made such frequent reference.

The drys set themselves to prove—and did prove conclusively and to the satisfaction of all persons not congenital nit-wits, not slaves to the drink habit and not financially interested in the liquor trade—that drink was the cause of an undue amount of crime, disease, poverty, bad housing conditions and national inefficiency.

The Weapons of the Wets

The wets set themselves to prove that the contentions of the drys were not true, to convince the people of Scotland that they were voting on prohibition instead of on a no-license resolution which was no more akin to prohibition than beefsteak is akin to a cheese omelet.

One of the spots at which the wets kept hammering in their propaganda was the connection between America and the no-license movement in Scotland. By stretching the facts the wets were able to convey to the bulk of the Scotch people the belief that America was interested in thrusting prohibition on them. One wet poster, for example, shows a giant British workman lying bound on the shores of Scotland, while a small figure by his side waves an American flag. From the distant sky line of New York a huge stream of dope packages, patent-medicine bottles and chewing-gum boxes is flying towards Britain's shores.

"Are you going to allow British commerce, British labor and your own personal liberty to be bound and gagged?" asks this poster.

A handbill headed "The American Pussyfooters' Intrusion" warns all good Scotchmen not to get chummy with the American adventurers.

"You remember," says this amiable little document, "the German efforts at peaceful penetration and what it cost you to shake the country free of it?

"Do you wish to take another dose of peaceful penetration from adventurers and cranks from another foreign nation?

"The American Pussyfooters are here to try some more peaceful penetration upon you.

"They brag that they are going to butt in at your elections to influence politicians and the newspapers, and to make teetotalers of us all by promoting the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic liquors.

"They boast that they are paid highly for the job out of funds collected principally from American capitalists.

"This is only the beginning of the intrusion. There are other prohibition movements on foot in America—the prohibition of smoking, theaters, dancing, and of Sunday recreation.

"American adventurers are coming over here to earn a living by agitating to filch more of your liberties from you, and so your freedom may be stolen bit by bit.

"Turn down this prohibitionist business at once, and so put an end to this dangerous interference in your domestic affairs.

"It is the act of a traitor for any Britisher to encourage or tolerate these American prohibitionists.

"Aliens have no right to put us to the trouble of defending liberties we have enjoyed for centuries.

"Vote No Change!"

One publication, to quote another example, mentioned that the United States Internal Revenue Board was considering the seizing and selling of all foreign ships that violate the prohibition law, and then quoted an editorial from the Dundee Advertiser which stated that the current American patriotic creed is the possession of the biggest mercantile marine in the world, and that to confiscate foreign ships for wetness would be "just the kind of measure to appeal to our cousins, who are great altruists—especially when altruism can be combined with good business for themselves."

A Specimen Advertisement

A newspaper advertisement two columns wide and a page deep, put out by the wets, attacked the antiliquor forces in the following detached and restrained manner:

"We don't want the mark of the Pussyfoot all over Scotland!

"Without any assistance from Yankee faddists and fanatics, Scotsmen have succeeded in making a splendid mark in every field of human endeavour, at home and abroad.

"Their achievements are the clearest proof that they know how to look after themselves so as to secure the best results.

"They are the most competent judges to decide what individual and social habits are most suited to their national character, to their environment and to the development of their capacities.

"They have claimed, fought for and secured the right to be free and independent, both as Scotsmen and as individual human beings.

"Are they now to be ruled, regulated and regimented by prohibitionists infected by a foreign germ? Will the independent Scotsman allow himself to be made over according to an American pattern and placed under nursery government by a grandmotherly officialdom?

"In the matter now at issue—that of their freedom to drink what they choose—will they submit to be treated as though they were a half-crazy collection of inebriates?"

The advertisement winds up with a statement in large black capital letters declaring that "We can keep our own house in order."

This statement is not an unreasonable one. The people of any nation are easily aroused against the reformers from another nation, irrespective of the merits of the reform measures which they may be advocating. The most potent ammunition possessed by the wet forces was their claim of American interference. The drys in any country have enough arguments on their side to defeat the liquor interests if the facts are properly presented and distributed. The drys, therefore, handicap themselves when they import speakers from a foreign country, and give the wets an opportunity to cloud the issue by advertisements such as the one I have quoted—advertisements which cause the man in the street to growl that he isn't going to have any blooming American run his affairs.

If the Anti-Saloon League of America wishes to assist the liquor interests in their

(Continued on Page 88)

Hammond
MULTIPLEX
Cesko-Slovensky Italiano Português
"Just Turn *the* Knob"
—on the Hammond Multiplex and change *instantly* from one style of type or language to another.
Woodrow Wilson
says: "I have done most of my literary work on this machine (a Hammond) and would not exchange it for any other."
Judge Elbert H. Gary
—of the United States Steel Corporation, is able to give his letters a *distinctive air* by having them written on a Hammond Multiplex. A change of type will instantly stress an important point - - - - *Just Turn the Knob.*
Federal Reserve Bank
can, in its "Layout" department, obtain more forceful copy by instantly changing from one style of type to another. Many banks find the Multiplex invaluable for statistical work, or where it is necessary to condense records, etc., because of the *tiny type* it uses reduces the space to *one-quarter* of that of any other typewriter—*Just Turn the Knob.*
V. Pres't A. T. Hardin,
New York Central Railroad
can put his individuality in his writing, and emphasize points of importance through the instantly interchangeable type feature of the Multiplex - - - *Just Turn the Knob.*
N. Y. Public Libraries
—find the Multiplex indispensable for regular and specialized writing. The wonderful versatility automatically suggests the Multiplex—it being possible to do every sort of writing on *one* machine—*Just Turn the Knob.*
American Can Company
—finds the Multiplex of particular value in its department of Patents. The same machine can be used for regular correspondence and other office work - - - *Just Turn the Knob.*
V. Pres't R. B. Sheridan
American International Corp.
—finds the condensing feature of wonderful help for his personal loose-leaf manual, as it reduces type space to *one-quarter* of that required by ordinary machines—and he can instantly change to the usual type spacing for regular correspondence—*Just turn the Knob.*
These are just a few of the thousands of distinguished users of the Hammond Multiplex and show the wonderful versatility of this writing machine
No Matter What Your Requirements May Be:
—the Multiplex will meet them. Mail the coupon for
Free Pamphlet
—"More Than A Typewriter," and learn why YOU should use this great *interchangeable type* writing machine
Dealers: We have an extremely attractive proposition for representatives. It will pay you to send for information regarding it. Write today.
PORTABLE
Aluminum Model
A Special Model for *Traveling*—for *Home*—illustrated below. Embodies all the advantages of the Regular Multiplex. Instantly interchangeable type—automatic type action. Ask for special folder—"It's Portable."

HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO.
564 East 69th Street, New York City
Gentlemen:
Please send, gratis (check one or both squares),
☐ "More Than A Typewriter"—Regular model.
☐ "It's Portable"—Portable model.
Name _____
Address _____
State business or profession in margin below.

Proving Keen Kutter Quality to Millions

Millions have made their first acquaintance with Keen Kutter quality when, as boys, their heart's desire was finally satisfied by Keen Kutter pocket knives.

The unfailing way in which their pride in the name and mark was justified then has been conclusive proof to many of the superior Keen Kutter worth.

For thousands this early proof is continuously carried on by the Keen Kutter tools they buy in their maturer years.

For during more than fifty years planes, hammers, saws, chisels, auger bits—in fact every tool the skilled workman needs—have been developed to that high point where they finally earned the right to bear the Keen Kutter name and mark.

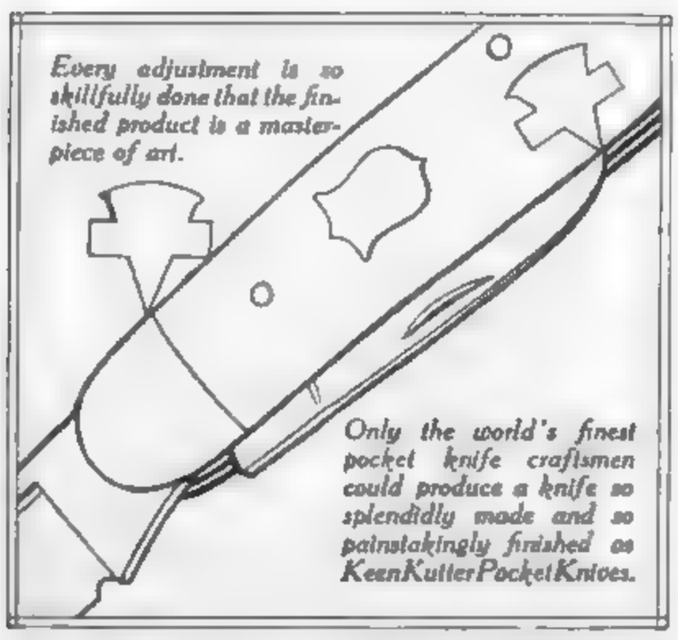
In every case the years of Keen Kutter experience have been patiently devoted to making tools that meet the need of those who make their living with them.

Over and above the Keen Kutter superiority of materials and workmanship, Keen Kutter tools have such exclusive operating advantages as the Keen Kutter lock wedge that keeps the heads of hatchets, hammers and axes from flying off—the Keen Kutter taper grinding that keeps saws from binding—the Keen Kutter frog that keeps planes from chattering and many others.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY

"The recollection of QUALITY remains long after the PRICE is forgotten"
—*E. C. Simmons*

Trade Mark Registered


Every adjustment is so skillfully done that the finished product is a masterpiece of art.
Only the world's finest pocket knife craftsmen could produce a knife so splendidly made and so painstakingly finished as KeenKutterPocketKnives.

Better Made And Of Finer Finish For Lasting Quality

No. K7727

No. K3037

KEEN

No. K3071

No. K2245

No. KNHO/2

Patent Locking Wedges Prevent Keen Kutter Hatchet Heads From Flying Off The Handles

All Keen Kutter Hatchets are wedged with the E. C. Simmons Patent locking wedge. The heavy malleable wedge has grooved sides so formed that when the strong steel pins are driven in the wedge the sharpened ends of the pins strike the end of the groove, enter the hole, forming a **hook** *and making a positive lock*

KUTTER

A Washable Antiseptic Dressing

Why use clumsy bandages for skin hurts when you can have instead a flexible, washable film of New-Skin?

Have you ever washed dishes with a bandaged, bulky finger?

In the kitchen

Then you should know how much easier it is when you simply coat over the cut or scratch with New-Skin.

All cuts and scrapes must be kept clean to prevent infection.

New-Skin furnishes a germ-proof protection.

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

NEWSKIN COMPANY

New York Toronto London

(Continued from Page 85)

fight against the temperance people in England and Scotland it can best do so by continuing to allow American speakers to go to Great Britain, and by agitating in America for a puritan Sunday, the abolition of smoking and lower heels on women's shoes as the Scotch wets say it is doing. These are points that stir up more antagonism to the prohibition movement in Scotland and England than all the other wet arguments put together.

Since America is the largest prohibition country in the world, both the wets and the drys turned to America to prove their contentions. All the evidence brought from America by the drys tended to show that prohibition has made the United States into an ideal country where life is one grand sweet song. The wets, however, tapped a very different source of information, and all their reports indicated clearly that prohibition had tremendously increased crime, lawbreaking, vice, Bolshevism, anarchy and other unpleasant matters.

The dry evidence starts with such glittering words as those of a Louisville, Kentucky, minister, who declares comprehensively and rhapsodically that "Life in Kentucky is the nearest thing to heaven since the arrival of prohibition." The dry propaganda then goes on to quote the governors of states, chiefs of police, secretaries of labor organizations, wardens of jails and presumably unbiased observers in America to the effect that the benefits of prohibition have been incalculable, and that sentiment in America is almost unanimous against returning to the preprohibition days. Prohibition in America, according to the drys, is a magnificent and inspiring success.

A Never-Ending Debate

The wet evidence brings forward voluminous reports of illegal traffic in liquor in America and the failure of the prohibition law to prohibit, of the increase in crime and the dope evil, of the growing number of drunks which infest the streets of leading American cities, and of the almost unanimous sentiment against prohibition. The wet evidence quotes influential Americans to the effect that the dry law in America is doomed. Prohibition in America, according to the wets, is an unparalleled and overwhelming failure, and instead of making the country into a near-heaven it has made it into a hell of a place.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that both the wets and the drys are correct in most of their contentions. Prohibition has been an unmixed blessing for many sections of America; and it is also giving rise to an enormous amount of lawbreaking, whisky running and home brewing and distilling. But even the average great American boob who connives at illegality by separating himself from a ten-dollar bill in return for about seventy-five cents' worth of fire water will, when pressed, admit that the United States without the saloon is a better place in which to live, so far as most people are concerned, than it was when the saloon was dispensing jags, headaches and hooch in equal proportions. Students of the American temperament say that the widespread making of home brews will gradually begin to pall on the makers as they continue to contemplate the awful mess that they make of their kitchens and the meager results which they get in return. These same students declare that the people of America go in whole-heartedly for things—rioting, for example, and drinking and graft and misgovernment—and when they are through going in for them they are through in a whole-hearted manner. The time to judge the effects of prohibition on America, say the students, is in a year or two years or three years or whenever it is that our most interesting circles cease to think it smart to restrict their dinner-table conversations to the subject of manufacturing and obtaining liquor.

The wets shrieked and tore their hair and frothed at the mouth in rage because of Pussyfoot Johnson's presence in Scotland, and I have already reproduced a few of their more poignant ululations against American intervention in their private hooch problems. They bawled deafeningly that Scotsmen are the most competent judges to decide what individual and social habits are most suited to their national character, to their environment and to the development of their capacities; and I wish to interject at this point the observation that the individual habits of Scotsmen at this writing are certainly suited to the development of greater capacities than I have ever encountered even in a wide experience with the most capacious capacities in Boston political circles, which possess some of the snappiest and most commodious capacities known to science. And then, in spite of their shriekings and their bawlings and their evident nausea at the unspeakable lowness of the drys in importing an American speaker, the wets imported two American speakers of their own.

The principal American speaker on behalf of the wets was C. A. Windle, of Chicago, of whom the Anti-Prohibition Journal said: "The Hon. C. A. Windle is recognized as the most brilliant debater in America. His command of language, overwhelming personality and absolute sincerity make him at once a convincing and fascinating speaker." The other was Mrs. Minona S. Jones, also of Chicago; and of Mrs. Jones the Anti-Prohibition Journal declared: "She has done yeoman service for the cause of freedom and liberty in America, and understands the prohibition question from beginning to end." When the Anti-Prohibition Journal refers to "the cause of freedom and liberty in America" it is speaking of the cause of old John B. Booze.

The Hon. C. A. Windle, in the parlance of the big-time circuit, knocked 'em off their chairs; and when he got through telling about the awful results of prohibition in America strong men felt moved to doff their coats and vests in anguish, while women almost wept to think that anyone could be so cruel as to deprive them of their grog. One of Mr. Windle's most frequently quoted statements was that "the only three places where prohibition has proved to be a success are the penitentiary, Turkey and hell." Mr. Windle's statement was taken at its face value, though he never produced figures either on hell, Turkey or the penitentiary.

Mr. Windle for the wets and Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson for the drys had some violent differences of opinion as the Scottish campaign neared an end, and the most violent altercation arose over the question of crime in Chicago. Briefly, Mr. Windle claimed that murder increased in Chicago during the first year of prohibition. Mr. Johnson said that there was less murder in Chicago during the first year of prohibition.

There was a great deal of quoting of American authorities in the campaign by both sides, and frequently quotations ascribed to the same man by both sides were in direct opposition to each other. Mr. Earnshaw of the wets, for example, quoted Bird S. Coler, Commissioner of Public Charities in New York, as saying on August 18, 1920, that the number of cases for alcoholic treatment in Bellevue Hospital, New York, equaled those of preprohibition days. Mr. Johnson, for the drys, quoted a letter from Mr. Coler, date August 26, 1920, to show that the general medical superintendent of the same hospital reported 175 alcoholic patients per month during the first eight months of 1920 as against 1000 a month prior to 1916. It is fairly obvious, therefore, that the poor voter who was attempting to get at the truth of the matter would, after reading the claims of both sides, find his brain reduced to the general texture of corned-beef hash.

Mr. Gompers Quoted

The most effective poster used by the wet forces was a brilliantly colored affair decorated with a picture of Sam Gompers. This, in two sizes—one a single-sheet poster and one a sixteen-sheet poster—was plastered all over Scotland. It was headed, America and Prohibition: The warning of The Little Giant of organized labor in America. Sam Gompers, president of the A. F. of L., says:

"I have always contended that foisting prohibition on this country was a blunder—a blunder charged with danger and loaded with disastrous probabilities.

"We have invaded the habits of the workingman—we have upset the man and unsettled him.

"He meets other men restless and discontented like himself. They rub together their grievances and there are sparks, sometimes fire.

"I believe that Bolshevism in Russia began in Prohibition.

"Is Prohibition worth such a price?"

The campaign provided a controversial debauch for hardened Scotch controversialists, and for weeks prior to the elections the newspapers were sprinkled with letters from wets and drys, in which each side rammed dirks into each other up to the hilt until the weary editor, in the Scotch fashion, wrote across the bottom of a letter, "This correspondence is now closed."

The wets had eleven stock arguments as to why the Scotch voters should not vote for the abolition of public-house licenses. The wets claimed that men cannot be made sober by act of Parliament.

The drys replied that the act of Parliament which cut down the production and sale of whisky and beer during the war reduced convictions for drunkenness in England, Scotland and Wales from 223,000 in 1913 to 36,000 in 1918.

The wets claimed that the provisions of the Temperance Act would merely drive the liquor trade out of one area and leave it in another.

The drys replied that conditions would promptly become so bad in the remaining wet areas that they would vote dry at the next elections for self protection.

The wets claimed that the better-class districts would go dry; while the slums, which needed dryness most, would never accept it.

The drys replied that the slums would eventually see that it was to their interests and the interests of their children to go dry.

The wets claimed that districts which voted out liquor would vote it in again.

The drys replied by producing figures from the United States and Canada to prove that districts which once went dry stayed dry.

The wets claimed that hardship would be inflicted on liquor sellers and thousands deprived of a living.

The drys replied by quoting American and Canadian bartenders to the effect that prohibition was the best thing that ever happened to them.

Clashing Opinions

The wets claimed that to vote Scotland dry would injure trade and commerce.

The drys replied that in America and Canada prohibition had caused drink money to flow to retail stores for clothing and food for families previously neglected.

The wets claimed that the abolition of the liquor trade would flood the labor market and depress the wages of all workers.

The drys replied that other and better trades would rise on the liquor traders' ruins.

The wets claimed that prohibition doesn't prohibit.

The drys replied that it does prohibit.

The wets claimed that the state would lose its revenue and that taxes would rise.

The drys replied that the state spends more each year to repair the evils caused by drink than it takes in revenue.

The wets claimed that prohibition is an unwarrantable interference with personal liberty.

The drys replied that nobody can have a personal liberty which runs contrary to the well-being of the community. No man has liberty to murder or steal, and no more should he have liberty to subject himself and his children to the tyranny of drink.

The wets claimed that the Temperance (Scotland) Act is a rank piece of class legislation, taking drink from the workingman but not interfering with the rich.

The drys replied that they had been forced to accept the terms of the act in order to get any act at all, and that any measure which reduced the liquor traffic was a good measure.

It is my impression, after dragging through most of Western Europe the trunkful of prohibition and antiprohibition propaganda that was forced on me in Scotland—propaganda, by the way, which has caused me to be regarded with deep suspicion in the hotels of such noticeably nonpuritanical centers as Paris and Monte Carlo—it is my impression, I repeat, that the wets and the drys got out enough propaganda to make fifty-seven volumes of the size of the Bartender's Guide.

Burdened with this mass of information and misinformation, then, the men and women of Scotland went to the polls, not on one day but on scattered days through November and part of December.

The sentiment against the continuation of existing drinking conditions had been very strong; and the Scottish Labor Party was officially committed to a no-license policy. In spite of this the drys were badly defeated.

(Concluded on Page 92)

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with each meal. At the present prices of oats and corn, oatmeal and cornmeal should be much cheaper than wheat flour; but the war surfeit of substitution cereals has not been outworn.

The British diet was most efficiently developed during the war. The total food consumed was increased 4% and the consumption of cereals increased 33%. Before the war cereals represented about 37% of the calories of the British diet; in 1918 it was about 50%. This is the lesson for Americans who desire to reduce the daily outlay for foodstuffs. An increase in consumption of bread, or of cereal, of from one-third to one-half of the amounts to which we have been accustomed, in replacement of other foods to be reduced in corresponding amount, would result in an enormous saving to the American household. Such a diet would be simpler and less luxurious, but it would be efficient and healthful.

The price of flour clings close to the price of wheat. Not only does competition exist between millers; an especial competition is maintained by the fact that our wheat and flour must compete with Canadian wheat and flour, and they have an advantage with the present depreciation of the Canadian dollar. The price of baker's bread is now showing a reduction reflecting the lowered cost of flour. But it must be borne in mind that the price of flour is not the determining factor in the price of bread, since the flour cost of a ten-cent loaf is little over three cents. The use of baker's bread has been expanding rapidly in our country, even in rural districts. But if the spread of price between retail flour and baker's bread is allowed to widen, housewives will return to home baking.

The indispensable factor of our food supply is milk. Statistics of production of milk are very difficult to obtain, because it is marketed in so many forms and it is not feasible to measure production at the source. Before the war the per capita consumption of milk was about 2¼ pints a day. Inhabitants of cities consumed about .65 of a pint of whole fluid milk per person a day, while the figure for the whole country was .97 of a pint. People in rural communities consumed over twice as much whole milk per capita as dwellers in cities. When judged by the count of milch cows, by records of shipments of fluid milk, by reports of cold-storage houses, condensaries, creameries and cheese plants, and by estimates of governmental agencies, the gross consumption of milk is slowly rising. Exports of dairy products are falling, prices of dairy feeds are descending. The winter months witness a reflux of labor to the farm. Readjustments of prices to producers for the present winter indicate that there will be less dissatisfaction in the dairies than during recent years. During the past four years great advances have been made in the study of the economics of milk production and distribution, with the result that more milk will be produced at higher prices to the producer and distributed at lower costs to the consumer.

The Right Place to Eat Sugar

DAIRY products comprise about 15% of the calories of our diet. This should not be reduced, and the urban consumption of whole milk should be increased. There is no substitute for milk. Every effort should be made to enhance the efficiency of milk production and distribution, and also to secure increasing deliveries of fluid milk to the large cities. The present movement in the direction of using milk in bread is a constructive step. Milk will contribute lime salts, vitamines and balanced proteins. A widespread use of milk in bread will have a stabilizing action on the production of milk and afford a steady outlet for condensed milk. Substitution of milk for water in the making of baker's bread adds comparatively little to the cost of bread per calorie or to the cost per loaf.

European experience during the war will be urged upon Americans in support of the use of margarines. All vegetable oils have fallen heavily in price, and, on account of conditions in the Orient, promise to descend still lower, making it possible for them to undersell animal fats by a wide margin. Margarines made according to modern methods are clean fats, with good odor, taste and texture. The vegetable margarines are the best, especially if they have been churned out of buttermilk. As fuels they rank with butter, lard and vegetable oils, in proportion to fat content. So far as butter is consumed by adults as a fuel food, margarine may replace it. Margarines rank with lard when contrasted with butter. Butter possesses the especial value of a fat-soluble vitamine. Margarines and lard lack this. The average adult, living on a representative mixed diet, with leaf vegetables freely present, does not require the fat-soluble vitamine of butter; lard, vegetable oils or margarine will do in substitution. For elderly people margarines seem to satisfy as well as butter. But for the child the substitution of anything for butter holds an element of danger. It is not safe in this country to have the children of the cities depend on leaf vegetables for their indispensable fat-soluble vitamine. If a child of the poorest classes has no butter, then any fat in the diet is a gain. But no other fat is a substitute for butter. It must be borne in mind that in cities many children receive more fat-soluble vitamine from butter and ice cream than from whole milk. Anything that depreciates the manufacture of butter injures the production of milk, unless provision is made for increased distribution of whole milk.

Before the war sugar represented about 13% to 14% of the calories of our diet and was a very cheap food. Sugar at eight cents a pound is still a very cheap food. Our prewar consumption was high, about 85 pounds per person a year. Despite scarcity and high prices, the statistics of the close of the year show that our consumption during the past year has been normal. There is no reason to urge a reduction in the consumption of sugar. What the American home should do is not to reduce the consumption of sugar but to reduce the cost of that consumption. This can be done by the simple expedient of buying more refined sugar and less manufactured sugar, such as candies, confections and sweet beverages. Hard stick candy of the old-fashioned type is almost pure sugar. The soft bonbons are often less than half sugar, the principal other component being water. Some of the most delicious soft confections that cost a dollar or more a pound contain at present less than six cents' worth of sugar. Taking confections as a class, sugar represents a small proportion of the cost. The balance is in flavors, colors, other ingredients, labor, overhead, tax, packing materials and profit. If confections are consumed with meals they are just as good as sugar. Sugar consumed between meals would probably be as bad as confections between meals. Nutritionally they are on a par, pound for pound, with the sugar contained; but they are not on a par, pound for pound, by price. The American home that wishes to cheapen the cost of the diet must use more sugar in the kitchen and on the table, and less of candies, confections and sweet drinks. There was a time when the American child was content with bread and butter, spread with sugar. This has been largely replaced by candy. We should eat more sugar in the dining room and less in the parlor. It is a question of price. American mothers will have to decide for themselves whether they wish to spend money the one way or save money the other.

Sugar should be cheaper this year than now. A large world crop is forecast, over 17,000,000 tons, which is 92% of the record world crop of 1913–1914. Every country in Europe, outside of Russia, has more beet sugar this year than last. Our forecast crop, mainland and islands, is 2,100,000 tons. In the present conditions of banking credits a growers' corner in Cuba is not to be feared. Only the United Kingdom and the small European neutral nations will enter the Cuban sugar market, and these only to a modest extent. Ocean freight rates are lower. The costs of refining are falling. And the costs of distribution—the spread between refiners' price and retail price—tend to return to the normal. Thus we may hope for a retail price of sugar approximately that of before the war.

Ice cream is not to be regarded as a confection in this sense. It is properly classified as a dairy product. The cream in ice cream has all the beneficial qualities of the fat in butter and in fluid milk. Like butter, cream and ice cream are much less perishable than whole milk. Though it may be conceded that with many individuals and in many families the use of ice cream is carried to an extreme, the stabilizing influence of the ice-cream industry upon milk production must not be underestimated. The expansion and stabilization of milk production are of such supreme importance that every factor contributory thereto must be regarded with favor.

The prewar consumption of beef and pork and their products in this country was approximately 157 pounds a year; about 23% of the total calories. For a number of reasons the statistical estimates were only approximate. In 1917–18 the average consumption was 145 pounds of beef and pork and their products. This was a year of meat conservation, and yet these figures are high in contrast to the prewar meat consumption in European countries; for example: 133 pounds for the United Kingdom; 116 pounds for Germany; 98 pounds for France; and 66 pounds for Italy. According to packing-house statistics the meat consumption during the last fiscal year has been somewhat larger than during the previous year; 5,057,000,000 pounds of beef against 4,409,000,000 pounds; and 4,718,000,000 pounds of pork against 4,335,000,000 pounds. The figures for the current year exhibit reductions.

The present situation is decidedly anomalous. We have 112% of a normal corn crop and large crops of all other animal feeds. The count of cattle has fallen 10%, and of swine 6%. The farmer is long on feed and short on animals. Exportation of meat products is falling. The farmer may be expected to feed hogs and cattle to heavier weights. This means better beef and poorer pork from the standpoint of public taste, because we prefer cuts from large cattle, and ham, bacon and fresh pork from small pigs. Feeding to larger weights will tend to make mess pork and lard cheap and bacon relatively expensive. When the farmer notes the cost of the animals to date, he does not wish to undertake to finish these animals for the market at lower prices than the present, even with the profusion of feed. Nevertheless, it seems certain that prices of livestock will continue to fall. It will not be possible to recoup in a maintained price for animals the heavy fall in the price of the coarse grains.

Why a Meat Diet Comes High

IT IS an injury to the interests of the farmer that deflation in prices of agricultural commodities could not have been tapered off; but the break has occurred and it is irreversible. Only a sharp increase in the consumption of meats would tend to hold up prices of cattle and hogs. A sharp increase in the consumption of meats cannot occur if the American family is to reduce the cost of the diet. Beef is a more expensive food than pork, because we eat so little of the fat of cattle. Practically all the fat of pork is consumed and its high energy value cheapens pork products greatly, compared to beef products. Whenever a fall occurs in the price of animal products a proportional saving in the diet will be accomplished without change of consumption. But if we wish to reduce the cost of the diet substantially we must do what the British have done—reduce the consumption of meat products.

Meat consumption in the United Kingdom in 1918–19 showed a reduction of 20% compared with 1909–13. This can be done without the slightest injury to the diet, but it will impose upon the housewife an increased burden of ingenuity in the preparation of food, since meat products must be stretched farther in the cuisine. The point of view here advanced does not suggest a reduction in the consumption of meat as a hygienic measure, merely as an economy. It is now much in vogue to denounce liberal consumption of meat as unhealthful. With this proposition, as a tenet of physiology, the writer is not in accord. But that a high meat consumption is expensive admits of no contradiction. It is expensive because the current American practice of basing animal production so largely upon grain feeding is wasteful, as a strictly agricultural procedure. When our agricultural authorities succeed in the efforts upon which they are now engaged, in bringing about the production of more feed calories per acre than can be secured with the current yields of corn, meat production will become cheaper. In proportion as meat production becomes cheaper, economic objections urged against high meat consumption disappear.

The fall in the prices of meat animals that occurred during the last months of 1920 was an expression of many factors. Feeds were cheap. Feeders could not secure credits. With prospective fall in values, stock was rushed to market with little or no preparation—what the market reports call short-fed or warmed-up animals, together with range stock, cows and canners. This meant a demoralization of prices. It also meant flooding the market with meats of poor quality. From now on better animals are to be expected, and in consequence further fall in prices may be delayed or the curve even reversed. The circumstances are laying the foundation for an animal shortage. The figure for the acreage of winter wheat suggests that the Southwestern farmer has little confidence in meat production.

(Continued on Page 113)

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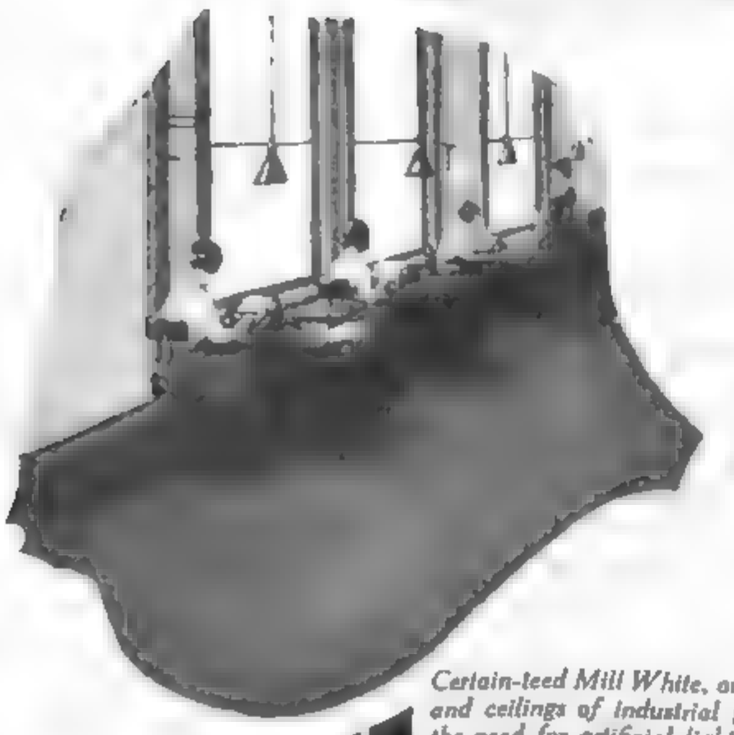

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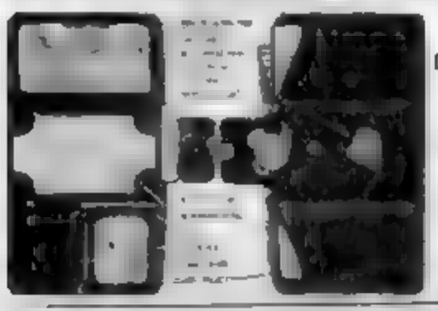

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(Concluded from Page 88)

A voter could use his vote in three ways: For a no-change resolution, which meant that public-house licenses would stay as they were; for a limiting resolution, which meant that licenses would be reduced by one-quarter; and for a no-license resolution, which meant that all licenses in the area should be revoked except in inns, hotels and restaurants. In order for a no-license resolution to be adopted 55 per cent of the votes cast had to be in favor of it instead of a bare majority, and this 55 per cent had to represent 35 per cent of the total number of registered voters. Votes cast for no-license, if no-license failed, were added to the votes for the limiting resolution; and a bare majority of the votes cast were sufficient to carry limitation—provided they represented 35 per cent of the registered voters.

The city of Glasgow was one of the first places in Scotland to vote. There are thirty-seven voting areas in Glasgow. Four of these areas—all of them suburban residential sections—went no-license by very narrow margins; nine more areas, also suburban, narrowly failed to get the required 55 per cent and went into the limitation column; and the remaining twenty-four areas, including all of the slum districts, voted firmly for no-change. Out of the 1604 licenses in the city only ninety-nine were suppressed.

The Glasgow Herald, leading morning paper of the city, commented on the result by remarking:

"It is especially disappointing that the working-class population has so consistently voted no-change. They are the chief sufferers from the culpably excessive manner in which temptations are crowded upon them: their homes are darkened, their lives embittered and their bairns impoverished by conditions which, however created and perpetuated, are now controllable by their own agency. It is a dismal reflection on democracy that, when the chance is offered for escape from Egyptian bondage, it cannot rise above habits that are enfeebling and always degrading."

Drys Not Downhearted

The temperance workers had made their hardest fight in Glasgow, and the result—to put it bluntly—was a complete fizzle. Not a single bad ward went dry; so that three years from now—and three years must, by the provisions of the temperance act, elapse before these same areas can vote again on the question—there will be no shining example of prohibition's benefits at which the drys can point with pride.

The drys declare that they are not downhearted. They say that their first year of voting brought them more and better results than were ever obtained in any country on a first local-option vote. They point proudly to the Glasgow figures—182,860 for no-change, 8449 for limitation and 142,328 for no-license. All they need to do, they point out, is to swing 10 per cent of the wets over to the dry side in order to effect a tremendous swing to the prohibition side of the fence. The same thing is true of all Scotland.

Two hundred and fifty-three voting areas had voted when I left Scotland. Two hundred and six had voted no-change; twenty-four had voted limitation and twenty-three had voted no-license

The wets had good explanations for all their losses. They were badly jolted when the town of Cambuslang, heavily populated by steel workers and miners, went dry. I asked them about it. They explained by saying that, in the first place, the laborers were peevish at the pub owners for not selling them all the liquor they wanted during the war, and that they had consequently voted no-license to spite the pub owners. In the second place, extreme labor agitators had got among the workmen and filled them with radical notions. The wets have it firmly fixed in their heads that the extremists see social unrest in prohibition, and that in social unrest the extremists see the desired revolution. Consequently the extremists use prohibition as the means to their end. Kilsyth, inhabited largely by coal miners and industrial workers, is a hotbed of extreme socialism, say the wets. It went dry, they claim, because the labor leaders openly preached using prohibition as a stepping stone to revolution. One ward in Clydebank, the big shipping town where the Aquitania was built, went dry. The wets swear that it was the one radical, red-hot Bolshevik ward in the town.

Auchterarder is a pleasant agricultural and fruit-growing town and is the home of Lord Haldane, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain when the Temperance (Scotland) Act became a law. Auchterarder turned up in the dry column. The name sounded intriguing, so I took it up with the wets.

"This place must be a hotbed of Bolsheviks, don't you think?" I asked them.

They doubted it.

"Then why is it dry?" I asked.

The master of explanations for the wets stepped briskly to the fore.

"In Auchterarder," he said, "they just simply couldn't see any reason for fear. They didn't think there was a possibility of the town going dry. Auchterarder was just like America, and that's why she got it in the throat, as you Americans say. Do you know, it wasn't until two weeks before the election that the liquor interests in Auchterarder made any sort of fight. What I mean, they wouldn't—just actually wouldn't! They couldn't conceive of anything going dry. There are four license holders in Auchterarder, and two of the beggars actually forgot to go and vote! Couldn't do a thing with them—what I mean. Then the ministers there are very strong—oh, very strong! And a residential district. Beastly situation, what?"

Perfect Teamwork

I went over to see the drys about Auchterarder. I ran into a conclave of Scotchmen who eyed me calmly.

"They tell me that the wets made no fight in Auchterarder," I informed them.

"Did they so?" replied one.

"I'm asking you," said I.

"They did," said the Scotchman. "They made a gude fight, if you want to call it that. They had the place fair covered with posters saying we intended to make Scotland a place where there'd be no smoking or dancing or football or theaters, and all the rest of their stuff. They held open-air meetings, and they called us as many names as they'd call us on Argyle Street."

"Then why did you win?" I asked.

"Well-nigh pairfect organization," replied the Scotchman. "Well-nigh pairfect organization."

His statement bears out—in part—a summing up which an unaffiliated resident of Glasgow made for me:

If Scotland had gone dry America would stay dry without any question. If America goes back to wetness, or even to dampness, there is scarcely any power on earth that can make Scotland dry. If America stays dry and the wets slacken their fight Scotland will go dry as sure as shooting in Central Europe. If the wets hadn't been so well organized Scotland would have gone dry in 1920. And if the drys ever have access to half as large a campaign fund as the wets—and America still stays dry—then farewell, Scotch whisky!

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"DRY" AMERICA HAS RAISED THE PRICE OF SUGAR TO ITS PRESENT HIGH FIGURE

because of her enormous increase in the use of so-called "temperance" drinks and candies.

IF THERE IS PROHIBITION IN THIS COUNTRY THE PRICE WILL RISE STILL HIGHER

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ALCOHOLIC DRINK causes

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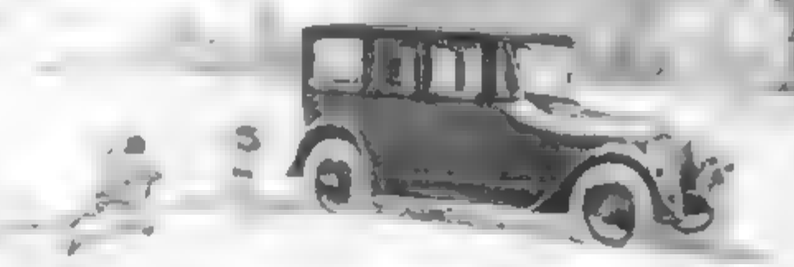

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Yet in all its history none of its products has found a more enthusiastic acceptance than the Oldsmobile Four.

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So sincere is our faith in its better value that we invite any test that will express to you by personal comparison the true worth of this fine car.

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EVERYTHING KNOWN IN MUSIC

FOUNDED 1864 CHICAGO

LYON & HEALY Apartment Grand Piano

NUMBER ONE

(Continued from Page 7)

"Oh, don't worry about the money for that," he would tell his fellow committeemen grandly. "I'll speak to my boy about it."

Thus committed, he was hard to hold at bay. Eben listened to a great deal of oratory in which filial duty was blended nicely with the socialistic gospel. On both of these bases it was advanced that his purse was properly the common property of the family at least. He came at length to buying intervals of peace by small concessions, but each of these hurt him shrewdly. And the idea of moving to Buxton was increasingly attractive as the pressure heightened.

"I'd do better among strangers," he told himself. "They expect a fellow to look out for Number One." And talking it over with Mr. Cutler, with whom he stood on terms of high mutual respect, he found this decision emphatically indorsed.

"You git away from relations, Eb. They're bound to git hungrier every time you git another dollar in the bank."

And followed by the unanimous censure of his kindred and neighbors, Eben Timlow moved, like many a wiser man, from the discomforts of the skillet to the consuming glow of the coals.

III

THE thing came about with incredible suddenness. He had not even considered it as a remote possibility—it was too absurdly impossible even to contemplate. Not even the multiplying straws in the wind had forewarned him. From the formal courtesy of breakfast-table greetings and after-supper converse in the boarding-house parlor he had progressed imperceptibly to the intimacy of first names and deliberate evening strolls in the park, and from these to Sunday-afternoon excursions in hired rowboats or in trolley cars to the beach, without once foreseeing the end of these concessions. He found himself caught in the rapids above the brink when there was no chance of toiling out of the current; when, to his amazement, he had not even a desire to save himself.

He could hear the drumbeat of his pulses in his ears as he waited. Something had happened to him between two instants—something tremendous, cataclysmic, which in the space of two uneven breaths had completely transformed Eben Timlow into somebody with whom he had no acquaintance. It wasn't the Eben Timlow he knew who waited, balanced on the lip of the abyss, for the plunge into resounding, misty depths—waited not with terror but with a hot, choking eagerness. He knew that he was going to fall, and yet his only emotion was one of impatience at his tongue for its paralysis. What was he waiting for? Words came in a stumbling, whispering rush, such words as he had never dreamed of speaking—rash, unqualified, irrevocable words. Some part of him stood back and listened, stunned, aghast, while this new Eben Timlow swept on to destruction—begged for it, indeed, heedless and helpless, in a starry spring dusk. And then a silence, while he seemed to stop living and wait again. And then a cool, happy little laugh and a light hand against his own, and Edith's whisper coming to him:

"If you really want me ——"

He seemed to thrust an agonized, protesting Number One out of his way; a Number One which pleaded with him to stop and think before he answered that half question; which shrieked at him that he didn't really want her; which reminded him that wives were more pizen than relations when it came to dreening money out of a man's pocket. He trampled joyously on this interloper, hating him savagely, despising him for even remembering money at a time like this. As if Edith were to be measured by pennies and dollars, weighed against them, like a bill of steel!

Presently, however, Number One picked himself out of the dust and renewed the battle, intruding on exchanging confidences concerning the exact day and hour and minute when he had begun to care, a vital question demanding all a fellow's attention.

"Yah!" chanted this enemy cunningly. "You're a nice one to be telling a girl you'll make her happy! A pig-selfish guy like you! Say you love her, when you know darned well you're going to treat her like a stepchild! What did Aunt Minnie tell you, anyway? Wasn't she always saying you'd make some girl the miserablest woman alive? Go on!"

The taunt cut deep into Eben Timlow's blurred emotions. It was true. A man as intently selfish as he'd always been hadn't any right to ask a girl—any girl—to put her life and happiness into his keeping. Edith didn't know him. She was buying a pig in a poke—literally. He ought to have waited until she knew him as he truly was; until there wasn't any question of her self-deception. Only, if she knew she'd have said no instead of yes, and even the thought of that had a mysterious power to freeze him. Between Edith and Number One not even Eben Timlow could hesitate. He trampled on his enemy again.

"I'll show 'em!" He set his teeth on the silent resolve. "I'll show 'em whether I'm selfish! I can be what I want to be, and I'll make her happy in spite of myself. I'll never think about Number One again as long as I live."

"Yah!" said Number One. "You wait."

But Eben Timlow, assuring Edith that he had known it from the first minute—when Mrs. Cafferty introduced them, you know—had turned his back forever on his other self. His ears were closed. Selfish? A man who had just been told that Edith didn't believe in long engagements, and that if he truly wanted her there wasn't any reason why they should wait. The thing wasn't thinkable. This Eben Timlow couldn't help being so generous that even Aunt Minnie would admire him.

Later, however, reviewing the miracle in the gaslight of his thrifty bedroom, he saw that he must be on guard; that reformation was not accomplished in a single, instantaneous upheaval, but by slow, patient strivings. He must remake himself by taking thought constantly. He must be alert for the old impulses, to crush them whenever they dared to lift their heads. If he yielded ever so little they would reconquer him. And Edith—he saw her suddenly, drooping, tearful, the wretched wife of the Eben Timlow of Aunt Minnie's prophecies. Never! Anything but that!

He had already begun the job. Edith knew exactly how his affairs stood; how much he had in the bank; how much the profits from the business amounted to; what, conservatively estimated, its future yields should be. All his instincts had been outraged by the confession, and he had taken a fierce pleasure in their protests. Whatever he had was going to belong to Edith just as much as to himself. She had as much right as he to information about it. Besides, it was undeniably pleasant to observe her admiring surprise. She wasn't mercenary, but of course it must have pleased her to find that the hard-working, economical fellow with whom she had fallen in love was a fairly prosperous citizen in disguise. He could understand that easily enough.

"And you did it all yourself!" She approved of him with eye and voice. "That's the wonderful part of it! Nobody helped you!"

Eben thought guiltily that this made it unanimous. Nobody had helped him and he had helped nobody. She must never suspect the other half of the truth. He confirmed his mental vows every time he saw her. She must never know him for what he had been—never!

He discovered in the first experiments that there was a compensation in unselfishness, an emotional reaction very much like what Aunt Minnie had vainly promised him. Those afternoon excursions to inspect flats, for instance—he found it mysteriously intoxicating to wave a contemptuous hand at the topic of rentals, to insist that all he cared about was Edith's satisfaction. When she finally chose one he signed the lease magnificently without barter.

"You ought not to be so easy about money," Edith told him afterward. "I could have made them take ten dollars off that rent if you'd left it to me."

He felt his spirit swelling grandly. She actually saw him as a spendthrift. His reform was already bearing fruit. He shrugged and smiled, as if to say that ten dollars more or less was a matter of infinitesimal importance. He accepted her mild scoldings happily as they shopped for furniture and rugs and silver. Always it was she who chaffered skillfully for the bargain, always he who voted in favor of the choice which cost most. He could see that these exhibitions of prodigality impressed her. And there was a growing allure in the business. To spend without stint became almost a subtle vice with him. The pang of parting with money only accentuated the sensations of grandeur in his expanding soul.

It was his idea to go to Edith's home for the wedding—a scheme which Edith mentioned only to reject it as involving unnecessary expense. The phrase settled it for Eben. She wanted to be married at home or she wouldn't have spoken of it at all. He overruled her protests thereafter. He decided breathlessly to plunge gloriously in the matter of that wedding—to bring to it, at his private expense, his entire household. The agonized expostulations of Number One spiced the enterprise with the flavor of sinfulness. He went out to Moravia to explode his sensation, hugging the consciousness of regal extravagance. They all thought he was a tightwad, did they? Well, he'd show them!

He did. At first inclined to view his project as another symptom of meditated selfishness, Laura and Elsie were visibly awed by his careless approval of estimates submitted in the matter of wardrobe. Aunt Minnie, after sentimental inquiries concerning Edith and the exact nature of his emotions, declared that she had always hoped for precisely this melting effect of matrimony, and surrounded him with the caressing sweetness of her ancient manner. Arthur Timlow, discussing marriage in its social and economic aspects, borrowed fifty dollars so easily that he seemed to suspect the reality of the bills.

"You've changed, Eben," was Aunt Minnie's final admonition, "but you must be very, very careful to guard against your old habits. The dear girl who's giving you herself doesn't know how hard you can be. You must never let her find out."

"Don't you worry about that, Aunt Minnie. I like it—just the way you said I would. It's lots more fun doing things for other people than for yourself. I'll never go back."

The wedding was almost spectacular. It was obvious that Edith's relatives regarded her as extraordinarily lucky. The magnificence of Elsie and Laura and the imposing, silken bulk of Aunt Minnie carried conviction to everybody who squeezed into the church or was invited to the splendors of the reception afterward. The clippings from the weekly paper which caught up with Eben and Edith on their circuit of New York and Washington referred to the groom as wealthy, successful, prominent, able. They spoke of his connections with the lip-smackings of envy.

"Well, we did it up right while we were at it, didn't we?"

Edith looked sober under the gratification normal to the circumstances.

"Yes, but we spent a frightful lot of money, Eben. We've got to settle down and begin saving again."

"Oh, that's all right! I guess I can make enough to take care of us." Eben snapped his fingers at the future. "And it's fun to cut loose like that."

Edith conceded the force of this, with reservations. She became more and more businesslike as the tickets shortened. It was her idea to open a joint bank account, so that there should be no financial secrets between them.

"I've thought a great deal about it, Eben. If we keep our money together each of us will be a little more careful about spending it. We'll be a kind of double-acting check on each other."

Eben assented carelessly. She would have a better chance to see how generous he was with this bird's-eye view of his spendings. He wouldn't have to advertise his liberality. It was a good plan.

"I know you're a perfect peach," she continued, her eyes softening perceptibly, "but I'm worried about you because of that very thing. You're so kind-hearted and generous that I'm afraid people are going to take advantage of you."

Eben's cup overflowed. Make her unhappy by his selfishness? Why, she was actually alarmed because he wasn't selfish enough.

IV

HENRY POPE was plainly uncomfortable in the office. He slouched forward in the chair beside Eben's desk, his shirt-sleeved arms on his thighs, his face

(Continued on Page 98)

Economy in Good Dressing

By wearing Simmons Watch Chains you can avoid monotony in dress at little expense. They are every bit as good-looking as solid gold chains but cost less. Their solid gold surface produced by the exclusive Simmons process insures durability.

With dark clothes you will like the graceful, long-linked chains; with lighter, more informal suits the heavier, stockier links. See Simmons Chains at your jewellers' and you'll know why so many well dressed men choose them.

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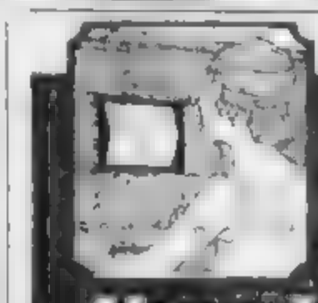

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"The firm will never miss it"

Could this happen in your own stock room?

Ed Stacy (of course that isn't his real name) was only getting thirty-five a week, but he bought a little car and then a bigger one, and after a while he began talking about his house and inviting the boys over for a game once a week.

Ed had been chief stockkeeper for several years in a well known automobile accessory house located in the middle west. Everybody liked him and it hadn't occurred to the general manager to try to check up the reason why purchases of parts in one or two lines sometimes seemed heavier than was called for, and the parts account was getting to represent a good many thousand dollars.

When it came to a show down, Ed was given an extended vacation and it was decided to put in some sort of a stockkeeping system.

About this time a Burroughs salesman came around and, learning the condition of affairs, offered to show, with the aid of a Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine, how they could keep a daily balance on all the parts and accessories in stock, the items and values in detail on separate sheets in a loose leaf ledger and the totals of all carried on a control sheet.

The outcome of the matter was that a Burroughs Machine was purchased and a simple method of stockkeeping applied that put an end to the troubles in the stock room.

Their Burroughs (a Commercial Bookkeeping Machine) gives an accurate check at all times on the stockkeeper; it gives proof and constant balances on all items of stock, makes it easy to carry a perpetual inventory that can be checked up at frequent intervals, shows what is on order and places responsibility for all deliveries.

Minimum stock requirements are established for each item, which prevents an overstock of any part. Also annoyance of customers is avoided, as no promises are made to ship parts that later are found to be out of stock. Thus the machine makes it possible to give better service to customers than ever was the case before.

This concern was so well pleased with the operation of the system that the manager has recommended the system and equipment to his friends, with the result that fifteen of these have already bought Burroughs Machines and installed the same system.

Your stock record problem is probably different from the one given here, but Burroughs accuracy, speed and the daily check on every item in stock can be applied to your work just as easily as it has been done in hundreds of other businesses. Just get in touch with the nearest Burroughs office and let them show you how a Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine will help you to keep accurate records in your stock room.

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BESIDES Bookkeeping Machines, the Burroughs Adding Machine Company manufactures Adding and Calculating Machines of many styles and sizes, among which can be found a machine that will fit the need of any business, large or small. Talk it over with your banker (who knows the value of figure records), or call up a Burroughs representative and let him help you with your accounting problems.

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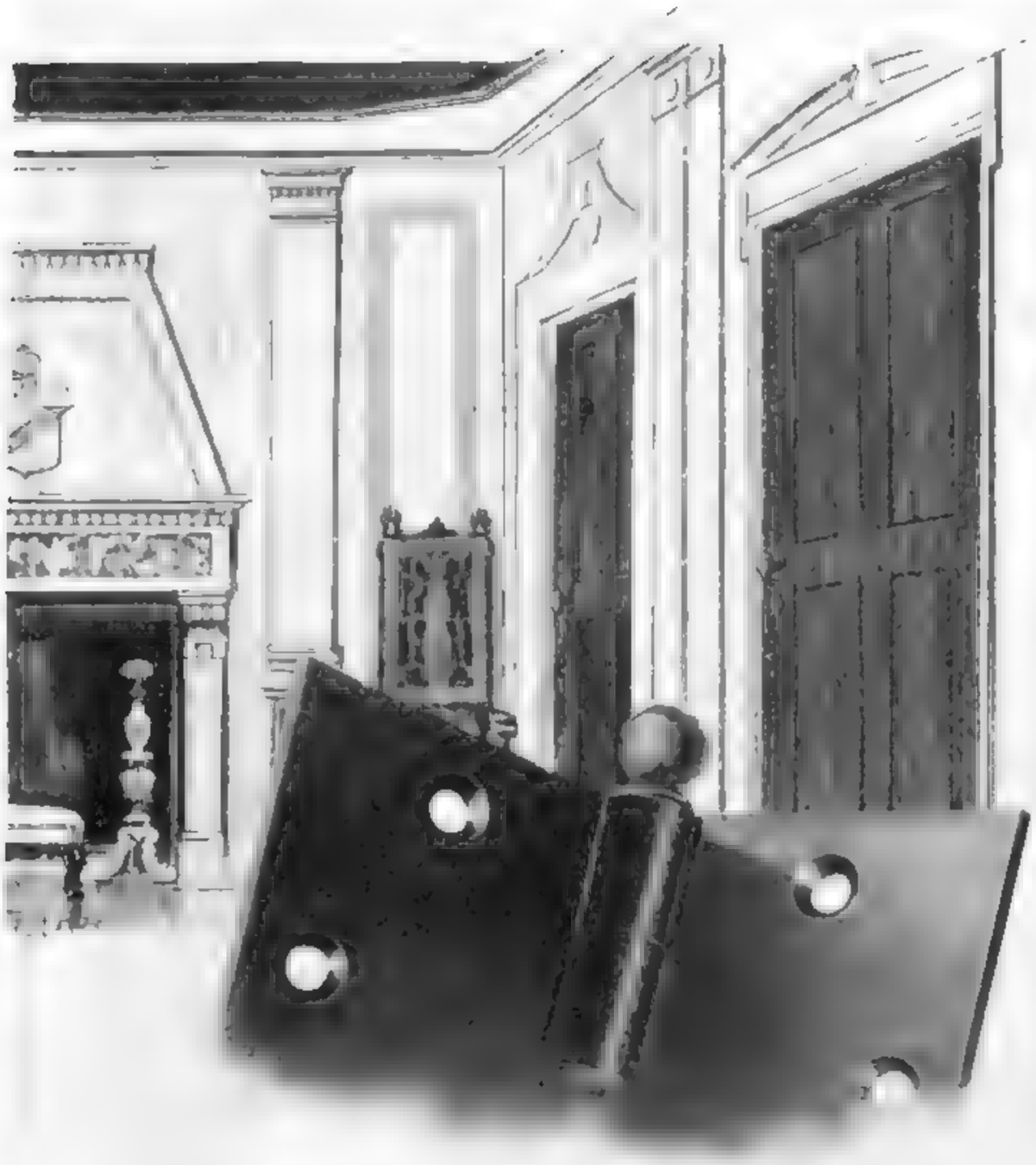
Adding – Bookkeeping – Calculating Machines

ADDING
Burroughs Adding and Listing Machines are built in different models of various size to fit the needs of any kind of business, large or small.
BOOKKEEPING
Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines post ledgers and other important records with the automatic accuracy and speed of machine methods.
CALCULATING
Burroughs Calculators add, multiply, subtract and divide without printing the figures—giving completed results in the shortest possible time.
Burroughs
Adding – Bookkeeping – Calculating Machines



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McKinney Anti-Friction Butts are designed particularly for heavy work. Every day on millions of doors they prove their worth by work effectively done in silence. Other McKinney Hinges and Butts have been designed with equal thought for the task to be performed. From the smallest to the largest, they combine true craftsmanship with practical every day usefulness.

The first McKinney Hinge was introduced more than fifty years ago. The millions that have followed since all represent the effort of the McKinney Manufacturing Company to make a good and substantial product. Today McKinney Hinges set a standard by which all hinges may be fairly judged.

The selection of hinges for the home is clearly presented in a booklet for your convenience. You will also be interested in another booklet on hardware for garage doors of all kinds. These booklets will be sent you upon request.

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Hinges and Butts

Also manufacturers of garage and farm building door-hardware, furniture hardware and McKinney One-Man Trucks. These McKinney One-Man Trucks eliminate the need of extra helpers and cut trucking costs in half.

(Continued from Page 95)

vaguely apprehensive. Eben, surveying him with eyes from which the scales of selfishness had fallen, felt a sharp stab of reproach. If he'd been decently generous with Henry from the beginning they'd still be equal partners. Pope would have shared his prosperity instead of degenerating into what he was—a contented underling working for a wage. He thought of Henry's home in the dreary new subdivision beyond the plant; of Henry's wife, sharp faced and sharper tongued. He'd made them what they were.

"Henry, you ought to be part owner in this business," he declared. "I want you to have an interest."

Pope looked alarmed.

"I'm all right the way things is fixed, Eb. I never was a great hand to run things. And I ain't got any cash I could spare f'r buyin' stock."

Eben shook his head.

"I wasn't thinking of selling you an interest," he said. "I thought I'd make you a present of a few shares. We started in together, and I don't feel right about your not having some split in the profits."

Pope opened his eyes. Eben saw doubt in them. He had never given Henry any reason to expect generosity. It was natural enough for him to look this gift horse very carefully in the mouth. The Eben Timlow of Pope's acquaintance would never have given away anything except a liability. He explained patiently, until Pope was convinced.

"Well, that's almighty nice of you, Eb. I always did sorta feel like I'd ought to of kept holt o' my half."

They shook hands on the bargain, and Eben passed over the certificate he had already prepared. He was exceedingly pleased with himself as Pope shuffled out to the shop with less stoop in his shoulders than he had brought in. This was living up to his resolves. Being unselfish with Edith wasn't enough. A fellow had to do it on a bigger scale to get the full benefit. He imagined Henry telling the news at supper in the dismal house, with his hatchet-faced wife listening. It was a great idea, this unselfishness. You got more fun out of it than you could possibly get out of watching your bank account swell. Aunt Minnie was absolutely right.

He told Edith about it that evening. Usually his entries in their common check book informed her of his benefactions, but this one required announcement.

"You ought to have seen the way he looked, Edith! Chirked right up, you know. I ought to have done it before."

"Did you treat him unfairly when you bought him out?" She looked thoughtful. "Did he have any right to complain, I mean?"

"Why, no!" Eben was instantly on guard. She mustn't dream that he hadn't always been the open-handed Eben she'd married. "He thought he was getting the best of me when he sold—used to laugh about it. He didn't think the business was worth what I paid him for his half of it, and it wasn't—then. That was before I hit the notion of making those siren signals instead of the bells we used to turn out. We've made our money since."

"Then I don't see why you should have given him back his interest. He certainly ought to pay you what you paid him at least."

Eben laughed.

"Oh, that wasn't enough to worry about! It wouldn't do me any good, and it would be hard for Henry to scrape it up. I'd rather put it as a gift anyway. It feels better."

She dropped the subject rather significantly.

Eben was dimly uncomfortable. He felt that Edith didn't approve. For a moment the thought came to him that perhaps she was just a little bit selfish herself! He ejected it sternly. Edith!

But it returned later when she looked up from the check book.

"Eben, you paid too much for that ring you gave me on my birthday. You ought not to be so extravagant."

"Shucks! I guess I can buy my wife a present now and then if I want to."

She tapped the penholder against her teeth.

"Yes. But—but, after all, it's not exactly a present, is it? You paid for it out of our joint account, you see. So that I paid for half of it indirectly. And I don't feel that I can afford to buy myself jewelry, Eben."

He was hurt. She came to him quickly.

"Oh, don't think I mean it complainingly. I know you wanted to make me happy. But—but you see, Eben, it isn't the money value of a gift that does that it's the fact that you remembered. And I'd honestly rather have you give me little things—flowers, sometimes, or books, or things for the house. Don't you see, dear?"

"All right." He tried to look as if she hadn't wounded him. "I only wanted to show you how I felt."

"I know. And you can do that with any little trifle, Eben. I know how generous you are; you needn't ever prove it."

He beamed again. So far, anyway, he'd succeeded better than he'd hoped. His rooted selfishness was completely unsuspected. And his business instinct told him that there was justice in her position. After all, she'd paid for half that ring, and as long as she was paying her share of the price she certainly had a right to a voice in the transaction. But he remembered uneasily the look in her eyes as she had talked. It reminded him, against his will, of the expression he had seen when he surveyed his reflection in the glass before the days of his reform. If Edith were selfish! But she couldn't be! Selfish people made those who loved them miserable, and Edith hadn't done that to him.

He trod resolutely on the doubt of her. Edith was perfect. It was just his imagination.

He persevered in his well-doing intelligently, watching himself for the slightest sign of a relapse. Even in business there were opportunities for generosity which he had never recognized. He found a distinct pleasure in canceling an overdue account here and there when the customer confessed financial troubles. He enjoyed giving an order to a hopeful young salesman who didn't dare to cut his prices as his predecessor had always done under suitable duress, and who looked so miserable at the prospect of losing the business that Eben couldn't bear to stand his ground. He allowed several employees to raise their wages against his judgment of their net cash value to the firm. And each of these experiments confirmed him in the belief that he who looks out for Number One misses the better part of life. He learned swiftly to be on the watch for an opening, to bask luxuriously in the warmth of his consequent self-approval.

He relented splendidly in the matter of Joe Turnbull, who presently carried Elsie off to the bungalow constructed and furnished with Eben's loan. He provided Laura with the furs for which she continued to yearn. He responded to Aunt Minnie's fervent appeals in behalf of Moravia's misfortunate. He chuckled as he supplied the funds with which Arthur Timlow paid his way into partnership in the real-estate enterprise of Mr. Augustus Poley. Mr. Timlow's compromise with his principles was diverting to his son; to traffic in the private ownership of land required a considerable departure from the tenets of his cart-tail creed.

"Of course I'll have to keep an eye on the business for him," said Eben, relating the episode to Edith. "Poley's honest, but he simply can't make money, and as for father, he's absolutely incompetent about any business except spellbinding. But I'll give 'em a lift now and then, and they may make a go of it yet."

Edith said nothing. He observed that she looked queer. There wasn't any expression at all in her face, except that her lips were rather tight, as if it required an effort to refrain from speech.

"You—you don't mind my doing things for my people, do you, Edie? After all——"

"I"—she stopped on the syllable; there was a pause—"it's your family, Eben. You must do as you think best, of course."

The tone worried him. It was too sweet. He couldn't help feeling that she didn't approve; that she saw these gifts of his with an unfriendly, coveting eye. Thinking it over privately, he found a certain justification. After all, he'd been emphatic about their having their property in common. It was in some sense Edith's money which he was lavishing on his relatives and their protégés, and she couldn't be expected to feel toward them as he did. Yes, there was some excuse for her objecting—if she did object. He meditated. Suppose he evened things by helping her family a bit. The idea was instantly appealing. It would be even more unselfish to lend a hand to an in-law than to endow a blood kinsman. He went over the list

(Continued on Page 101)

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PEET BROS. MFG. CO.

KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO

John Henry and the Restless Sex

By EARL DERR BIGGERS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

IN THE far-off, placid days, when woman's place was still the home, the love story was a much less complicated affair. Then Grace or Mabel or Genevieve, returning from the school that had finished her, curled up on a sofa in the parlor in the genial company of a box of chocolates and a copy of When Knighthood Was in Flower. There she waited, disturbed only by the occasional rattle of dishes manipulated by mother in the kitchen.

Between this dear girl and the grave intervened but a single possibility—the arrival of the young knight on his milk-white charger. At the first faint sound of Cupid paging her she leaped to her feet, rearranged her hair and ran out on the porch with open arms. Unless the competition happened to be unusually keen the knight had little difficulty in persuading her to desert the parlor. She had never liked the wall paper, anyhow. The first thing father knew he was paying for a trousseau and sweeping rice off the front walk.

But times have altered. The parlor is deserted. Grace and Genevieve and Mabel are abroad in the marts of trade, and doing very well, thank you. The young man who would catch the eye of one of them must swap his charger for a touring car—and he must be able in argument. Can he persuade his lady that matrimony offers the same thrills and excitement as a good job downtown? Can he prove his ability to support her in the style to which she has been accustomed by her own weekly pay envelope?

In the long list of stumbling-blocks that may detain the eager lover that pay envelope has taken its place, the greatest of them all. The handsome commoner who fell for the Crown Princess of Ruritania had considerable chasm to span. The poor but honest ribbon clerk who adored the millionaire's only daughter was in for a bit of bridge building. But in all history there has been no such gulf as this—the frowning, impassable gulf between the young man who gets forty dollars a week and the girl of his choice in the same office who is getting sixty.

On the worried side of such a gulf John Henry Jackson sat at his desk in the office of the Phœnix Advertising Agency. A tall young man of twenty-five or so with keen blue eyes—not bad-looking, if you came right down to it. In fact, had the Phœnix people paid young men according to their looks—but they didn't. They had it on a more sordid basis, and forty a week was regarded as good money for a copy writer new to the game.

John Henry glanced across to the desk that stood just outside the door marked "George H. Camby, President." There she sat, on the pleasanter side of the chasm, Miss Myra Dalton, old Camby's secretary. Affectionately John Henry regarded the back of that head, which was, he knew, fairly buzzing with efficiency. Somewhere around on the other side shone her face, very lovely, but at the moment stern and preoccupied.

For these were business hours, and how she reveled in them! Not because she was decorative did old Camby pay her that sixty a week. The best secretary in town, said Camby, who was no idle boaster. She was, too. She had that passion for detail, for accuracy, which is the vice of so many otherwise charming women. And dog-gone it, reflected John Henry, how she loved her job!

Only the night before he had taken her to dinner—a strained moment when he paid the check—and then to the theater, seats down in front, an extravagance she could have managed so much more easily. The play was a sort of holdover from an earlier day, when the mating of man and maid was a matter of moonlight and soft glances, strong arms that clasped and fair cheeks mantling with blushes. It had thrown John Henry a little off his balance.

A Frivolous-Looking Woman Appeared With Two Children, Whom She Desired to Leave While She Attended a Bridge

They decided to dispense with the crowded trolleys and walked home. Up above shone a cold October moon in a setting of bright, glittering stars. What the play had begun the heavens now completed. John Henry went quite mad. He resolved to turn back the clock, ignore the chasm, put his fate to one supreme test.

"It's a wonderful night, isn't it?" he began. "Just look at that moon!"

"Cold, though," said Myra. "Do you think Mr. Camby will land that new chewing-gum account?"

"I—I don't know. How should I?" John Henry's ardor cooled. "Can't you forget Camby—on a night like this?"

"I can't forget my work. I love it."

"Silly old work!" sneered John Henry jealously.

"If you feel that way," she rebuked, "you'll never get on."

"Perhaps not. But aren't there other things in life besides getting on? In that play to-night ——"

"Oh, yes—the play! Very nice. Very pretty—but fifty years behind the times."

John Henry made no answer. Twenty minutes later at her door he said good night, himself as chill and distant as the moon.

Now in the cold gray light of the morning after he was glad she had foiled his purpose. After all, some gulfs were not so easily bridged. A man might ask a girl to desert all her loved ones, to go with him to a far land, to make his people her people, his life her life. But could he ask her to exchange two hundred and forty dollars a month for a half interest in one hundred and sixty—with apartment rents where they were? Well, hardly!

There was, John Henry reflected, only one way by which he could span the chasm. He must climb and climb until he had passed her on the pay roll. Even then, he felt, it would be no easy matter to alienate her affections from her job, but without that advantage on his side the attempt was impossible. Not that he thought her mercenary, but she was a business woman—she faced facts.

John Henry looked about the office of the Phœnix agency, which must be the scene of his triumph. His heart sank. How was he to rise above these other men, all faithful, clever, industrious? Why, it would take years! And he was young, impatient.

He thought of the business stories he had read in magazines. There it was always so simple for the young hero in need of immediate cash to deliver. He merely snooped around the business until he found a flaw in it, then he went boldly to the boss and began, "Now lookit here, Mr. Blank ——"

The boss would hear him out with increasing admiration, and in the end make him treasurer of the concern.

John Henry smiled. He pictured himself setting Camby right on the business. In many ways Camby was a regular business man. He took three hours for lunch, eating more than was good for him, then smoking big black cigars and outlining impossible schemes on the tablecloth with a fork. When at the office he was always in an important conference. Miss Dalton would open his door and hear him saying: "You know that third hole out at Idlewild? Well, I got a long clean drive off the tee ——"

Whereupon she would close the door softly and solemnly announce: "Mr. Camby is in an important conference. He mustn't be disturbed."

Yes, Camby was the regular type. But in one way he appeared to differ from the business men of the stories. He knew more about his business than even the lowest man on his pay roll. It was inconsiderate of him, but it was true.

Sighing, John Henry began to scribble on the pad of paper before him. He gave little thought to what he was doing:

ALL ABOARD FOR HAPPINESS!
CHOO-CHOO GUM,
FIVE CENTS A RIDE

He read it over, laughed, and copied it out under the heading, "Memorandum for Mr. Camby." Rising, he walked over and laid the yellow slip on Miss Dalton's desk.

"Please give it to the chief," he directed.

"He's in an important ——"

"—— conference. I know. But when he holes out on the eighteenth hand him this message from his faithful slave."

Miss Dalton's face rebuked him. She did not approve of such levity in business hours. But John Henry only laughed, and went out to lunch. He forgot all about his childish memorandum.

Some days later George H. Camby, returning from lunch, picked up John Henry in the outer room of the agency and escorted him into the sacred precincts.

"Sit down," directed the eminent president.

He removed his overcoat, releasing from undeserved obscurity a prominent stomach. Rubbing his hands briskly as a sign that he was back on the job and all was consequently well with the world, he took his place behind his desk and picked up a yellow slip of paper.

STABILITY is the keynote of White value, stability of the maker, of the product, of its quality and price, of owner service, of the truck itself. It is a *sound* investment.

THE WHITE COMPANY

CLEVELAND

(Continued from Page 98)

of Edith's people whose affairs had been revealed to him.

Most of them were disappointingly self-sufficient. Her brothers were doing very well with their lumber business. They weren't the sort to whom a brother-in-law could venture offers of help, either. Bill would be sore if anybody tried to patronize him. And her father had a good practice—mighty good, considering that he'd been a country doctor all his life. He considered uncles and cousins, oppressed by the fact that Edith's clan seemed to lack anything resembling a lame duck in the matter of finance. There wasn't any way of balancing the account between the families, and it was perfectly fair for Edith to look askance at his one-sided charities under such conditions.

He was therefore positively delighted when young Don Bender called on him, elaborately cordial in a key which Eben's ear instantly identified. He didn't wait for Don to reach his climax by the indirect and gradual approach. He asked him outright what could be done for him, and Don's pleased confession that he required a small loan was like music in his ears. He gave him fifty dollars instead of the twenty-five he asked for, and folded the note which Don insisted on signing with a happy inspiration. He'd let Edith find it out for herself instead of telling her. He'd take the note home and leave it in the desk, where she'd stumble on it sooner or later.

"Any time I can help you out you come straight to me," he told Bender. "I'm always glad to do what I can for Edith's people."

Bender was refreshingly willing to take this at its face value. He borrowed liberally in small amounts, and he was so grateful that Eben came to look forward to his visits almost with impatience. A young fellow trying to make a living out of the law needed backing. He'd be responsible for Don's success in a way. It would be a fine surprise for Edith when she found it out. Her cousin's career founded on her husband's secret aid! He had a fine collection of notes in the drawer now. Don's borrowings amounted to a bit more than a thousand, and he hadn't done anything for his own people for quite a while either. The account was measurably nearer a balance.

He found it necessary to run out to Moravia rather often, however, to lend a hand in his father's business. Poley and Timlow needed a good deal of hard-headed advice, as he had anticipated, and now and then his assistance enabled the firm to close a deal which without him would have fallen through. It was fun in a way to leave his own business for a day and plunge into a different line and scene, and there was a kind of pleasure in showing his father and Poley how to handle their affairs, in accepting their thanks and their admiration when he succeeded. With his aid the business managed to survive. It yielded a microscopic income to both partners, and permitted Arthur Timlow to run off occasionally on the affairs of his party. This always pleased Eben immensely. He was not only earning a little money for his father, but he was giving him the bliss of hearing his own platform oratory, and he was doing it without spending any of Edith's money too.

He helped Joe Turnbull a good deal on these excursions. Joe was finding the hardware business rather more complicated as a proprietor than he had considered it from behind the counter, and there were times when if it hadn't been for Eben's intervention the creditors would have been excusably nervous.

This sort of thing was even more gratifying than giving money, Eben discovered. It made him feel remarkably competent somehow to step into Joe's store and bring order out of confusion, to close a deal in farm lands which Poley and Timlow had left in the air. On one of these errands he encountered Mr. Cutler, whose holdings had steadily increased during the years, and who bought the old Fanshaw place at Eben's figure after a long afternoon of debate.

When the papers had been signed and the check passed, Mr. Cutler's mood expanded slightly.

"Sharp as they make 'em," he declared. "Come out here f'r a rest and pick up a tidy penny out'n me!"

"Not a cent," said Eben. "I just ran out to help father close the deal. There's nothing in it for me."

Mr. Cutler inspected him, clearly skeptical. Eben's eye seemed to convince him.

"Not even expenses?"

"Nothing at all."

"Thought you had a fine business of your own to tend to."

"It doesn't need all my time, I guess," Eben grinned.

Mr. Cutler lifted himself to his feet, one hand helping his spine in the laborious job of straightening. He surveyed Eben intently.

"Bub, a business that don't need all the time you got ain't wuth none of it," he announced oracularly.

Eben watched him stump away, a little displeased by the words and tone. They were spoken, he felt, more in sadness than in scorn, and he hadn't quite outgrown his respect for Mr. Cutler's views. He went back to Buxton in a thoughtful mood.

After all, he hadn't done anything that Poley couldn't have done, or Arthur Timlow himself, for that matter. Either of them, if circumstances had been suitably compelling, could have sold that land to Mr. Cutler. He was aware of a slight irritation toward them both. They'd got into the habit of calling on him for help when they didn't need it. Here, with a chance to pick up eighty-odd dollars in commissions, Arthur Timlow had gone off to Syrchester on some socialistic enterprise and left it to Eben to earn the money for him. And Augustus Poley had suggested that if he could get out again pretty soon he might be able to put over a pending transaction in unimproved town lots which was hanging fire without him. Darn them, they seemed to think they had a mortgage on him. They actually expected him to leave his own affairs and look after theirs.

For the first time since his reform Eben Timlow listened with sympathy to the reproaches of Number One.

v

"I THOUGHT I'd like to sell you back that stock you give me, Eb." Henry Pope spoke apologetically, but there was a note as of grievance in his voice. Eben scowled.

"I don't want to buy it, Henry. I gave it to you because I wanted you to have a share in the profits. What's the matter? Hard up again?"

Pope nodded.

"I knowed it would work out like that," he said. "Reenie didn't mind livin' cheap when I was just foreman, but soon's I got some stock she was bound to put on style. I guess mebbe we'll git along better the way things was. Wages is all right, some ways. A feller knows where he's at. You take'n' buy them shares back, Eb. I ain't askin' much f'r 'em."

Eben reached for his check book. Something in Pope's final remark carried an arresting inference to his brain. He looked up.

"Why not? They're worth ——"

"They ain't worth it to me, Eb. Reenie, she's got it in her head't they're goin' to show us all kinds o' profit, an' she aims to spend it afore she gits it. I know they ain't goin' to pay nothin'—and I been in debt enough f'r the rest of my life."

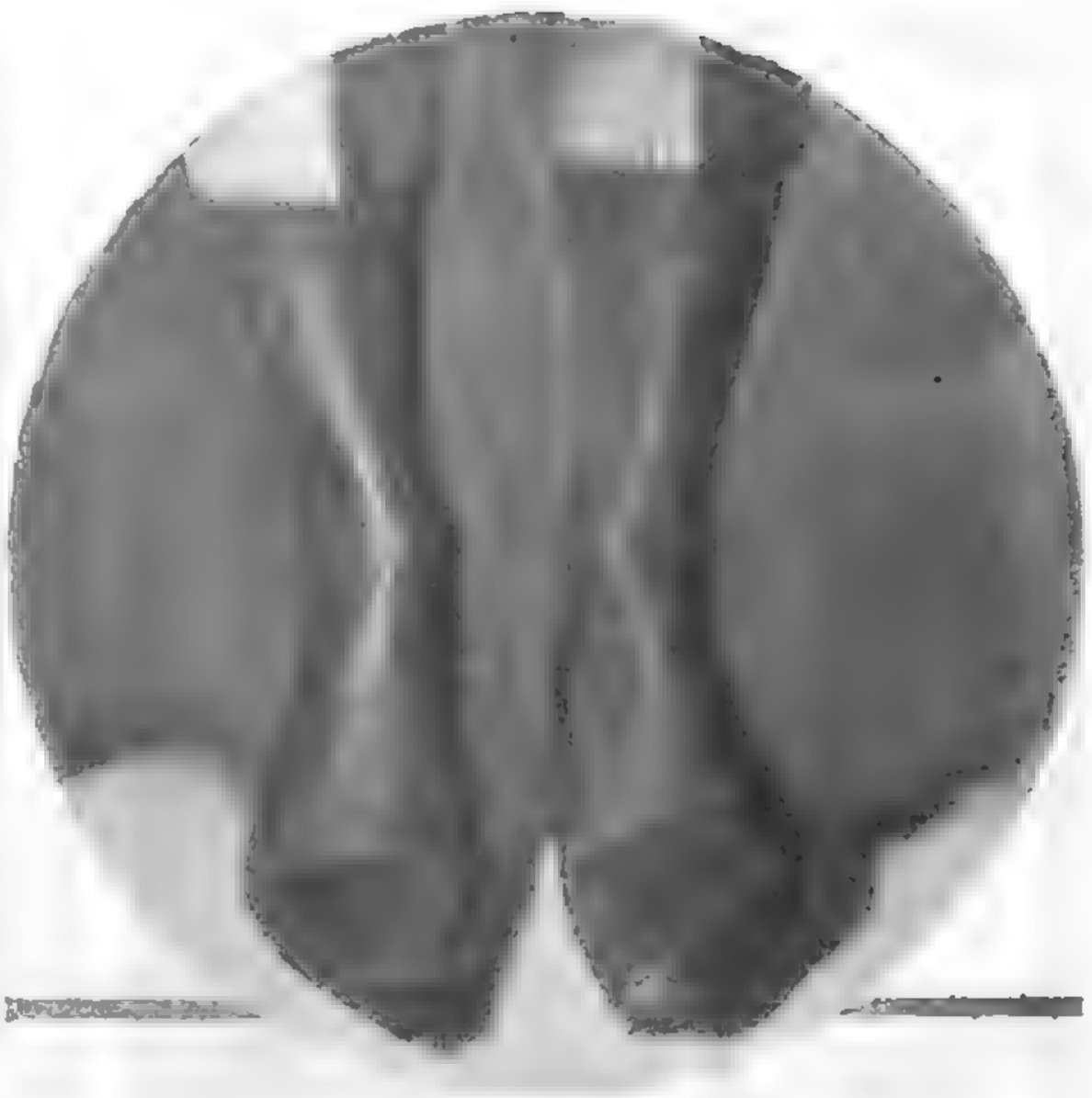
"Nothing? Why, we'll earn ——"

"Not this year, you won't. You take a look at the sales sheets, Eb. We been fallin' off steady. We ain't runnin' at a profit right now."

Eben laughed, but a sobering memory of lost orders came to him in time to cut the sound rather short. He bought Pope's shares at a fair figure and plunged into calculations. They startled him. Pope was right; the shop was running at a loss. The volume of business didn't justify the overhead. And he'd been playing Providence while his own affairs went wrong, fancying himself a philanthropist. He thought of Mr. Cutler, and was queerly ashamed. Mr. Cutler had been right about it—a business which didn't need all a man's strength wasn't a good business. And yet—he shook his head over the puzzle. Either you were selfish and made people miserable, or you went broke while you made them happy. He was absorbed in contemplation of this dismal choice when Edith came in. Instantly he forgot all about everything except the anger in her look. She had never before revealed any such expression. He met her accusing eye as bravely as he could and waited for enlightenment.

"Eben, I think you're the most utterly selfish person I ever knew!"

He jumped. Selfish! Whatever else she might justly call him, that word had no



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WALLACE Silver

DRAWN BY NEYSA McMEIN

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Are you quite sure that *your* teas are correct?

Do you know whether it is considered good form to use plates and napkins? And the china and silver—are yours distinctive and *comme il faut?*

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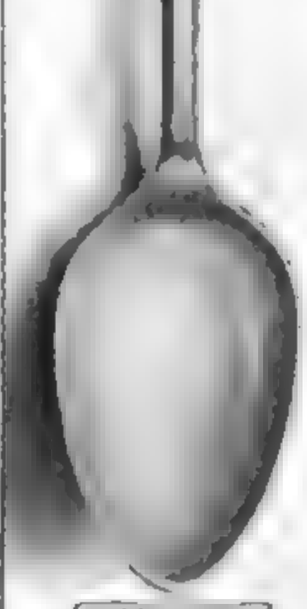
In text, pictures and diagrams, the Wallace Hostess Book tells exactly what every woman needs to know would she entertain smartly and correctly. From it, the most inexperienced little bride may learn the invaluable secrets of the successful hostess. It is sent postpaid for 50c. Address: Hostess Department, Box No. 2.



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R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.

Wallingford — Connecticut

SILVERSMITHS FOUNDED 1835

place on her lips. Selfish! Why, ever since she'd known him he'd been working at unselfishness as if it were a trade.

"I was clearing up the desk and found these." She laid the packet of Don Bender's notes before him. "I just can't keep still any longer. I couldn't make myself say anything about the way you treated your own people, but when it comes to mine I've got a right to talk. You've done harm enough, with your everlasting craze to give people things. You might have let Don alone."

"He wanted a bit of a lift," defended Eben. "I don't see why you should talk as if I'd been robbing him."

"Because that's exactly what you've been doing. You've been robbing him of the only incentive that's strong enough to make him work. He's always been as lazy as he's clever, and we've been hoping that he'd settle down and really work, now that he's got to support himself. He'd been doing it too. Before he found out he could get money from you for the asking he actually made a living. Ever since then he's been wasting his time—spending your money and letting his practice look after itself. You've done him more damage in six months than ——"

"I'm sorry, Edie. I—I didn't want to be selfish—and I'd spent a lot on my own folks, you see—and ——"

"Selfish! Don't you see that you've been exactly that—the worst kind of selfishness? The kind that doesn't care a bit what happens to the other fellow, as long as you can pat yourself on the back and feel noble? There's nothing meaner on earth, Eben, than having that nice, gentle glow of generosity at somebody else's expense. I've borne it just as long as I can. I've watched you giving money to people who haven't earned it and sitting back to enjoy the spectacle of your generosity until ——"

"That isn't fair. I didn't do it for that reason, Edie."

"Oh, I know you don't think so! But if you'd be honest with yourself you'd realize that I'm right. It isn't as if you did anybody any good by it. You do them harm—almost always. You gave Mr. Pope an interest in the business—when he hadn't the slightest right on earth to expect it. Yesterday I met his wife at Nolan's buying a piano on the installment plan. And she tried to talk automobiles with me. That's what you've done for them—started them off on perfectly silly extravagance they'd never have even dreamed of if you hadn't meddled in their affairs. You've done your best to make a useless, cadging loafer of Don Bender, just when he was beginning to act like a self-respecting man. I know you think it's noble, but it isn't—it's mean. You get a beautiful, holy feeling, and somebody else pays the bills."

"But—but my father"—he fumbled for defense—"my father can't take care of himself."

"Nonsense! Anybody who's anywhere near normal can take better care of himself than anybody else can do it for him! If you'd let him manage his own affairs he might have muddled them, but I doubt it. He's got ten times the motive that you have. He's ten times—a hundred times—closer to them than you can possibly be. As it is, you're just training him not to take care of himself—putting a premium on letting you do it for him."

Eben remembered his own reflections on this topic. But his new convictions died hard.

"You'd be the first to suffer if I were selfish," he advanced. "You ——"

"Would I?" She gestured at the sheaf of papers before him. "How? Would I suffer if you put your time and strength and cleverness into this business? Every time you go away and leave it to do somebody else's job, don't I pay part of the loss? That isn't selfishness, Eben—that's the right sort of generosity, to do your own work and let other people do theirs—as far as they're able. I'm tired of hearing about unselfishness which isn't anything of the sort! Nobody has a right to cultivate his own emotions by meddling with other people's right and duty to take care of themselves! Charity? Yes, where it's needed; but always that finest kind of charity which only helps others to get their own feet under them again, which tries to make them competently selfish! Anything else is just harming them, the way you've harmed your brother-in-law, for instance, by teaching him to depend on you to untangle his books every week or two. Or the way you've harmed Donnie Bender by showing him how to loaf at your expense."

Eben Timlow faced the indictment helplessly. He couldn't see where Edith was wrong, but he clung still to Aunt Minnie's doctrines, to Arthur Timlow's premise that all property belonged in even shares to all men.

"I see what you mean, I guess. But it'd be a poor sort of world if nobody looked out for the other fellow, Edie."

"I'd like to try it. Don't you see, Eben? Can anybody run this business as well as you run it? Can it run without you? Why not? Because it's yours. Because there's in every one of us, deeper down than anything else, an instinct of self-preservation that lets us do things for ourselves that nobody else could possibly do for us. The minute you neglect this business to go out to Moravia and sell real estate for your father, what happens? This business suffers. Oh, I've watched it suffer. I know it's losing money, right now. And there's no equivalent gain to your father, either. You can only make him less able to help himself. His affairs suffer just like yours. And the same thing happens whenever anybody tries to do what you've been doing. We're designed and equipped to take care of ourselves, and we certainly can't expect to take care of others until we've done the easier job and done it right."

There was a tap at the door. Eben answered it eagerly. He was still in a mental turmoil which welcomed any diversion.

Don Bender, confident and amiable, slid into the room. Eben saw his face change as he caught sight of Edith.

"Hello, Donnie." He spoke heartily. "I'll bet I know what you've come for?" He chuckled. "Another little lift, eh?"

Bender regained a little of his cheerfulness.

"You're a regular mind reader, Eb." He grinned at Edith. "He's the prize member of the family, Edie. Guess you know that, though."

Edith said nothing. Eben felt that the moment was a crisis. He was undergoing a final test under his wife's clear-seeing eyes. He noticed the little docket of notes on the desk between them. Inspiration came to him.

"Donnie, I'm going to give you a real lift this time—the biggest one yet. I've got to show off in front of Edith." He chuckled again, while Bender assumed the dutifully amused expression of the man whose creditor is about to tell a story. "I'm going to give you a job—the toughest job you ever tackled, I guess, but you'll get a lot of profit out of it. Here's a bunch of notes I want you to collect for me. I want every cent, and every cent of interest too. You're to go after the maker barehanded—give him what-for till he settles."

"Leave that to me," said Bender. "I'll get it—if he's got it."

"He hasn't. You're going to make him get it. That's the hard part of the job. I've good reason to think he's absolutely broke, but I know he can earn enough if he has to. Go after him, Don."

"Gee, you sound bloodthirsty. What's this fellow done—to make you so sore?" Bender reached for the notes. Eben held them away from him.

"Oh, I'm doing it on his account," he said with a quick glance at Edith. "I'm being generous—the right way. He's been taught to depend on relatives who'd rather feel noble than say no. I'm going to teach him to stand up on his own legs, Don, and you'll help. Here."

He handed over the notes. Bender turned a ripe-tomato red. For a moment Eben thought he meant to resent the device. But Bender, after meeting Edith's eyes for an instant, laughed and turned to him.

"I guess you're right, Eb. We'll make him pungle up. You leave it to me." He faced Edith again. "Excuse me, Edith, will you? I can't afford to lie down on this case. See you later."

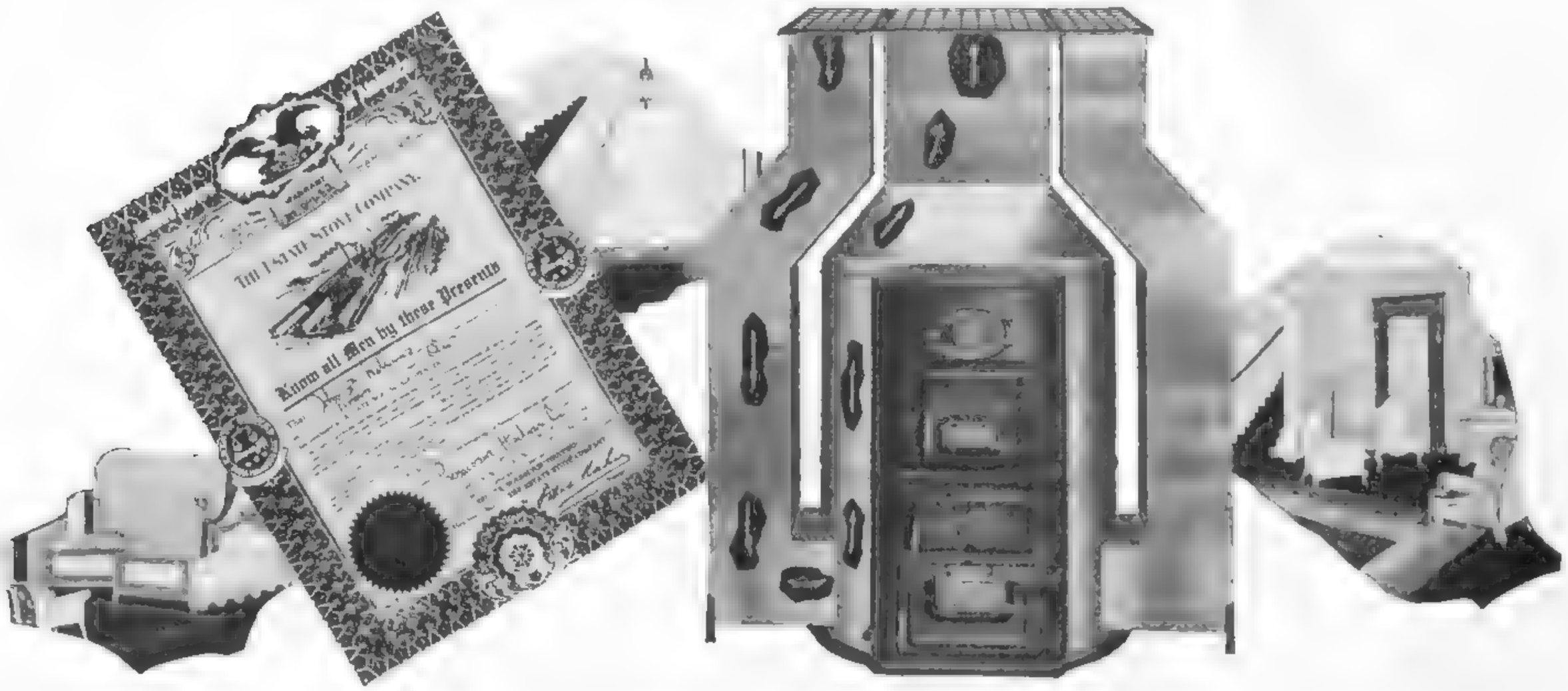
Eben Timlow didn't wait for his wife's comment. He gestured toward his desk.

"Edie, I've got to work like time on my own business. Suppose you run away now, and finish this talk to-night."

He saw her hesitate, and with another inspiration drew a blank letterhead toward him. He made a bold, sweeping inscription with a blunt pencil and thumb-tacked it to the wall above the desk.

"Number One."

How are you going to heat your house next winter?



We will guarantee in writing to give you 70 degrees at zero!

WAITING till *next* winter's first blizzard, before deciding how to heat a house that was cold *this* winter, is like locking the garage after the automobile has been stolen. Right *now* is the time. Note then that *you take no risk* when you decide upon an Estate Single Register Heater.

But be sure it's an ESTATE you get. We furnish a written guarantee to maintain an average room temperature of 70 degrees Fahrenheit at zero!

A warm house guaranteed!

Note this fact again and mark it. The Estate Guarantee is your protection. And we believe it will interest you more than a technical explanation of mechanical features—always difficult to understand. It is signed by the dealer from whom you buy your ESTATE, and by The Estate Stove Company—an institution with more than 75 years' fair dealing behind it. It *means* something.

Note, too, that many thousands of Estate Single Register Heaters are in use and giving 100 per cent satisfaction. That the heater itself is guaranteed against all defects in workmanship for one year. And that the fire pot is guaranteed for *five years from date of installation.*

Pipeless warm air heating perfected

Radically different principles of construction take the Estate entirely out of the class of ordinary "pipeless furnaces."

The intake pipes are *separate* and *distinct* from the main casing. Hence, considerably larger space for circulation than in ordinary makes. *Friction between cooled air coming down and warm air going up is entirely eliminated.* Does not heat the basement. You can keep fresh vegetables and other perishable things in the same room with an Estate.

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Clip the coupon for booklet and free heating plans

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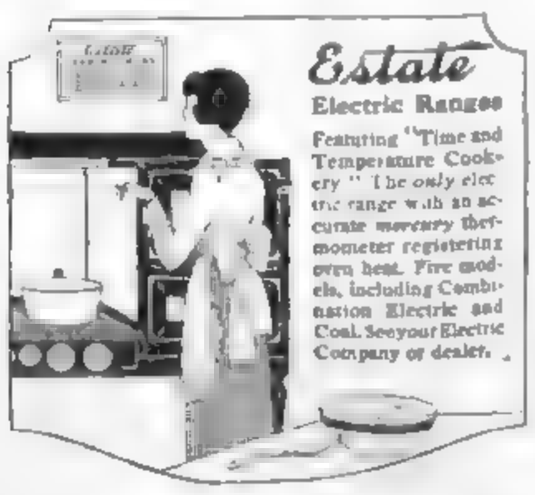
SINGLE REGISTER WARM AIR HEATING SYSTEM
Pipeless Heating Perfected

THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY
Hamilton, Ohio

Builders since 18.. of the famous Estates. A stove, furnace and range for every requirement—for cooking and heating with coal, wood, gas and electricity



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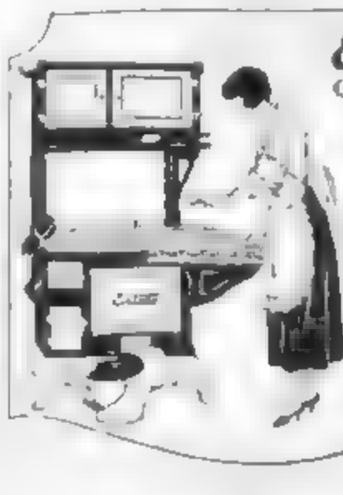
Electric Ranges

Featuring "Time and Temperature Cookery." The *only* electric range with an accurate *mercury* thermometer registering oven heat. Five models, including Combination Electric and Coal. See your Electric Company or dealer.

Estate
Gas Ranges with ThermEstate

A range that does your cooking for you! Perfectly controlled oven heat from 250 to 550 degrees Fahrenheit. The *only* gas range that has the genuine ThermEstate Oven Heat Control. At your Gas Company or dealer's.



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- ☐ Pipe Furnaces
- ☐ Electric Ranges
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6. Can remove propeller while sitting in boat
7. No vibration—no noise—Maxim Silencer
8. Steer from any part of boat
9. Boat always on even keel
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11. Raise propeller—boat stands still
12. Can be pulled out on shore or dock like ordinary rowboat.
13. The ideal boat for trolling and fishing.
14. So simple of operation a child can run it safely.

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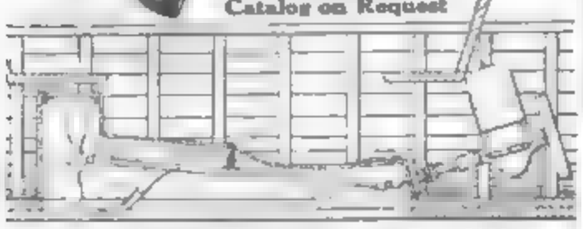

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TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 17)

be morally certain that this letter was written and placed with the will that time your father came in here and asked to be allowed to see it, seven or eight years ago. Mr. Tutt would have noticed it if your father had placed it with the will in the first instance, and would have warned him that nothing of the sort could possibly be effective."

"But," insisted Payson, "assuming for argument's sake that this letter was in fact written at the time the will was originally executed, what is the reason the law won't recognize it as a valid bequest?"

Tutt smiled and fumbled in an open box for another cigarette.

"My dear sir," he replied, "no paper could possibly be treated as part of a will—even if extant at the time the will was executed—unless distinctly referred to in the will itself. In a word, there must be a clear and unmistakable intention on the part of the testator to attempt to incorporate the extraneous paper by reference. Now, here, there is no reference to the paper in the will at all."

"That is true," admitted Payson. But ——"

"But even if there were," went on Tutt eagerly, "the law is settled in this state that where a testator—either through carelessness or a desire to economize space or effort—has referred in his will to extraneous papers or memoranda, either as fixing the names of beneficiaries of particular devises or bequests, or as fixing the amount or the manner in which the amount of such devises or bequests is to be ascertained, such a paper must not contain any testamentary disposition of property. In a word, the testator having willed something can identify it by means of an extraneous paper if properly designated, but he cannot will the thing away by an extraneous paper, no matter how referred to. For example, if A wills to B 'all the stock covered by my agreement of May first with X' it merely describes and identifies the thing bequeathed; and that is all right. The law will give effect to the identifying agreement, though it is separate from the will and unattested. But if A's will read 'and I give such further bequests as appear in a paper filed herewith' and the paper contained a bequest to B of 'all the stock covered by my agreement of May first with X' it would be an attempted bequest outside of the will, and so have no legal effect."

"Thanks," said Payson. "I understand. So in no event whatever could this letter have any legal effect."

"Absolutely none whatever! You're perfectly safe!" And Tutt leaned back with a comfortable smile.

But Payson did not smile in return. Neither was he comfortable. Be it said for him that, however many kinds of a fool he may have been, though momentarily relieved at knowing that he had no legal obligation to carry out his father's wishes so far as Sadie Burch was concerned, his conscience was by no means easy and he had not liked at all the tone in which the paunchy little lawyer had used the phrase "you're perfectly safe."

"What do you mean by 'perfectly safe'?" he inquired rather coldly.

"Why, that Sadie Burch could never make you pay her the legacy because it isn't a legal legacy. You can safely keep it. It's yours, legally and morally."

"Well, is it?" asked Payson slowly. "Morally, isn't it my duty to pay over the money, no matter who she is?"

Tutt, who had tilted backward in his swivel chair, brought both his feet to the floor with a bang.

"Of course it isn't!" he cried. "You'd be crazy to pay the slightest attention to any such vague and unexplained scrawl. Listen, young man! In the first place you haven't any idea when your father wrote that paper—except that it was at least seven years ago. He may have changed his mind a dozen times since he wrote it. It may have been a mere passing whim or fancy, done in a moment of weakness or emotion or temporary irrationality. Indeed, it may have been made under duress. Nobody but a lawyer who has the most intimate knowledge of his client's daily life and affairs has the remotest suspicion of—oh, well, we won't go into that! But the first proposition is that in no event is it possible for you to say that the request in that letter was the actual wish of your father at the time of his death. All you can say is that at some time or other it may have been his wish."

"I see!" agreed Payson. "Well, what other points are there?"

"Secondly," continued Tutt, "it must be presumed that if your father took the trouble to retain a lawyer to have his will properly drawn and executed he must have known, first, that it was necessary to do so in order to have his wishes carried out; and, second, that no wish not properly incorporated in the will itself could have any legal effect. In other words, inferentially, he knew that this paper had no force, and therefore it must be assumed that if he made it that way he intended that it should have no legal effect and did not intend that it should be carried out. Get me?"

"Why, yes, I think I do. Your point is that if a man knows the law and does a thing so it has no legal effect he should be assumed to intend that it have no legal effect."

"Exactly!" Tutt nodded with satisfaction. "The law is wise, based on generations of experience. It realizes the uncertainties, vagaries and vacillations of the human mind, and the opportunities afforded to designing people to take advantage of the momentary weaknesses of others; and hence, to prevent fraud and insure that only the actual final wishes of a man shall be carried out, it requires that those wishes shall be expressed in a particular, definite and formal way—in writing, signed and published before witnesses."

"You certainly make it very clear," assented Payson. "What do executors usually do under such circumstances?"

"If they have sense they leave matters alone and let the law take its course," answered Tutt with conviction. "I've known of more trouble—several instances right here in this office. A widow found a paper with her husband's will expressing a wish that a certain amount of money should be given to a married woman living out in Duluth. There was nothing to indicate when the paper was written, though the will was executed only a month before he died. Apparently the deceased hadn't seen the lady in question for years. I told the widow to forget it, but nothing would suit her but that she should send the woman a draft for the full amount—ten thousand dollars. She kept it all right! Well, the widow found out afterwards that her husband had written that paper thirty years before, at a time when he was engaged to be married to that woman, that they had changed their minds and each had married happily and that the paper with some old love letters had, as usually happens, got mixed up with the will instead of having been destroyed, as it should have been. You know, it's astonishing the junk people keep in their safe-deposit boxes! I'll bet that ninety-nine out of a hundred are half full of valueless and useless stuff, like old watches, grandpa's jet cuff buttons, the letters Uncle William wrote from the Holy Land, outlawed fire-insurance policies and correspondence that nobody will ever read—everything always gets mixed up together; and yet every paper a man leaves after his death is a possible source of confusion or trouble. And one can't tell how or why a person at a particular time may come to express a wish in writing. It would be most dangerous to pay any attention to it. Suppose it was not in writing. Morally, a wish is just as binding if spoken as if incorporated in a letter. Would you waste any time on Sadie Burch if she came in here and told you that your father had expressed the desire that she should have twenty-five thousand dollars? Not much!"

"I don't suppose so," admitted Payson.

"Another thing!" said Tutt. "Remember this, the law would not permit you as executor of your father's will to pay over this money if any other than yourself were the residuary legatee. You'd have no right to take twenty-five thousand dollars out of the estate and give it to Miss Burch at the expense of anybody else!"

"Then you say the law won't let me pay this money to Sadie Burch whether I am willing to or not?" asked Payson.

"Not as executor. As executor you're absolutely obliged to carry out the terms of the will and disregard anything else. You must preserve the estate intact and turn it over unimpaired to the residuary legatee!" repeated Tutt.

"But I am the residuary legatee!" said Payson.

"As executor you've got to pay it over in full to yourself as residuary legatee!" repeated Tutt stubbornly, evading the issue.

"Well, where does that leave me?" asked his client.

"It gets you out of your difficulty, doesn't it?" asked Tutt. "Don't borrow trouble! Don't—if you'll pardon my saying so—be an idiot!"

There was a silence for several minutes, finally broken by the lawyer, who came back again to the charge with renewed vigor.

"Why, this sort of thing comes up all the time. Take this case, for instance. Under certain circumstances the law lets a man will away only a certain proportion of his property to charity, on the theory that it isn't right for him to do so, if he leaves a family. Now suppose your father had given all his property to charity, would you feel obliged to impoverish yourself for the benefit of a home for aged mariners?"

"Really," replied the bewildered Payson, "I don't know. But anyway, I'm satisfied you're quite right and I'm tremendously obliged. However," he added musingly, "I'd rather like to know who this Sadie Burch is!"

"If I were you, young man," advised the lawyer sagely, "I wouldn't try to find out!"

Mr. Payson Clifford left the offices of Tutt & Tutt more recalcitrant against fate and irritated with his family than when he had entered them. He had found himself much less comfortably provided for than he had expected, and the unpleasant impression created by the supposed paternal relatives at his father's funeral had been heightened by the letter regarding Sadie Burch. There was something even more offensively plebeian about the name than that of the vulgar Weng. It would have been bad enough to have had to consider the propriety of paying over a large sum to a lady calling herself by an elegant, or at least interesting, name like Claire Desmond or Lilian Lamar—but Sadie! And Burch! Ye gods! It was vulgar, plebeian! That was a fine discovery to make about one's father!

As he walked slowly up Fifth Avenue to his hotel it must be confessed that his reflections upon that father's memory were far from filial. He told himself that he'd always suspected something furtive about the old man, who must have been under most unusual and extraordinary obligations to a woman to whom he desired his son to turn over twenty-five thousand dollars. It was pretty nearly half of his entire fortune! Would cut down his income from around four thousand to nearly two thousand! The more he pondered upon the matter the more the lawyer's arguments seemed absolutely convincing. Lawyers knew more than other people about such things anyway. You paid them for their advice, and he would doubtless have to pay Tutt for his upon this very subject, which somehow seemed to be rather a good reason for following it. No, he would dismiss Sadie Burch and the letter forever from his mind. Very likely she was dead, anyway, whoever she was. Four thousand a year! Not a bad income for a bachelor!

And while our innocent young Launcelot trudging uptown hardened his heart against Sadie Burch, by chance that lady figured in a short but poignant conversation between Mr. Ephraim Tutt and Miss Minerva Wiggin on the threshold of the room from which he had just departed.

Miss Wiggin never trusted anybody but herself to lock up the offices, not even Mr. Tutt, and upon this particular evening she had made this an excuse to linger on after the others had gone home, and waylay him. Such encounters were by no means infrequent and usually had a bearing upon the ethical aspect of some proposed course of legal procedure on the part of the firm. Miss Minerva regarded Alfred Tutt as morally an abandoned and hopeless creature. Mr. Ephraim Tutt she loved with a devotion rare in a sex with whom devotion is happily a common trait, but there was a maternal quality in her affection, accounted for by the fact that though Mr. Tutt was, to be sure, an old man in years, he had occasionally an elfin, Puckish perversity which was singularly boyish, at which times she felt it obligatory for her

(Continued on Page 107)

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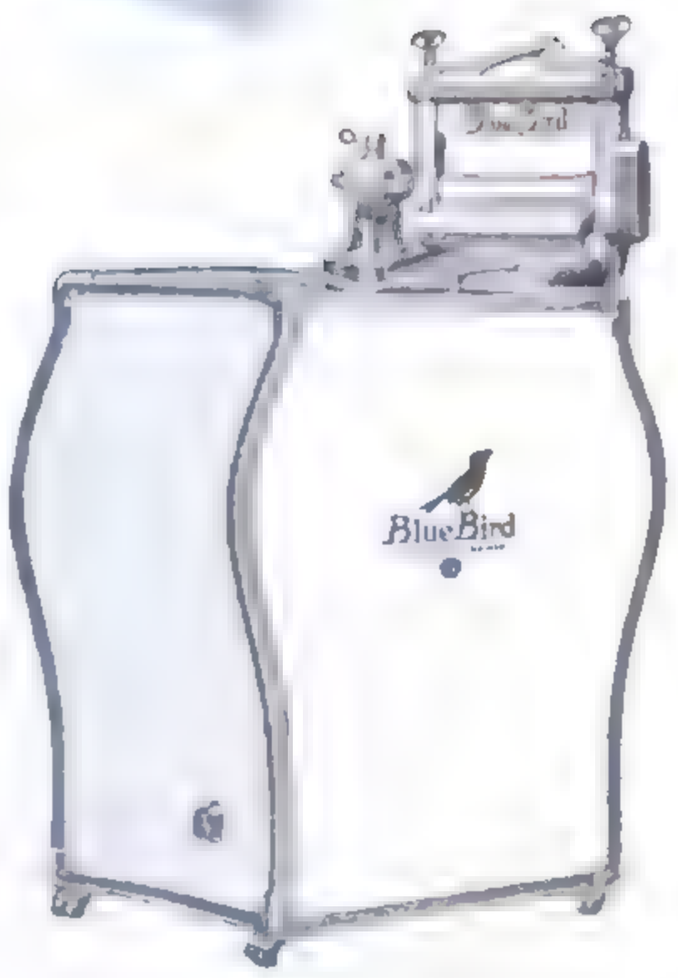

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(Continued from Page 104)

own self-respect to call him to order. Thus, whenever Tutt seemed to be incubating some evasion of law which seemed more subtly plausible than ordinary, she made it a point to call it to Mr. Tutt's attention. Also, whenever, as in the present case, she felt that by following the advice given by the junior member of the firm a client was about to embark upon some dubious enterprise or questionable course of conduct she endeavored to counteract his influence by appealing to the head of the firm. During the interview between Tutt and Payson Clifford the door had been open and she had heard all of it; moreover, after Payson had gone away Tutt had called her in and gone over the situation with her. And she regarded Tutt's advice to his client—not the purely legal aspect of it, but the persuasive part of it—as an interference with that young gentleman's freedom of conscience.

"Dear me, I didn't know you were still here, Minerva!" exclaimed her employer as she confronted him in the outer office. "Is anything worrying you?"

"Not dangerously," she replied with a smile. "And perhaps it's none of my business ——"

"My business is thy business, my dear!" he answered. "Without you Tutt & Tutt would not be Tutt & Tutt. My junior partner may be the eyes and legs of the firm, and I may be some other portion of its anatomy, but you are its heart and its conscience. Out with it! What rascality portends? What bird of evil omen hovers above the offices of Tutt & Tutt? Spare not an old man bowed down with the sorrows of this world! Has my shrewd associate counseled the robbing of a bank or the kidnaping from a widowed mother of her orphaned chee-ild?"

"Nothing quite so bad as that," she explained. "It's merely that Mr. Alfred Tutt used his influence this afternoon to try to persuade a young man not to carry out his father's wishes, expressed in a legally ineffective way; and I think he succeeded, though I'm not quite sure."

"That must have been Payson Clifford," answered Mr. Tutt. "What were the paternal wishes?"

"Mr. Tutt found a letter with the will, in which the father asked the son to give twenty-five thousand dollars to a Miss Sadie Burch."

"Miss Sadie Burch?" repeated Mr. Tutt. "And who is she?"

"Nobody knows," said Miss Wiggin. "But whoever she is our responsibility stops with advising Mr. Payson Clifford that the letter has no legal effect. Mr. Tutt went further and tried to induce Mr. Clifford not to respect the request contained in it. That, it seems to me, is going too far. Don't you think so?"

"Are you certain you never heard of this Miss Burch?" suddenly asked Mr. Tutt, peering at her sharply from beneath his shaggy eyebrows.

"Never," she replied.

"H'm!" ejaculated Mr. Tutt. "A woman in the case!"

"What sort of a young fellow is this Payson Clifford?" inquired Miss Wiggin after a moment.

"Oh, not so much of a much!" answered Mr. Tutt whimsically.

"And what was the father like?" she continued with a woman's curiosity.

"He wasn't so much of a much either," answered Mr. Tutt, "evidently."

We have previously had occasion to comment upon the fact that no client, male or female, consults a lawyer with regard to what he ought to do. Women, often having decided to do that which they ought not to do, attempt to secure counsel's approval of the contemplated sin; but, though a lawyer is sometimes called upon to bolster up a guilty conscience, rarely is he sincerely invited to act as spiritual adviser. Most men being worse than their lawyers prefer not to have the latter find them out. If they have made up their minds to do a mean thing they do not wish to run the chance of having their lawyers shame them out of it. That is their own business. And it should be! The law presents sufficiently perplexing problems for the lawyer, without his seeking trouble in the dubious complexities of his client's morals! Anyhow, that is the regulation way a lawyer looks at it, and that is the way to hold one's clients. Do what you are instructed to do—so long as it isn't too raw! Question the propriety of his course and, though as your client he may follow your advice in this single instance, he probably will not return!

The paradoxical aspect of the matter with Mr. Tutt was that, though he was known as a criminal lawyer, whenever he was asked for advice he concerned himself quite as much with his client's moral as his legal duty. The rather subtle reason for this was probably to be found in the fact that since he found the law so easy to circumvent he preferred to disregard it entirely as a sanction of conduct and merely to ask himself, "Now, is this what a sportsman and a gentleman would do?" The fact that a man was a technical criminal meant nothing to him at all; what interested him was whether the man was or was not a mean man. If he was, to hell with him! In a word, he applied to any given situation the law as it ought to be and not the law as it was.

A very easy and flexible test! say you, sarcastically. Do you really think so? There may be forty different laws upon the same subject in as many different states of our political union, but how many differing points of view upon any single moral question would you find among as many citizens? The moral code of decent people is practically the same all over the terrestrial ball, and fundamentally it has not changed since the days of Hammurabi. The ideas of gentlemen and sportsmen as to what is done and what isn't done haven't changed since Fabius Tullius caught snipe in the Pontine marshes.

Mr. Tutt was a crank on this general subject and he carried his enthusiasm so far that he was always tilting like Don Quixote at some imaginary windmill, dragging a very unwilling Sancho Panza after him in the form of his reluctant partner. Moreover, he had a very keen sympathy for all kinds of outcasts, deeming most of them victims of the sins of their own or somebody else's fathers. So when he learned from Miss Wiggin that Tutt had presumed to interfere with the financial prospects of the unknown Miss Sadie Burch he was distinctly aggrieved, less on the latter's account, to be sure, than on that of his client, whose conscience he regarded as more or less in his keeping. And, as luck would have it, the object of his grievance, having forgotten something, at that moment unexpectedly reëntered the office to retrieve it.

"Hello, Mr. Tutt!" he exclaimed. "Not gone yet?"

His senior partner glanced at him sharply while Miss Wiggin hastily side-stepped into the corridor.

"Look here, Tutt!" said Mr. Tutt. "I don't know just what you've been telling young Clifford or how you've been interfering in his private affairs, but if you've been persuading him to disregard any wish of his father plainly expressed in his own handwriting and incorporated with his will you've gone further than you've any right to go."

"But," expostulated Tutt, "you know how dangerous it is to meddle with things like that. Our experience certainly shows that it's far wiser to let the law settle all doubtful questions than to try to guess what the final testamentary intention of a dead testator really was. Don't you remember the Dodworth case? A hypersensitive conscience cost our widowed client ten thousand dollars! I say, leave well enough alone."

"'Well enough'! 'Well enough'!" cried Mr. Tutt. "Are you going to constitute yourself the judge of what is well enough for a young man's soul? I give you fair warning, Tutt. He's heard your side of it, but before he gets through he's going to hear mine as well!"

Alfred Tutt turned a faint pink in the region of his collar.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Tutt," he stammered. "By all means!"

Several days passed, however, without the subject being mentioned further, while the proper steps to probate the will were taken as usual. Payson Clifford's dilemma had no legal reaction. He had made up his mind to keep what was his, and he was going to stick to it! He had taken the opinion of counsel and was fully satisfied with what he had done. Nobody was going to know anything about it, anyway. When the proper time came he would burn the Sadie Burch letter and forget Sadie Burch. That is, he thought he was going to, and that he could. But—as Plautus says: "*Nihil est miserius quam animus hominis conscius.*" You see, Payson Clifford having been sent to a decent school and a decent college, irrespective of whether his father was a rotter or not, had imbibed something of a sense of honor. Struggle as he would against it, the shadow of Sadie Burch kept creeping athwart his mind. There were so many possibilities! Suppose she was in desperate straits? Hadn't he better look her up anyhow? No, he most definitely didn't want to know anything about her! Supposing she really had rendered some service to his father for which she ought to be repaid as he had sought to repay her? These thoughts obtruded themselves upon Payson's attention when he least desired it, but they did not cause him to alter his intention to get his hooks into his father's whole residuary estate and keep it for himself. He had, you observe, a conscience, but it couldn't stand up against twenty-five thousand dollars reënforced by perfectly sound legal arguments.

No, he had a good excuse for not being a gentleman and a sportsman, and he did not purpose to look for any reasons for doing differently. Then unexpectedly he was invited to dinner by Mr. Ephraim Tutt in a funny old ramshackle house on West Twenty-third Street, with ornamented iron piazza railings all covered with the withered stalks of long dead wistarias, and something happened to him: Payson Clifford's Twenty-five-Thousand-Dollar Dinner.

He had no suspicion, of course, of what was coming to him when he went there; went merely because Mr. Tutt was one of the very few friends of his father whom he knew. And he held toward the old lawyer rather the same sort of patronizing attitude that he had had toward the old man. It would be a rotten dinner probably, followed by a deadly dull evening with a snuffy old fossil who would tell him long-winded, rambling anecdotes of what New York had been like when there were wild goats in Central Park.

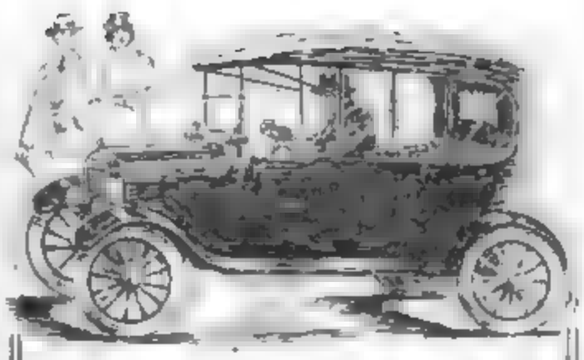
The snuffy old fossil, however, made no reference whatever either to old New York or to wild goats; the nearest he came to it being wild oats. Instead he began the dreary evening by opening a cupboard on his library wall and disclosing three long bottles, from which he partially filled a shining silver receptacle containing cracked ice. This he shook with astonishing skill and vigor, meantime uttering loud outcries of "Miranda! Fetch up the mint!" Then a buxom colored lady in calico with a grin like that which made Aunt Sallie famous—having appeared, panting, with two large glasses and a bundle of green herbage upon a silver salver, the old fossil poured out a seething decoction—of which like only the memory remains—performed an incantation over each glass with the odoriferous greens, smiled fondly upon the work of his hands and remarked with amiable hospitality, "Well, my son, glad to see you! Here's how!"

Almost immediately a benign animal magnetism pervaded the bosom of Payson Clifford, and from his bosom reached out through his arteries and veins, his arterioles and veniolea, to the uttermost ends of his being. He perceived in an instant that Mr. Tutt was no ordinary man and his house no ordinary house; and this impression was intensified when, seated at his host's shining mahogany table with its heavy cut glass and queer old silver, he discovered that Miranda was no ordinary cook. He began to be inflated over having discovered this Mr. Tutt, who pressed succulent oysters and terrapin stew upon him, accompanied by a foaming bottle of Krug '98. He found himself possessed of an astounding appetite and a prodigious thirst. The gaslights in the old bronze chandelier shone like a galaxy of radiant suns above his head and warmed him through and through.

And after the terrapin Miranda brought in a smoking wild turkey with two quail roasted inside of it, and served with currant jelly, rice cakes, and sweet potatoes fried in melted sugar. Then, as in a dream, he heard a soul-satisfying pop, and Miranda placed a tall amber glass at his wrist and filled it with the creaming red-rose wine of ancient Burgundy.

He heard himself telling Mr. Tutt all about himself, the most intimate secrets of his heart, and saw Mr. Tutt listening attentively, almost reverently. He perceived that he was making an astonishing impression upon Mr. Tutt, who obviously thought him a great man; and after keeping him in reasonable doubt about it for a while he modestly admitted to Mr. Tutt that this was so. Then he drank several more glasses of Burgundy and ate an enormous pile of waffles covered with maple sirup. Mr. Tutt had grown several sizes larger—the whole room was full of him. Lastly he had black coffee and some port. It was an occasion.

(Continued on Page 109)



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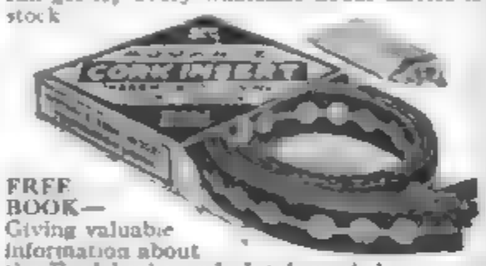

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The notched nozzle, illustrated, is an essential feature. It is so constructed for cleaning efficiency and for driving a perfected rubber brush, an exclusive Premier feature. This brush revolves rapidly in the nozzle, lightly beating the surface of the rug to dislodge imbedded dirt and pick up threads and hair. Soft and pliable, it cannot injure the rarest, finest rug.

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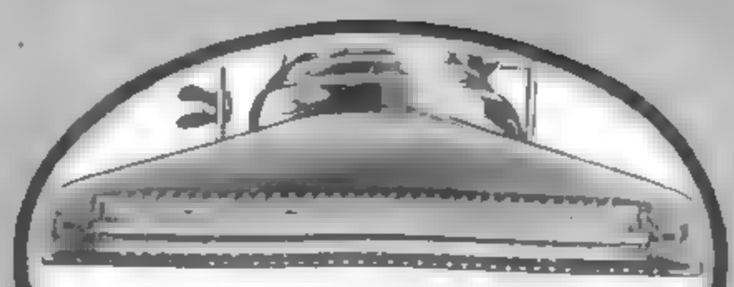

The Premier Notched Nozzle and the Exclusive Rubber Brush

(Continued from Page 107)

he asserted—er—always goo' weather—or somethin'—when goo' fellows got together! He declared with an emphasis which was quite unnecessary, but which did not disturb him, that there were too few men like themselves in the world—men with the advantages of education, men of ideals. He told Mr. Tutt that he loved him. He no longer had a father, and, evidently relying on further similar entertainments, he wanted Mr. Tutt for one. Mr. Tutt generously consented to act in that capacity, and as the first step assisted his guest upstairs to the library, where he opened the window a few inches.

Presently—Payson did not know how exactly—they got talking all about life; and Mr. Tutt said ruminatively that after all the only things that really counted were loyalty and courage and kindness; and that a little human sympathy extended even in what sometimes seemed at first glance the wrong direction often did more good—made more for real happiness—than the most efficient organized charity. He spoke of the loneliness of age, the inevitable loneliness of the human soul, the thirst for daily affection. And then they drifted off to college, and Mr. Tutt inquired casually if Payson had seen much of his father, who, he took occasion to remark, had been a good type of straightforward, honest, hard-working business man.

Payson, smoking his third cigar, and taking now and than a dash of cognac, began to think better of his old dad. He really hadn't paid him quite the proper attention. He admitted it to Mr. Tutt—with the first genuine tears in his eyes since he had left Cambridge. Perhaps, if he had been more to him ——

But Mr. Tutt veered off again—this time on university education; the invaluable function of the university being, he said, to preserve intact and untarnished in a materialistic age the spiritual ideals inherited from the past. In this rather commonplace sentiment Payson agreed with him passionately. He further agreed with equal enthusiasm when his host advanced the doctrine that after all to preserve one's honor stainless was the only thing that much mattered. Absolutely! declared Payson as he allowed Mr. Tutt to press another glass of port upon him.

Payson, in spite of the slight beading of his forehead and the blur about the gas jets, began to feel very much the man of the world; not a six-bottle man, perhaps, but—and he laughed complacently—a two-bottle man. If he'd lived back in the good old sporting days very likely he could have done better. But he'd taken care of two full bottles, hadn't he? Mr. Tutt replied that he'd taken care of them very well indeed.

And with this opening the old lawyer launched into his favorite topic—to wit, that there were only two sorts of men in the world—gentlemen, and those who were not. What made a man a gentleman was gallantry and loyalty, the readiness to sacrifice everything—even life—to an ideal. The hero was the chap who never counted the cost to himself. That was why people revered the saints, acclaimed the cavalier, and admired the big-hearted gambler who was ready to stake his fortune on the turn of a card. There was even, he averred, an element of spirituality in the gambler's carelessness about money. This theory greatly interested Payson, who held strongly with it, having always had a secret, sneaking fondness for gamblers. On the strength of it he mentioned Charles James Fox—there was a true gentleman and sportsman for you! No mollycoddle, but a roaring, six-bottle fellow—with a big brain and a scrupulous sense of honor. Yes, sir! Charley Fox was the right sort! He managed to intimate successfully that Charley and he were very much the same breed of pup. At this point Mr. Tutt—having carefully committed his guest to an ethical standard as far removed as possible from one based upon self-interest—opened the window a few more inches, sauntered over to the mantel, lit a fresh stogy, and spread his long legs in front of the sea-coal fire like an elongated Colossus of Rhodes.

He commenced his dastardly countermining of his partner's advice by complimenting Payson on being a man whose words, manner and appearance proclaimed him to the world a true sport and a regular fellow. From which flattering prologue he slid naturally into said regular fellow's prospects and aims in life. He trusted that Payson Clifford Senior had left a sufficient estate to enable Payson Junior to complete his education at Harvard. He forgot, he confessed, just what the residue amounted to. Then he turned to the fire, kicked it, knocked the ash off the end of his stogy and waited—in order to give his guest a chance to come to himself—for Mr. Payson Clifford had suddenly turned a curious color, due to the fact that he was unexpectedly confronted with the necessity of definitely deciding then and there whether he was going to line up with the regular fellows or the second raters, the gentlemen or the cads, the C. J. Foxes or the Benedict Arnolds of mankind. He wasn't wholly the real thing—a conceited young ass, if you choose; but on the other hand he wasn't by any means a bad sort. In short, he was very much like all the rest of us. And he wasn't ready to sign the pledge just yet. He realized that he had put himself at a disadvantage, but he wasn't going to commit himself until he had had a good chance to think it all over carefully. In thirty seconds he was sober as a judge—and a sober judge at that.

"Mr. Tutt," he said in quite a different tone of voice, "I've been talking pretty big, I guess; bigger than I really am. The fact is I've got a problem of my own that's bothering me a lot."

Mr. Tutt nodded understandingly.

"You mean Sadie Burch."

"Yes."

"Well, what's the problem? Your father wanted you to give her the money, didn't he?"

Payson hesitated. What he was about to say seemed so disingenuous, even though it had originated with Tutt & Tutt.

"How do I know really what he wanted? He may have changed his mind a dozen times since he put it with his will."

"If he had he wouldn't have left it there, would he?" asked Mr. Tutt with a smile.

"But perhaps he forgot all about it; didn't remember that it was there," persisted the youth, still clinging desperately to the lesser Tutt. "And if he hadn't he would have torn it up."

"That might be equally true of the provisions of his will, might it not?" countered the lawyer.

"But," squirmed Payson, struggling to recall Tutt's arguments, previously so convincing, "he knew how a will ought to be executed, and as he deliberately neglected to execute the paper in a legal fashion isn't it fair to presume that he did not intend it to have any legal force?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Tutt with entire equanimity, "I agree with you that it is fair to assume that he did not intend it to have any legal effect."

"Well, then!" exclaimed Payson exultantly.

"But," continued the lawyer, "that does not prove that he did not intend it to have a moral effect—and expect you to honor and respect his wishes, just as if he had whispered them to you with his dying breath."

There was something in his demeanor which, though courteous, had a touch of severity, that made Payson feel abashed. He perceived that he could not afford to let Mr. Tutt think him a cad, when he was really a C. J. Fox. And in his mental floundering his brain came into contact with the only logical straw in the entire controversy.

"Ah!" he said with an assumption of candor. "In that case I should know positively that they were in fact my father's wishes."

"Exactly!" replied Mr. Tutt. "And you'd carry them out without a moment's hesitation."

"Of course!" yielded Payson.

"Then the whole question is whether or not this paper does express a wish of his. That problem is a real problem, and it is for you alone to solve; and of course you're under the disadvantage of having a financial interest in the result, which makes it doubly hard."

"All the same," maintained the boy, "I want to be fair to myself."

"And to him," added Mr. Tutt solemnly. "The fact that this wish is not expressed in such a way as to be legally obligatory makes it all the more binding. In a way, I suppose, that is your hard luck. You might, perhaps, fight a provision in the will. You can't fight this—or disregard it either."

"I don't exactly see why this is any more binding than a provision in the will itself!" protested Payson.

Mr. Tutt threw his stogy into the fire and fumbled for another in the long box on the library table.

"The Job is Yours—On One Condition!"

"For a long time I watched the new men who came into this business. Some stood still—stayed right where they started. Others climbed—made each job a stepping stone to something better.

"Now, what was the difference? Well, I investigated and found out. The men who were getting ahead had been devoting part of their spare time to study along the line of their work. Our treasurer used to be a bookkeeper. The factory superintendent was working at a bench in the shop a few years ago. The sales manager started in a branch office up state. The chief designer rose from the bottom in the drafting room.

"All of these men won their advancements through spare time study with the International Correspondence Schools. Today they are earning four or five times—yes, some of them *ten* times as much money as when they came with us.

"So out of this experience we have formed a policy. We are looking for men who care enough about their future not only to do their present work well, but to devote part of their spare time to preparation for advancement.

"And I'll give you this job on one condition—that you take up a course of special training along the line of your work. Let the I. C. S. help you for one hour after supper each night and your future in this business will take care of itself."

Employers are begging for men with ambition, men who really want to get ahead in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do some one thing well.

Prove that you are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for advancement in the work of your choice, whatever it may be. More than two million men and women in the last 30 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. Over 130,000 others are getting ready in the same way right now. Surely the least you can do is to find out what there is in this proposition for *you*. Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

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Name
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Business Address
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Canadians may send this coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada

"'All aboard for happiness! Choo-Choo Gum, five cents a ride,'" he read. "Jackson, are you responsible for this deathless masterpiece?"

"I—I'm afraid I am," admitted John Henry. He reflected that he ought to be fired.

"Well," said Camby, leaning back and patting his stomach with a rather touching show of affection, "it sounded silly to me—downright silly. But—you never can tell. I showed it to Foster—he's advertising man for the Cladox people, who are putting out that new gum—and it hit him hard."

John Henry laughed. His employer frowned at this lack of reverence in the younger generation.

"Yes, sir," he went on, "Foster thought it just simple and elementary enough to appeal to the great army of gum chewers. His company has decided to adopt the name and the slogan. Of course that means we get the account."

"But," cried John Henry, appalled, "couldn't you reason with him—show him how wrong he is?"

"I'm not sure he is wrong," replied Camby. "The silly thing keeps running through my head. 'All aboard for happiness—Choo-Choo Gum'—may be something in it after all. Anyhow, I'll not antagonize a man who's going to give me half a million dollars to spend for advertising."

He stopped. He had said too much, and knew it.

"Half a million!" gasped John Henry. He had brought an account of that size into the office!

"Wait a minute," said Camby. "Before you ask for it let me give it to you. This thing shows you may have a trace of selling brains after all. Somehow I don't think you've been overworking them here. Would a raise to fifty a week speed you up, do you think?"

"Sure to," smiled John Henry. "And—thank you very much."

Camby pressed a button on his desk. Myra Dalton's pretty face at the door was the answer. As John Henry went out he heard Camby's first words to the secretary:

"Miss Dalton, please tell the cashier that, beginning next Saturday, Mr. Jackson's salary ——"

John Henry returned to the corner with his plum. He was pleasantly thrilled. Half the gulf bridged! He would show Miss Myra Dalton! She rather gave the impression that she did not believe he could catch up with her—and now, by writing a dozen words on a paper, he had cut off ten dollars. Only ten remained. After all, the thing began to look absurdly simple. He had a momentary twinge of conscience as he thought of millions of jaws moving in unison—all aboard the Choo-Choo, chewing hard. Beside the point. The point was that he was creeping up on Myra.

It was Saturday. The office closed early, and John Henry won the privilege of walking home with her. The autumn air colored her cheeks and put a new sparkle in her eyes. There was no longer a pencil in her shining hair or absurd tortoise-shell spectacles on her charming nose. She was transformed from a human machine to a frail young girl, feminine, teasing, desirable.

"Congratulations," she said. "Of course I couldn't help knowing—about the raise, I mean"

"Oh, that!" said John Henry carelessly. "Yes, I'm getting on in my chosen profession. Before very long they'll foolishly think me worth as much to them as you are."

"Perhaps," she answered. "But if that is your ambition"—she smiled mischievously—"you ought to be warned that you must move a bit faster."

"Wha—what do you mean?" asked John Henry.

"I had a raise, too—several weeks ago. Since I know your salary it's only fair you should know mine. Mr. Camby is paying me seventy-five a week!"

John Henry stopped dead in his tracks amid the fallen leaves and stared at her. This was a knock-out blow.

"Well," he said sadly, "that ends my hour of glory." They walked on. "I ought to be delighted for your sake, I know. But confound it"—there was the gulf wider than ever, five dollars wider, even with his raise; what was the use?—"it spoils everything!" he finished.

"I'm sorry," she said softly. "But why are you so anxious to—to catch up with me?"

If she had asked that a moment before he would have told her, wildly, fiercely, convincingly. But now—on the wrong side of a twenty-five-dollar gulf—not now. He said nothing.

"I think I know," Myra went on. "You're just like all the men—it hurts your pride to feel that a poor, weak, worthless woman is of more value to your concern than you are. That's it, isn't it? 'Come on—confess!'"

"Whatever I feel," replied John Henry warmly, "I can see one thing: That office is no place for me. Ten dollars a week raise! Too slow—altogether too slow! I'm going to break away—get out on my own. You hear me?"

"I do! But what stroke of genius do you contemplate?"

"That's all right. I don't know yet. But the idea will come. And when it does—watch my smoke! Choo-Choo Gum. Baby talk! I'm wasting my talents! I'm through!"

"Sounds thrilling," commented Myra sweetly. "By the way, Mr. Camby asked me to stop at the Coopers' with some papers. Tom Cooper is home, you know—sick with the grip. Want to come along—or are you too busy?"

"I'll come," said John Henry.

They turned down a quiet residential street and arrived presently at the house of Cooper, head copy writer for the Phœnix agency.

Mabel Cooper was at the door, in the act of dragging inside two wild hyenas who were unaccountably her offspring. The youngest, a girl, was screaming shrilly.

"Why, hello, Myra!" called Mrs. Cooper. "And Mr. Jackson—how are you? I'm so glad—Nellie, in heaven's name, will you stop that noise?"

"He kicked me!" announced Nellie, pointing to her brother.

"She bit me first," countered Tommy Cooper, scraping muddy shoes along the hallway.

"Go upstairs, both of you," their mother ordered, "and start getting undressed. It's bath time."

Two voices now joined in yells of rage and pain.

"Want supper first!" screamed Tommy.

"You never have supper first," said Mabel Cooper wearily. "Now we're not going all over that old argument again to-night. Will you obey me, or must I get the hairbrush?"

She herded them to the stairs and started them up. On each step they paused for renewed objections, fresh yells.

"Please excuse this little picture of domestic bliss," Mabel said. "Do you want to see Tom? I'll call him."

Tom Cooper, from above, replied that he would be down in a minute. The children faded from view, but not from hearing.

Mabel Cooper dropped down upon a chair. She had been a gay and pretty girl five years before, buyer for the smartest gift shop in the city, accustomed to her yearly trip to Europe or the Orient in search of novelties. Now she looked utterly wearied, utterly married—captured, but not quite tamed.

"Oh, I am tired!" she sighed. "I've had that all day. And it's the cook's night out. We can't even go out to dinner—Tom sick, and no one to leave with the children if he wasn't."

"You poor thing!" sympathized Myra.

"My dear"—Mabel Cooper was unusually frank in this, her zero hour—"if a man ever asks you to marry him, run for your life! Even if he's the dearest man in the world—and Tom is all of that. But after a woman has held down an interesting job—been her own master—spent her own money—you've no idea the let-down marriage can be! That tied-down feeling! You know how I used to run off to Tokio, to Paris, every fall. And now I can't even run down to the corner for a loaf of bread!"

Tom Cooper came down the stairs, wearing a dressing gown, looking weak and pale. He accepted Camby's roll of documents.

"Awfully good of you to bring these, Myra," he said. "I see you haven't been able to shake John Henry ——"

From above came the sound of a slap, then roars of primeval anger

"Children, children, please!" Mabel called.

"Mabel, in heaven's name, can't you keep those kids quiet?" said Cooper.

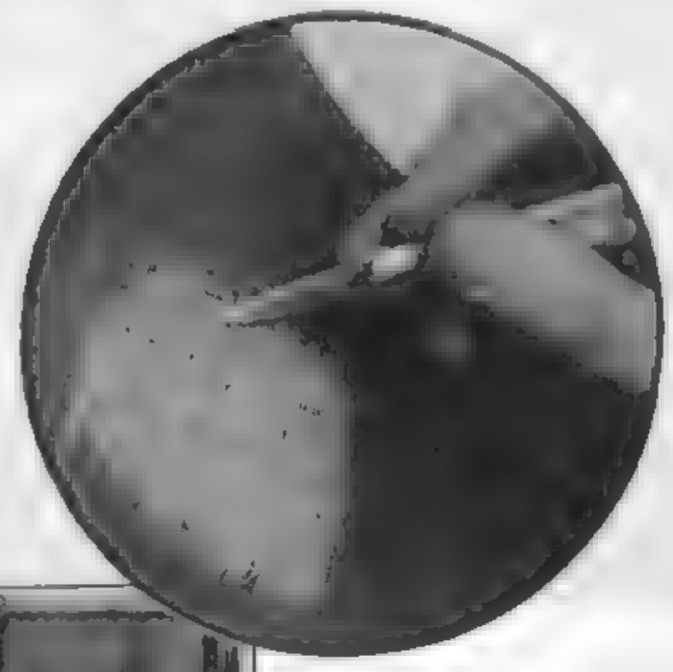
Mabel Cooper's face flushed.

"Keep them quiet! I like that! If you think you can do any better why don't you lend a hand? All day—all day I've had them, while you—you ——" Words appeared to fail her. "Children, what is it now?" she called, and without a word to her guests she ran upstairs.

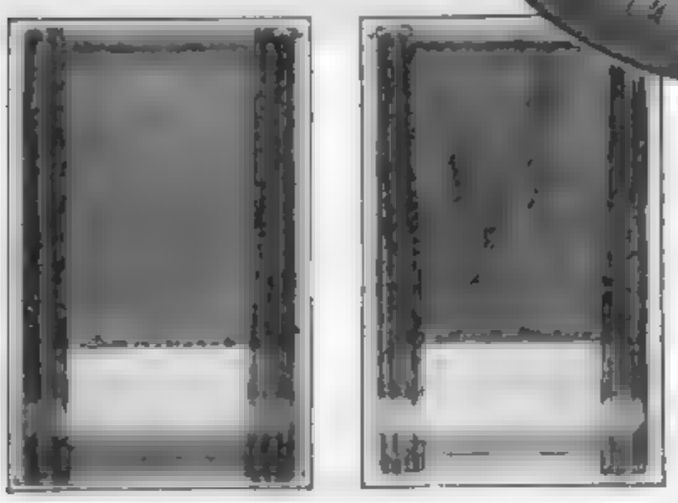
(Continued on Page 48)

"You Wish Me Luck, Don't You?" "With All My Heart!" She Said Softly. "Better Than a Full-Page Ad," John Henry Answered

That "filling"- it makes window shades crack!



Scratch lightly through the surface of ordinary window shade material. Tiny particles fall out, leaving countless pinholes. That's the "filling" of chalk or clay.



(Left) Brenlin shade—made without filling

(Right) Ordinary shade—made with "filling"

Get Brenlin- it has no "filling"

Like school chalk, "filling" in an ordinary window shade breaks and crumbles.

An ordinary window shade must have this brittle chalk or clay "filling" to give weight and body to flimsy, loosely-woven base-material.

Sucking and snapping winds, the little strains of everyday wear, cause it to loosen and fall out. Pinholes and cracks appear—the shade sags and wrinkles, is quickly ruined.

Brenlin has no "filling"—needs none!

Its tight, fine, heavy fabric requires no chalk or clay to give it weight and body. It is flexible, yet always hangs straight and smooth—it is perfectly opaque.

That is why a Brenlin out-wears two or three ordinary window shades. It is the cheapest you can buy.

You'll be surprised to find how much like fine, strong linen Brenlin looks—how beautiful its texture! See it at the Brenlin dealer's in your town in all its soft, rich colorings. And see Brenlin Duplex, made for perfect harmony with a different color on each side.

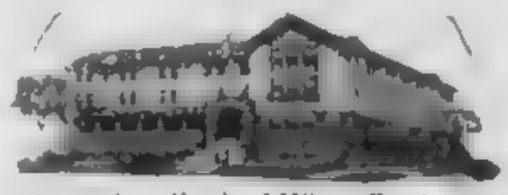
Look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge. If you don't know where to get this long-wearing window shade, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

Valuable booklet on request

Send for our very readable and instructive booklet on how to enhance the beauty of your home with correct shading and decoration of your windows. Actual samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

The Chas. W. Breneman Co., Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America."

Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J. Branches: New York City, Philadelphia, Oakland, Calif., Dallas, Texas. Owner of the good will and trade marks of the J. C. Wemple Co.



Salvation Army Naval and Military Home, shaded with Brenlin by Conrad Large Co., Waukegan, Ill

For windows of less importance Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way

Brenlin

the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

"Maybe it isn't," he conceded, "but I've always liked that specious anecdote attributed to Sheridan, who paid his gambling debts and let his tailor wait. You remember it, of course? When the tailor demanded the reason for this Sheridan told him that a gambling debt was a debt of honor and a tailor's bill was not, since his fortunate adversary at the card table had only his promise to pay, whereas the tailor possessed an action for an account which he could prosecute in the courts.

"'In that case,' declared the tailor, 'I'll tear up my bill.' Which he did, and Sheridan thereupon promptly paid him. Have another nip of brandy?"

"No, thank you!" answered Payson. "It's getting late and I must be going. I've—I've had a perfectly—er—ripping time!"

"You must come again soon!" said Mr. Tutt warmly, from the top of the steps outside.

As Payson reached the sidewalk he looked back somewhat shamefacedly and said: "Do you think it makes any difference what sort of a person this Sadie Burch is?"

In the yellow light of the street lamp it seemed to the collegian as if the face of the old man bore for an instant a fleeting resemblance to that of his father.

"Not one particle!" he answered. "Good night, my boy!"

But Payson Clifford did not have a good night by any manner of means. Instead of returning to his hotel he wandered, aimless and miserable, along the river front. He no longer had any doubt as to his duty. Mr. Tutt had demolished Tutt in a breath—and put the whole proposition clearly. Tutt had given, as it were, and Mr. Tutt had taken away. However, he told himself, that wasn't all there was to it; the money was his in law and no one could deprive him of it. Why not sit tight and let Mr. Tutt go to the devil? He need never see him again! And no one else would ever know! Twenty-five thousand dollars! It would take him years to earn such a staggering sum! Besides, there were two distinct sides to the question. Wasn't Tutt just as good a lawyer as Mr. Tutt? Couldn't he properly decide in favor of himself when the court was equally divided? And Tutt had said emphatically that he would be a fool to surrender the money. As Payson Clifford trudged along the shadows of the docks he became obsessed with a curious feeling that Tutt and Mr. Tutt were both there; Mr. Tutt—a tall, benevolent figure carrying a torch in the shape of a huge, black, blazing stogy that beckoned him onward through the darkness; and behind him Tutt—a little paunchy red devil with horns and a tail, who tweaked him by the coat and twittered: "Don't throw away twenty-five thousand dollars! The best way is to leave matters as they are and let the law settle everything. Then you take no chances!"

But in the end—along about a quarter to seven A.M.—Mr. Tutt won. Exhausted, but at peace with himself, Payson Clifford stumbled into the Harvard Club, on Forty-fourth Street, ordered three fried eggs done double, two orders of bacon and a pot of coffee, and then wrote a letter, which he dispatched by a messenger to Tutt & Tutt:

"*Gentlemen:* Will you kindly take immediate steps to find Miss Sarah Burch and pay over to her twenty-five thousand dollars from my father's residuary estate? I am entirely satisfied that this was his wish. I am returning to Cambridge to-day. If necessary you can communicate with me there.

Yours very truly,
"PAYSON CLIFFORD."

One might suppose that a legatee to twenty-five thousand dollars could be readily found; but Miss Sadie Burch proved a most elusive person. No Burches grew in Hoboken—according to either the telephone or the business directory—and Mr. Tutt's repeated advertisements in the newspapers of that city elicited no response. Three months went by and it began to look as if the lady had either died or permanently absented herself—and that Payson Clifford might be able to keep his twenty-five thousand with a clear conscience. Then one day in May came a letter from a small town in the central part of New Jersey from Sadie Burch. She had, she said, only just learned, and entirely by accident that she was an object of interest to Messrs. Tutt & Tutt. Unfortunately it was not convenient for her to come to New York City, but if she could be of any service to them she would be pleased, and so on.

"I think I'll give the lady the once-over!" remarked Mr. Tutt as he looked across the glittering bay to the shadowy hills of New Jersey. "It's a wonderful day, and there isn't much to do here."

"Sadie Burch? Sadie Burch? Sure, I know her!" answered the lanky man driving the flivver tractor near by, as he inspected the motor carrying Mr. Tutt. "She lives in the second house beyond the big elm." And he started plowing again with a great clatter.

The road glared white in the late afternoon sun. On either side stretched miles of carefully cultivated fields, the country drowsed, the air hot, but sweet with magnolia, lilac, dogwood and apple blossoms. Miss Burch had obviously determined that when she retired from the world of men she would make a thorough job of it and expose herself to no temptation to return—eight miles from the nearest railroad. Just beyond the elms they slowed up alongside a white picket fence inclosing an old-fashioned garden whence floated across to Mr. Tutt the busy murmur of bees. Then they came to a gate that opened upon a red-tiled, box-bordered, moss-grown walk, leading to a small white house with blue-and-white-striped awnings. "Does Miss Sadie Burch live here?" asked Mr. Tutt.

"Yes!" answered a cheerful female voice from the veranda. "Won't you come up on the piazza?"

The voice was not the kind of voice Mr. Tutt had imagined as belonging to Sadie Burch. But neither was the lady on the piazza that kind of lady. In the shadow of the awning in a comfortable rocking-chair sat a white-haired, kindly faced woman, knitting a baby jacket. She looked up at him with a friendly smile.

"I'm Miss Burch," she said. "I suppose you're that lawyer I wrote to? Won't you come up and sit down?"

"Thanks," he replied, drawing nearer with an answering smile. "I can only stay a few moments and I've been sitting in the motor most of the day. I might as well come to the point at once. You have doubtless heard of the death of Mr. Payson Clifford Senior?"

Miss Burch laid down the baby jacket and her lips quivered. Then the tears welled in her faded blue eyes and she fumbled hastily in her bosom for her handkerchief.

"You must excuse me!" she said in a choked voice. "Yes, I read about it. He was the best friend I had in the world—except my brother John. The kindest, truest friend that ever lived!"

She looked out across the little garden and wiped her eyes again.

Mr. Tutt sat down upon the moss-covered doorstep beside her.

"I always thought he was a good man," he returned quietly. "He was an old client of mine—though I didn't know him very well."

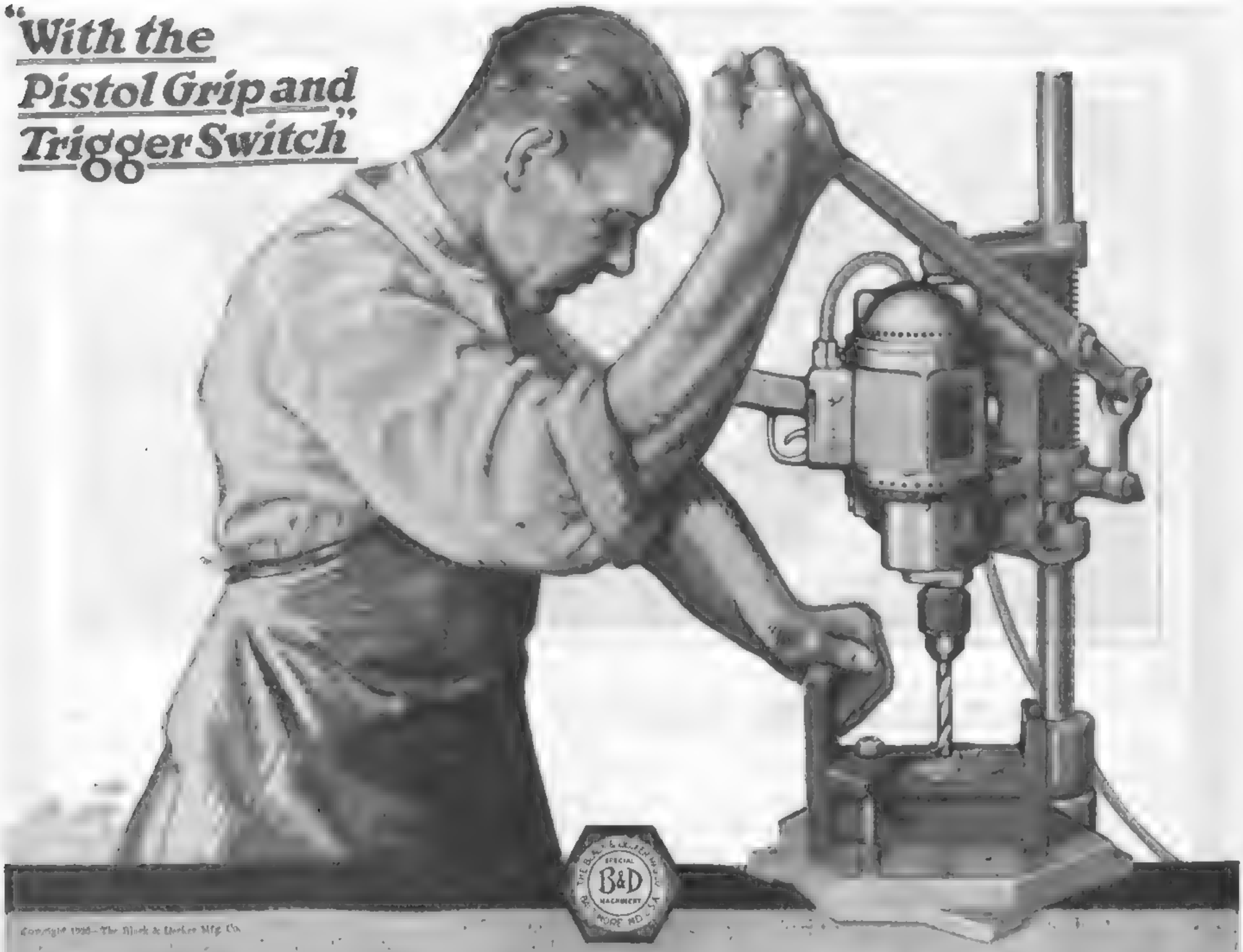
"I owe this house to him," continued Miss Burch tenderly. "If it hadn't been for Mr. Clifford I don't know what would have become of me. Now that John is dead and I'm all alone in the world this little place—with the flowers and the bees—is all I've got."

They were silent for several moments. Then Mr. Tutt said: "No, it isn't all. Mr. Clifford left a letter with his will, in which he instructed his son to pay you twenty-five thousand dollars. I'm here to give it to you."

A puzzled look came over her face, and then she smiled again and shook her head.

"That was just like him!" she remarked. "But it's all a mistake. He paid me back that money five years ago. You see he persuaded John to go into some kind of a business scheme with him, and they lost all they put into it—twenty-five thousand apiece. It was all we had. It wasn't his fault, but after John died Mr. Clifford made me—simply made me—let him give the money back. He must have written the letter before that and forgotten all about it!"

"With the Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"



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To the science and practice of electrical transmission, the Habirshaw Electric Cable Company has been a generous contributor. From the very beginning of the industry, Habirshaw insulated wires and cables have been the accepted standard, and from the Habirshaw laboratories came the first impulses toward advanced methods and materials of insulation. Here, too, were developed many of the mechanical ingenuities that have made possible the closer approach to wire perfection and the enormous production that has so materially decreased its cost.

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Insulated Wire & Cable

Plus Western Electric Company's Service

TO REDUCE THE COST OF EATING

(Continued from Page 9)

Whenever and wherever the cost of living is under discussion, well-intentioned theorists rise to urge increase in consumption of fish. To read the fervent appeals one might imagine that the fresh and salt waters teem with fish. But the fact remains that for good reasons fish are usually an expensive food. Fish are very perishable, and when decomposed are notoriously toxic. The spoilage of the catch is very large. The wastage in the carcass is heavy. Transportation and distribution are usually expensive, on account of costs of refrigeration. The public taste for fish is capricious and limited. The market for salted, dried and smoked fish is nominal in this country. We eat fish as a course, not as a staple, except on Friday. But it is only when used as a staple that fish has a meaning in the cost of living. In the United Kingdom it has been possible to increase the consumption of fish since the armistice, because the North Sea was heavily stocked as the result of little fishing during the war, and the people are naturally heavy consumers of fish as a staple food.

Before the war fruits and vegetables contributed 8% of the calories of the diet. Of this nearly 4% was in the form of potato. One outstanding feature of the diet of our country during the last twenty years has been expansion in fruits and vegetables. There is no question that fruits and vegetables are healthful and that a continuous diversity is desirable. It is also true that fresh fruits and vegetables are in many ways more attractive than canned vegetables, although within recent years improvements in the arts of the canners have enabled the packers to produce goods that are so good as almost to be equivalent to the fresh articles. Certain vegetables—spinach, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, sprouts, onions, endive, chicory, string beans, asparagus, tomato—in general, leaf vegetables, are rich in fat-soluble vitamine, and a liberal percentage of these vegetables is essential in the diet if the milk supply is low. In other words these vegetables can be used as imperfect substitutes for milk.

These vegetables are not especially of zonal production. The root and tuber vegetables are richer in calories but poorer in protective substances. From the standpoint of calories all fruits and vegetables, even the potato, are poor foods, and are very expensive when judged by calories per dollar. But they must not be so judged up to a certain point. They contribute indispensable roughage, a diversity of mineral salts and the vitamines. Citrous fruits are especially rich in vitamines.

Good But Costly Food

American consumption of fruits and vegetables has ceased to be zonal, national or seasonal. We now consume fruits and vegetables from practically every part of the world and to an amazing extent in the fresh state. Tropical fruits are to be found in the most out-of-the-way hamlets. Not content with the importation of fresh vegetables from milder climes, we have developed a large production of hothouse vegetables. When one contrasts the crops of apples and oranges with those of twenty years ago, the picture, though striking enough, does not fully express our expansion in consumption. This can be measured only by including the importation of tropical fruits and vegetables and visualizing the shipments of fresh fruits and vegetables from one zone to the other, in order to realize the universality and bounteousness of fruits and vegetables in the diet. That this has not been accomplished at the expense of canned vegetables and fruits is shown by the enormous packs annually recorded.

Now this is all good and desirable and not to be criticized, but it is expensive. A return to the simpler standards of consumption of fruit and vegetables of twenty years ago would result in a substantial saving. It would not represent any deterioration of the diet in the physiological sense. It might represent a degradation of the diet in the æsthetic sense. But it would accomplish a large saving. Price deflation may be expected to occur last of all with fruits and vegetables. The staples lead the way, the perishables follow. The spread between producers' and consumers' prices is always widest with fresh fruits and vegetables, on account of the difficulties in distribution and the speculative nature of the business.

Little relief is to be expected from canned goods. The pack of fruits and vegetables of last summer was put up at very high costs, and if these are to be reduced to comparable levels, heavy losses will have to be shouldered by someone. Warehouses and stores in the cities are filled with high-priced fancy groceries and colonial goods. These were stocked at top prices, orders have been canceled and deliveries rejected, leaving the wares in the hands of the original owners, to suffer huge losses through shrinkage of inventories. Inflation and deflation are apt to consort with luxuries more than with essentials. Though the public was as much to blame as the retail trade in the cancellation of orders, it will not be in the interest of orderly deflation for the holders to attempt to cover on staples the losses incurred on fancy groceries. It is best for everybody to take the inevitable losses at once and return to orderly business.

Changes in English Diet

The difference between the table of the American and that of the European before the war could be described in one sentence: We had more foods and better foods, they had more efficient utilization. The poorest diet in the United States is to-day so far above the average diet of Europe as to be past comparison. Our luxury is most in evidence in the consumption of fruits and vegetables, meats and manufactured states of sugar. The best contrast is to be observed in England, whose prewar diet was most like ours. The United Kingdom had the most efficient war rationing of any European nation. The submerged tenth of the great cities of England ceased to exist, in the nutritional sense. The classes of means and the middle class bore the brunt of the restrictions, as was proper; the working classes received generous consideration and enjoyed at all times during the war better rations than before the war. Food control in England displayed an equity unknown on the Continent.

The British are continuing in the postwar period the national diet that grew out of the war. As their economic circumstances improve, gradual return to the prewar diet may be anticipated. But it will take longer to go back to the old diet than it has taken to reach the present one. The changes in the British diet from 1913 to 1920 may be summarized as follows:

Pronounced increase in the consumption of bread.
Slight increase in consumption of homegrown fruits and vegetables.
Marked decrease in the consumption of imported fruits and vegetables.
Slight decrease in consumption of domestic meats.
Marked decrease in the consumption of imported meats.
Slight decrease in consumption of domestic dairy products.
Heavy decrease in the consumption of imported dairy products.
Heavy increase in imported vegetable oils.
Reduction of sugar, almost one-half.
Increase in fish consumption.

Last spring meats were set free from control at a time when the price of bread was still subsidized. The government held huge stocks of meats and wanted them consumed. The hoped-for increase in the consumption of meats did not occur; the public did not abandon cheap bread for expensive meat. Now that the price of bread has doubled in Great Britain, a swing in the direction of meat consumption is to be expected. As a result of price, margarine has largely replaced butter on the average British table.

The diet to be recommended to Americans who desire to make the table simpler and less expensive without loss of quality or efficiency will follow the trend of events in Great Britain with two exceptions—dairy products and sugar. The financial reasons for increased consumption of bread

The Street of Happy Lamps

WITH the winter come shorter days, quicker darkness and the earlier lighting of city streets and suburban highways.

No citizen should plod his way through dark streets and roads exposed to robbery, confusion, attack or insult.

Long ago the old lamplighter used to go through the town, at dusk, lighting the flickering corner lamps.

It all took time. The last lamp to be lit found night well on its way.

Now, in the big central station the switch is thrown over and the whole city glows with happy lamps.

A movement of one hand—the work of one second—and light flows down miles of streets. Evil flies before it. The way is made safe.

From dusk until dawn, through storms and fogs, you may go upon your missions protected as with a thousand guardians.

Trace back this light, so taken for granted; back to the big electric light and power station; back over the countless miles of wire, through overhead cables and underground conduits, to the huge tireless generators whirring night and day in your service.

Trace it further back to the men and women whose faith in this great public utility urged them to put millions of their savings into its securities. Without them there would be no happy lamps.

Some 1,400,000 American citizens hold securities in the electric light and power industry. Banks and insurance companies have invested and loaned millions.

This industry, requiring tremendous investment and capital to provide additional equipment, will be able through public support and confidence even further to extend and increase the scope and efficiency of its service.

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Appearance and comfort both

The true measure of eyeglass efficiency

Due to rapid strides in the modern art of lens manufacture, optical correctness alone is no longer the measure of eyeglass efficiency. The question of how well one looks *in* glasses has become just as important as how well one looks *through* them.

This is especially true among bifocal wearers—people who require glasses for both near and far sight—because the ordinary bifocals with the conspicuous lines or humps on their lens surfaces do make folks look unnecessarily old and freakish.

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THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS

and decreased consumption of meats and of certain classes of fruits and vegetables hold for both countries. British reasons for reduction of sugar do not hold here; quite the contrary. As to dairy products, despite the fact that the health of the British people does not indicate any obvious injury to children or adults as a result of restriction of supplies of dairy products, it is not to the interest of the American diet to suggest any limitation in the consumption of dairy products. For children the wider the margin of safety the better, and milk constitutes the element of safety.

Americans must realize that the high cost of our diet is not solely the expression of our selection of foods but is due to a considerable extent to our system of household marketing. Retail marketing in this country is wasteful from the standpoint of the seller and extravagant from the standpoint of the buyer. The spread between wholesale and retail prices in foodstuffs in this country is wide in contrast to the conditions in Europe. In Europe the family buys; it does not merely order. Families that have servants send them to market. Where there are no servants the housewife goes to market. Between buying and ordering there is a vast difference. The American housewife has come more and more to believe that every retail dealer should keep every brand of every commodity—every meat, every fruit, every vegetable. She feels free to order and expect delivery at any hour of the day. The overhead charge in the retailing of foodstuffs is enormous. Since many sales are made on credit unpaid debts are numerous. Waste and deterioration in stocks are ubiquitous. The minute attentions demanded by buyers have led to needless multiplicity of sellers. There are too many retailers dealing in foodstuffs. The wide spread between wholesalers' and retailers' prices of foodstuffs is not due to crass profiteering; to a greater extent it is a measure of gross inefficiency, exaggerated overhead, style and fastidiousness.

These conditions have proceeded from the buyer quite as much as from the seller, and the result has been a heavy increase in the cost of foodstuffs. A good illustration of the whole situation is to be observed in bread. In France the cost of the flour is 76% of the price of bread; here the cost of the flour is about 36% of the price of bread. Just about the same relations of spread are to be observed in the prices of foodstuffs in general in France and in the United States. We must cease to treat staples like perishables. We must differentiate between luxuries and necessaries. Someone may interpose that the American woman does not wish to conduct her household as does the European woman, that she prefers to have more free time outside of household duties for other occupations. If that be true she must expect to pay the price. It is impossible to expect retailers in foodstuffs in this country to sell foodstuffs on the margin customary in Europe unless they do business as do retailers in Europe. So-called cash-and-carry stores resemble European shops. Economy in management represents an earning and the retailers' spread will never be narrowed in the United States until household expenditures become an object of careful household management.

Lagging Price Reductions

We read a great deal about profiteering in foods. Naturally there has been much of it. From the standpoint of economics the rise in sugar during the past year was a profiteering, because it has no proper foundation in conditions of supply and demand. Whether it was an intentional profiteering is an entirely different matter. What arouses the consumer always is the difference between wholesale and retail prices. Hogs and cattle decline, the wholesale prices of meats fall, but the retail prices remain stationary. At least so it seems to the housewife. And all too often the retail prices do not follow the wholesale prices.

There are two ways of conducting retail business, one used with some commodities and the other with others, one used at one time and the other at others. According to one method the retailer sells for a certain amount above cost—cost-plus—so that the dollar earns so much each turnover. According to the other method the retailer sells for replacement price, for what it will cost him to replace the article on the shelf. With ascending prices dealers are prone to incline to the replacement method; with falling prices they are prone to incline to the cost-plus method. One must remember that different foodstuffs require different times to pass from the raw to the finished state. Pork loins follow hogs on the hoof. But bacon and hams, that remain in process of curing for three months, do not follow hogs on the hoof in the same way. Pork chops are sold on the cost-plus basis; bacon and hams incline to the replacement basis. The price of flour follows the price of wheat closely; the price of bread lags. Wheat takes thirty days to pass into flour. The average large baker has a month's supply of flour in the bakery, another month's supply in warehouse and a third month's supply under contract. The pack of canned vegetables and fruits represents the conditions of supply during a few weeks, but must be sold during the entire year. One must expect no concordance between the prices of fresh and canned vegetables except such as is established by competition between the two in the valuation of the consumer.

The wholesale-price-index curve of foodstuffs rose gradually from 1915 until at the time of our entrance into the war it stood at about 200, 100 being the normal line. It then rose rapidly, before the passage of the Lever Act, until it reached the high point of 250. The measures and operations of the Food Administration soon reduced the food index number to about 180. It remained below 200 until the armistice, and a little later fell to 160. Then, when the regulations and control of the Food Administration were removed, foods were caught in the upward sweep of price inflation and rose to about 200, from which height the curve has since fallen to 165. This for wholesale and primary market prices. When the wholesale curve rose prior to our entrance into the war the retail prices lagged, retail foods were relatively cheap as compared with wholesale. During the period of control of the Food Administration the spread between wholesale and retail prices, between prices of producers and consumers, was held narrow and constant. When the next upward turn of wholesale prices occurred, in 1919, the retail curve rose to exceed that of the wholesale prices. During the recent fall of the producers' and wholesale prices the prices of retailers have not fallen in proportion; foodstuffs have been relatively expensive compared with those of the wholesale trade. The discrepancies have been glaring with certain foodstuffs.

The Profiteers' Market

This has been due in large part to the fact that the retail dealer, realizing that heavy losses were inevitable with certain goods, like sugar, was trying to make up the losses by refusing to mark down other lines in accordance with wholesale prices. Wholesale sugar rose from nine to twenty-three cents, and has fallen back to six cents a pound. Different dealers, involved in deflation to different degrees and in different ways, would mark their prices according to individual schemes of minimizing losses, and this gave rise to price differences between dealers so marked as inevitably to provoke the interpretation of profiteering. As a matter of fact there was profiteering, but it was much less in evidence in foodstuffs than in clothing.

The consumer must look inward as well as outward; he has not been passive during the period of inflation. Profiteers take advantage of market circumstances; they have little influence in creating them. From the spring of 1919 until the summer of 1920 we went on a rampage of extravagance. This made our country a sellers' market, and profiteers always take advantage of a sellers' market. No prices were too high for the things that we felt we had to have at once. Had the consumer during the first year after the armistice exhibited a fraction of that reserve that during the second year developed into a consumers' strike the flight of inflation would never have occurred. The human factor was the decisive element. Having worked hand in glove with the speculator and profiteer to inflate prices by demanding goods in excess of needs, it does us little good now to denounce profiteering.

The question of the cost of foodstuffs is frequently connected with the problem of the agricultural resources of the country. When one observes the trend of agricultural output, the drift of population and the balance of foreign trade in foodstuffs over the past two decades one is inclined

(Concluded on Page 117)

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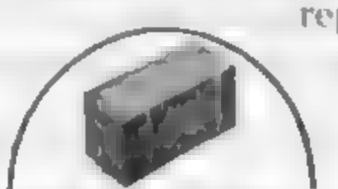

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In addition to the displays of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures shown by Wholesale Dealers and Contracting Plumbers, there are permanent "Standard" exhibits in the following cities:

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BOSTON	186 DEVONSHIRE	CINCINNATI	633 WALNUT	*MILWAUKEE	211 FIFTH	*LOS ANGELES	216 251 S CENTRAL
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(Concluded from Page 114)

to predict that the United States is ceasing to be a net food-exporting country and becoming a net food-importing country. Before the war the net export balance of foodstuffs was slowly declining. We may measure the balance of trade in terms of dollars or calories. The latter are the more significant to the scientist, but the former hold more meaning to the economist. No one suggesting or predicting that we are to become a food-importing country does so on the basis of limitation of agricultural resources. One must distinguish between potential capacity and commercial capacity. We have the potential capacity to produce 1,500,000,000 bushels of wheat, 5,000,000,000 bushels of corn, 2,000,000,000 bushels of oats, and 1,000,000,000 bushels of other coarse grains, if we would but cultivate our acres with the efficiencies demonstrated in Western European countries. But that would mean cultivation for output per acre, not output per farmer, as at present. Such a production would sustain double our population. Our commercial capacity, the agricultural production that is remunerative to the agrarian body, is a totally different thing. Our commercial agricultural capacity is a question of price—costs of production here as compared with costs in semideveloped countries.

Our soil is adapted to the sugar beet and would easily produce the 4,000,000 tons of sugar we consume; but we have never produced a fourth of that. We imported in 1913–14 nearly 12,000,000 bushels of corn, largely from Argentina, not because we had reached the limits of our corn land or corn yields but because Argentine corn could be delivered at the Atlantic seaboard at a lower price than corn from the Central States. The Canadians can raise hard spring wheat cheaper than we can.

If we cease to be a food-exporting country we do so because it is nationally more remunerative to us to manufacture industrial goods and exchange them for foodstuffs abroad than to raise the foodstuffs at home. If farming is falling back relatively it is because it is less remunerative and attractive than urban industry. If farming be made more highly remunerative and attractive our period as a food-exporting state will be prolonged. A tariff on agricultural products will protect our own markets; but we cannot hope that it will produce surplus crops for export or facilitate export. If we were to raise all our own staples—cereals, dairy products, meats and vegetables—our imports of sugar, coffee, tea, spices and other foodstuffs that cannot be grown here but are indispensable in the American diet would make us a net food-importing state in terms of dollars or calories.

Profits Cut by Waste

No argument based upon the undeveloped richness of our soil refutes the prediction that we are to become a food-importing country, unless that richness of soil can be transmuted into commercial products at lower costs than those obtaining in other countries. The price of wheat in this country is determined by the world price of wheat if we export a fraction of our crop. If we were importers of wheat the price of the wheat grown at home would be largely fixed also by the world price of the fraction imported.

The wheat grower will not raise wheat for export if the price of the whole crop is held down to a level regarded as unremunerative by the world wheat price that applies to the exportable surplus. The farmer will cease to plant wheat in the spring-wheat belt if effective governmental action is not taken against rust, which now reduces yields so seriously. The farmer is not going to toil for the mere glory of having our country classified as a food-exporting country. A country whose agricultural resources are not fully developed may easily become a food-importing country. The United Kingdom could double her production of foodstuffs, as was proved during the war, if the agrarians had the motive for so doing. It is a question of price in the complex economic environment of our diversified resources. A certain amount of agriculture is inevitable; so to speak, the farming is predestined. But to a goodly extent the farmer is a free agent in cultivation, and acts in response to price. Writers sometimes speak of urbanization as though it were a diabolic invention, the vicious cause of industrial expansion; historically it is the result of industrial development.

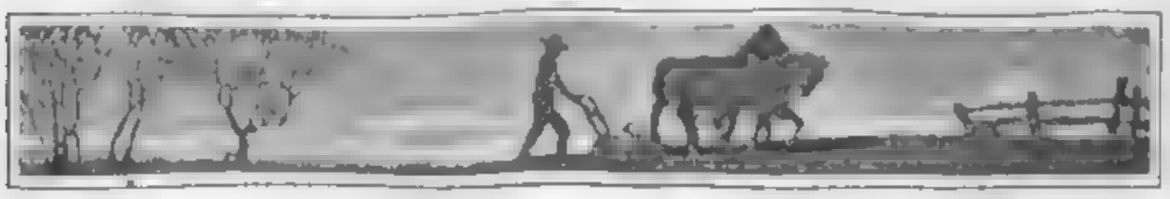
It is one thing to be self-supporting in foods, another thing to be an exporting nation. Bismarck determined to make Germany self-supporting. Decades before that, England had decided that the United Kingdom could not be made self-supporting. Therefore Germany had high tariff duties on all agricultural products, the United Kingdom had free trade. The policy of Germany did greatly increase the agricultural production of the country, but at the price of an artificially high cost of living to the urban class. But no height of tariff could make Germany a food-exporting state, despite her large exportation of sugar.

If we may judge by the United Kingdom and Germany, the farmer in a food-importing country is better off with a tariff than under free trade. A low tariff would enable us to supply ourselves with most of our staples. Sugar we should need to import, and certain kinds of cotton, wool and hides. But in that very situation we should be a food-importing nation, because we should pay for our negative balance of food trade with manufactured commodities or metals and minerals. And if industrial history furnishes us with trustworthy precedent, that is the path we shall tread. And this will be no reflection on our farmers, no indication of exhaustion of agriculture, but merely the operation of the law of diminishing returns in a complex economic environment. The most obvious thing to do to increase the remuneration to the farmer is to eliminate the wastes in our present system of marketing, since the losses through inefficiencies fall upon him. The larger the remuneration in farming the greater our production; the agricultural output represents neither the potential of our soil nor the need of our population.

Effect of Export Credits

With the wealth of foodstuffs at our disposal the American home can arrange the family diet with great latitude. But the diet must be planned out, not determined by bargain hunting. Judicious, systematic buying and sane consumption will do more to stabilize the prices and qualities of foodstuffs than can be accomplished by agitation. Spurts and lags in buying and consumption merely delay the resumption of orderly marketing, manufacture and retailing of foodstuffs. What is wanted in the food world is collective bargaining, not strikes and lockouts.

Legislation now under way involving extension of foreign credits may disturb the trend of food prices. The flour mills are operating far below normal production. On account of lack of orders, flour production is lagging behind the normal rate of consumption; we are living on the stocks, in part. Flour stocks in the country cannot be large. If now extensive foreign credits are granted some will be for wheat, some for flour. Stocks in large centers being low, a sudden export demand may drive up prices sharply, since it takes a month for increased milling to show in barrels of flour. If export demand for wheat on credit drives up the price, the price of flour would be advanced by two factors—higher cost of wheat and competitive demand for a limited supply of flour. In a word, production must be programmed with export credits if prices are not to be inflated. The revival of the War Finance Corporation tends to reinflation. But if it is a programmed reinflation, that will be a small evil compared with the irregular inflation through banking credits that has been occasioned by the excess of exports during the past year. So far as export credits stimulate the general productivity, the result will be enlarged purchasing power by all urban classes, extension of the home market and, in consequence, much-desired stabilization of agricultural conditions.



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AUSTRIA'S AGONY AND ITS WARNING TO EUROPE

(Continued from Page 23)

with the consent of the governments he represented, to transform his reparation committee into a committee of relief. Great Britain voted a sum of thirty-five million pounds for the relief of Austria. The Swiss Red Cross, first to attempt rescue of the stricken Austrians, was followed by the enormous organization of Mr. Hoover, distributing supplies from the United States and Canada. The Scandinavian nations coöperated in this work of international charity, which, as Mr. Joseph Redlich, the Austrian representative on The League of Nations, has written, was the first and for some time the only manifestation of that spirit of national solidarity which during the war had been preached by President Wilson in his famous messages. This distinguished Austrian reveals the gratitude of his people in the following words:

"This work of international charity has saved the lives of thousands of babies in Vienna. It has through the organization of the Society of Friends of England healed innumerable mothers. It has by the energy and humanity of Mr. Hoover and his compatriots nourished for more than two years hundreds of thousands of children in the schools of Vienna and industrial centers. It has lavished on us inestimable consolations, because not only have we benefited by such magnificent charity, but all humanity itself, crushed by this terrible war, has obtained moral profit from it. It is, therefore, the sacred duty of an Austrian to celebrate with all his heart such a manifestation of brotherhood. Nevertheless, the misery of the masses, and still more of the middle classes, which still continues in spite of all this charity, should not be misunderstood. It is not the result of a temporary situation or the passing incapacity of a people unable to reëstablish themselves. On the contrary the material and moral causes are too powerful to be conquered by an enfeebled and stricken people."

Vienna, City of Tragedy

When I went to the city of Vienna, after a long and dreadful journey from Triest, the train in which I traveled was crowded with men and women who seemed desperately anxious to reach that city, and I wondered then, and wonder now, what evil spell enticed them that way. For Vienna had no room for them, no food for them except at monstrous prices, no fuel, no trade and no hope for any of them, if they were of Austrian race. Yet every day I stayed there more people were crowding into the city and not leaving it, owing to some freak of psychology at which I could only guess—a desire for a mad kind of gayety in their world of ruin, a herding together of doomed people, the old spirit which in times of plague made men "eat, drink and be merry; for to-morrow we die." There were others who came as vultures follow the trail of death and feed upon the corpses. They were human vultures growing fat on the disease of a nation by financial jugglings and commercial adventures in bankrupt stock. They were rich enemies of Austria, once within her empire, now getting the value of the foreign exchange which made their money worth ten times or fifty times as much as the Austrian paper money. They were the profiteers of her own people who even in the general ruin had managed to loot fortunes, so that they could fling about these paper notes from vast stocks of paper with reckless hands. So every hotel in a city of hotels was crowded, with people sleeping on sofas, in bathrooms and drawing-rooms—anywhere for shelter.

On the night of my arrival I hired a cab with two horses driven by a man who had the skill and passion of a Roman charioteer. At a furious gallop through a wet darkness he took me to many hotels in different parts of the city, laughed heartily when I was refused admittance time and time again, and shook hands like a friend and a brother when by a wild stroke of luck I managed to struggle into a small hotel owing to the favor of an Austrian waiter who had fond memories of Leicester Square. I paid my driver what I thought was three times his proper fare, but he scrunched up the notes and said: "I have to live! This would not buy me a packet of cigarettes!" In the end I gave him a hundred kronen and thought I had been robbed, but one day in Vienna was enough to teach me that this sum would hardly buy a meal in any modest restaurant.

On that first night in Vienna a dreadful gloom, spiritual as well as physical, encompassed me when I went out into the streets for an evening walk—those streets which I remembered as so full of light and gayety and music before the war. Only a few lights glimmered. The great arc lamps were not burning. No gleam came through the shuttered windows. At six o'clock all the shops were closed, and there were not many people about in the darkness. They passed me like ghosts, and I saw through the gloom pale, haggard faces of men and women who shivered as they walked. Children with bare feet padded past on the wet pavements. One woman with a baby in her arms stopped before me and held out a skinny, clawlike hand and begged for money. Truly, I thought, I have come to a city of tragedy. After other nights in Vienna I knew that it was indeed a city of tragedy, more tragic than any other city I had seen in the world after the years of war, filled with masses of people, semi-starved or three-quarters starved, with rickety children so wizened and weak that they looked like little monkeys after six months or more of life, with diseased mothers unable to feed them at the breast, with men of good education and good birth starving slowly but very surely on a diet of cabbage soup, with beautiful girls selling their beauty for one night's meal, and middle-class women watching their children wither and die, and a hopeless misery among these millions in the back streets of that great and splendid city, with its palaces, its picture galleries, its glorious gardens, its noble architecture of banks and offices and mansions.

Yet here were strange, bewildering contrasts between reckless luxury and starving poverty, between gayety and despair, which deceived many observers who saw only one side, or could not reconcile both sides with any reason. Night after night, after exploring the back streets and the places of malady, the hospitals and babies' *crèches*, the feeding centers of charity, I used to push through the swing doors of some restaurant or concert hall and sit there to watch the crowd and listen to the music and find some clew to the riddle of things.

A Brilliant Pretense

These places were always crowded, and the crowd was always made up of the same types. There were great numbers of prosperous-looking men who seemed to have illimitable supplies of paper money. Some of them were Italians, some of them Greeks, Czechs, Serbians, Hungarians and Jews. Many of them were Jews of no certain nationality and speaking every kind of language. Here and there were Austrian families, sitting here for the light and warmth, and lingering a long time over cups of coffee and glasses of cold water, while the band played piece after piece with a brilliant gayety which seemed to pretend that life is very merry, free from care, full of sunshine, beauty, laughter, love.

There was plenty of love in these places, but not of a kind good to see on the whole. Now and then my eyes were taken by young Austrian couples who sat hand in hand or with their faces very close together and their eyes lighted by each other's light, and I thought they were pitiful to see, yet beautiful, like lovers shipwrecked on a desert place, with death about them and drawing near, so that perhaps this love was all they had, and enough. But mostly the love making was bought by the prosperous-looking men, who were giving wine and cakes to girls who, I guessed, had had no solid food that day and were paying for it by laughter and flirtation and the open marketing of their youth. They seemed nice girls, as good as your sisters or mine, of middle class, of decent upbringing, but now citizens of Vienna which is starving, victims of a life where death is on the

(Continued on Page 121)

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AMERICA IN THE CONGO

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

GO UP the Kasai River to Joko Punda and you believe, despite the background of luxuriant tropical vegetation and the ever-present naked savage, that for the moment you are back in the United States. You see American jitneys scooting through the jungle; you watch five-ton American trucks hauling heavy loads along the sandy roads; you hear American slang and banter on all sides, and if you are lucky enough to be invited to a meal you get American hot cakes with real American maple sirup. On the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving the Stars and Stripes stir in the African breeze. The very air tingles with Yankee energy.

All this means that you have arrived at the outpost of Little America in the Belgian Congo—the first actual signboard, so to speak, of the least known and most picturesque piece of American financial venturing abroad. It has helped to redeem a vast region from barbarism and opened up an area of far-reaching economic significance. At Joko Punda you enter the domain of the Forminière, the huge corporation which was founded by a monarch and which has a kingdom for a partner. Woven into its story is the romance of a Virginia boy who became the commercial associate of a king.

The Forminière and its Backers

WHAT is the Forminière and what does it do? First of all, the name is a contraction of Société Internationale Forestière et Minière du Congo. In the Congo, where companies have long titles, it is the fashion to reduce them to the dimensions of a cable code word. Thus the high-sounding Compagnie Industrielle pour le Transport et Commerce au Stanley Pool is mercifully shaved to Citas. This transformation, let me say, is a life-saver for the alien with a limited knowledge of French and whose pronunciation is worse.

Clearly to understand the scope and purpose of the Forminière you must know that it is one of the three master companies that have shaped the destiny of the Congo. I encountered the first—the Union Minière—the moment I entered the Katanga. The second is the Huileries du Congo Belge, the palm-oil producers whose bailiwick abuts upon the Congo and Kwilu rivers. I described their activities in the preceding article. Now we come to the third and the most important agency, so far as American interest is affected, in the Forminière, whose empire is the immense section watered by the Kasai River and which extends across the border into Angola. In the Union Minière you got the initial hint of America's part in the development of the Congo. That part, however, was entirely technical. With the Forminière you have the combination of American capital and American engineering in an achievement that is, to say the least, unusual.

A Diamond Mine in the Heart of the Jungle

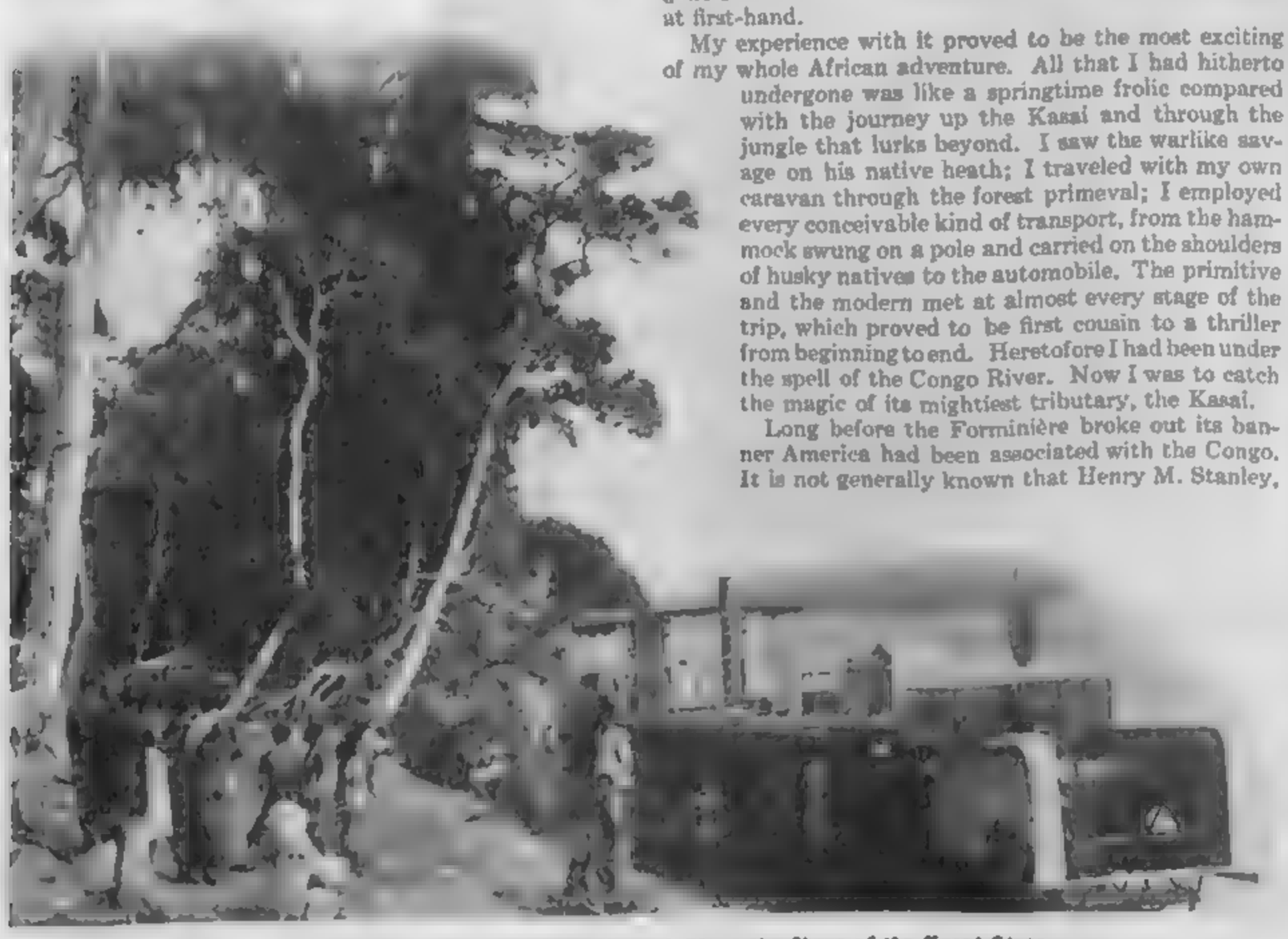
The moment I dipped into Congo business history I touched the Forminière for the reason that it was the pet project of King Leopold and the last and favorite corporate child of his economic statesmanship. Moreover, among the leading Belgian capitalists interested were men who had been Stanley's comrades and who had helped to blaze the path of civilization through the wilds. King Albert spoke of it to me in terms of appreciation, and more especially of the American end. I felt a sense of pride in the financial courage and physical hardihood of my countrymen who had gone so far afield. I determined to see the undertaking at first-hand.

My experience with it proved to be the most exciting of my whole African adventure. All that I had hitherto undergone was like a springtime frolic compared with the journey up the Kasai and through the jungle that lurks beyond. I saw the warlike savage on his native heath; I traveled with my own caravan through the forest primeval; I employed every conceivable kind of transport, from the hammock swung on a pole and carried on the shoulders of husky natives to the automobile. The primitive and the modern met at almost every stage of the trip, which proved to be first cousin to a thriller from beginning to end. Heretofore I had been under the spell of the Congo River. Now I was to catch the magic of its mightiest tributary, the Kasai.

Long before the Forminière broke out its banner America had been associated with the Congo. It is not generally known that Henry M. Stanley, who was born John Rowlands, achieved all the feats which made him an international figure under the name of his American benefactor, who adopted him in New Orleans after he had run away to sea from a Welsh workhouse. He was to all intents and purposes an American, and carried the American flag on two of his famous expeditions.

President Cleveland was the first chief dignitary of a nation to recognize the Congo Free State in the eighties, and his name is perpetuated in Mount Cleveland, near the headwaters of the Congo River. An American Minister to Belgium, Gen. H. S. Sanford, had a conspicuous part in all the first International African Associations formed by King Leopold to study the Congo situation. This contract, however, save Stanley's share, was diplomatic and a passing phase. It was the prelude to the constructive and permanent part played by the American capitalists in the Forminière, chief of whom is Thomas F. Ryan.

The reading world associates Ryan with the whirlpool of big finance. He ruled New York traction and he recast the tobacco world. Yet nothing appealed to his imagination and enthusiasm like the Congo. He saw it in very much the same way that Rhodes viewed Rhodesia. Every great American master of capital has had his particular pet. There is always some darling of the financial gods. The late J. P. Morgan, for example, regarded the United States Steel Corporation as his prize performance, and talked about it just as a doting father speaks of a successful son. The Union Pacific system was the apple of E. H. Harriman's eye, and the New York Central was a Vanderbilt fetish for decades. So with Ryan and the Congo. Other powerful Americans have become associated with him, as you will see later on, but it was the tall, clear-eyed Virginian who first had the vision on this side of the Atlantic and backed it with his millions. I am certain that if Ryan had gone into the Congo earlier, and had not been engrossed in his American interests, he would probably have done for the whole of Central Africa what Rhodes did for South Africa.



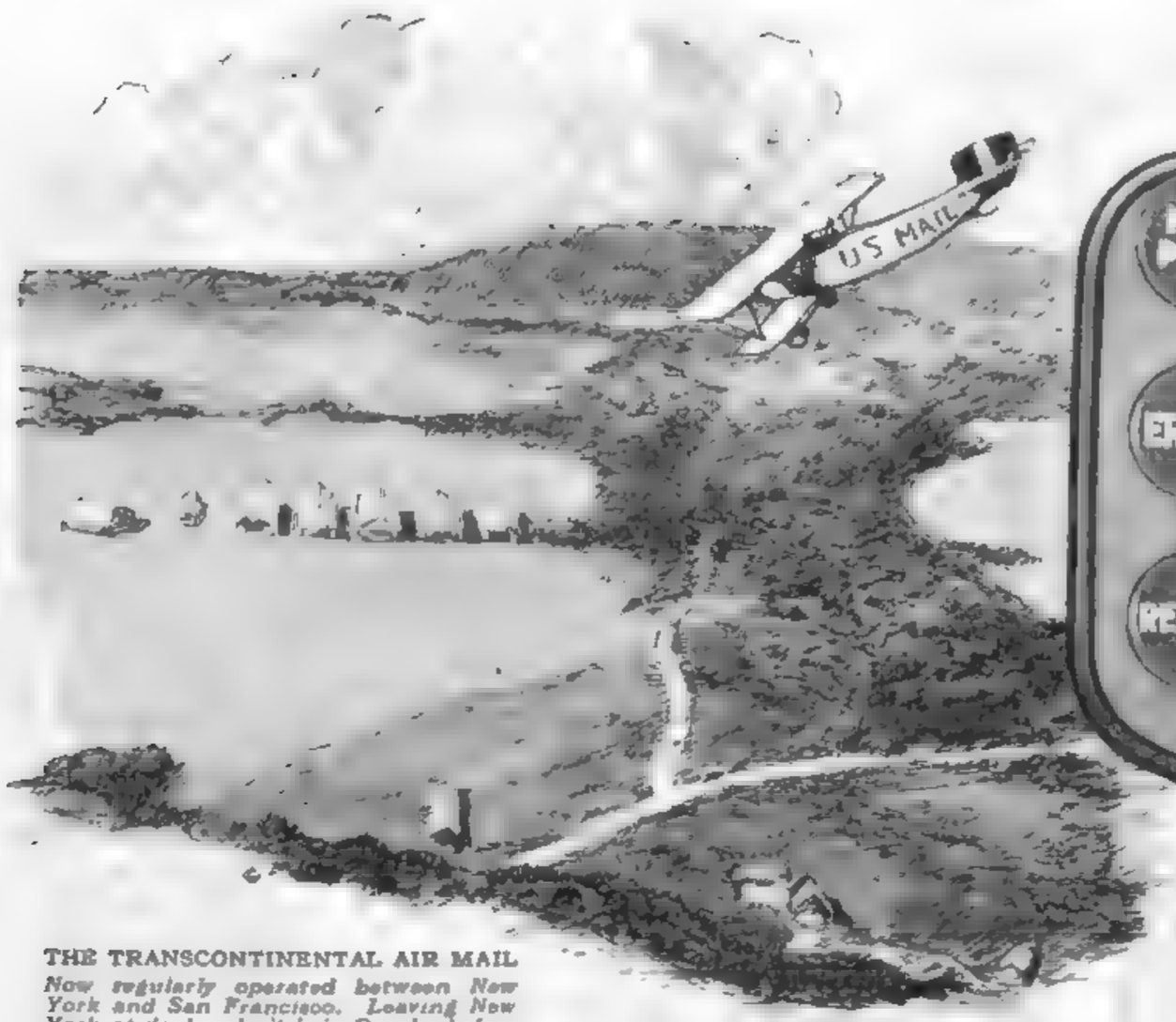
A Type of Veteran Congo Boat Moored Along the Shore of the Kasai River

Leopold II as a Business Man

WE CAN now get the beginnings of the Forminière. Most large corporations radiate from a lawyer's office. With the Forminière it was otherwise. The center of inspiration was the stone palace at Brussels where Leopold II, King of the Belgians, held forth. The year 1906 was not a particularly happy one for him. The atrocity talk was at its height abroad and the socialists were pounding him at home. Despite the storm of controversy that raged about him, one clear idea shone amid the encircling gloom. That idea was to bulwark the Congo Free State, of which he was also sovereign before it was ceded to Belgium.

Between 1879 and 1890 Leopold personally supported the cost of creating and maintaining the Free State. It represented an outlay of more than $2,500,000. Afterwards he had adequate return in the revenues from rubber and ivory. But Leopold was a royal spender in the fullest sense. He lavished millions in making Brussels a sumptuous capital and Ostend an elaborate seaside resort. With his private life we are not concerned. Leopold the pleasure seeker was one person; Leopold the business man was another, and as such he was unique among the rulers of Europe.

Leopold contradicted every known tradition of royalty. The king business is usually the business of spending



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THE Transcontinental Air Mail is the most difficult flying project yet undertaken. The route is nearly 3,000 miles long. Snow and intense cold weather are encountered. At Cheyenne, Salt Lake and Reno the flying is done at altitudes ranging from 12,000 to 14,000 feet above sea level and over high, windswept plateaus.

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(Continued from Page 118)

prowl, and a creeping disease of weakness, and where hunger is a familiar and frightening thing. Here in these places of luxury there was the glitter of light and warmth, at least of human breath and bodies, and the splendor of marble halls and the blare of jazz bands and fancy cakes for those whose purses bulged with paper money. Such a chatter! Such ripples of laughter! Such a joyous rhythm in the music of the band! But I thought of the hours of the days I had spent among rickety children, scrofulous children and children who are saved from the hunger death only by the charity of their former enemies. I thought of words spoken to me by one of the men who know best the conditions of their country:

"Unless the powers formulate some policy—on a broader line than free meals and temporary aid—the Austrian people are doomed beyond any hope of life, and there will be a morbid poison in the heart of Europe."

Those laughing people around me—how could they laugh and listen to light music and spend these kronen like counters in a game? Some of them are living on the last of their capital. Others are parasites of profiteers. Others prefer laughter to tears, and come to listen to this gay music for forgetfulness. They are like the people in Boccaccio's novels who, with plague raging around them, gathered together and told amorous, wicked tales and wondered idly when death would touch them on the shoulder. Is Austria alone like that? Are there not many countries of Europe, perhaps even England—so rich and fat, as she is called until the unrealities of her arithmetic are put to the cruel test of truth—who are playing at the gay old game of life carelessly while outside disease creeps nearer—the European malady which must be cured quickly lest we die?

Profiteering was shameless in Vienna during the war, and there are still millionaires—in paper money—who are able to afford the necessities and even the luxuries of life in spite of the wild insanity of the prices charged. It is they and the foreigners and middle-class folk who had saved up money who entirely ignore the market prices controlled by the government—theoretically—and adopt a system of smuggling, *Schleichhandlung* as it is called, so open and unabashed that it is a mockery of its name. The rich folk hire their smugglers. The middle-class folk do their own job, and on several days a week the tramcars going out to the market gardens and small farms in the country outside the city are crowded with young men who have gone to buy their week's supplies direct from the peasants. Those country folk demand more and more paper money for their eggs and butter and bacon and vegetables. In some districts they will not deliver their goods for any price in paper, but insist upon a system of barter by which in return for food they get tobacco, boots, clothes and manufactured articles.

I know the case of a man who went to one of these peasants to buy food for his wedding. He wore a new jacket which he had saved for his wedding day.

The peasant farmer refused his paper money, made an ugly grimace at it and said: "That filth is no good to me. I will give you a sucking pig for that jacket."

Prohibitive Costs

The bargain was made, and the bridegroom went home in his shirt sleeves with his wedding feast under his arm. The peasant's point of view is more apparent when I say that a cheap suit of clothes in Vienna cost four thousand kronen when I was in that city. Since then prices have steadily mounted in paper values, and the price of meat and fat has risen by a third and even a half, so that one pound of lard cost, nominally, five pounds, or twenty-five dollars in American money, with exchange at the normal rate, at the end of last year. The peasants raised the price of flour to such an extent that it was beyond the reach of all but the robber profiteers—those gangs of financial harpies who still, by juggling with the money market and gambling in the rise and fall of Austrian securities, contrive to amass vast stocks of paper currency. It is they and the foreigners who crowd into the city who spend five hundred kronen for a single person at dinner, and five times that amount if they indulge in expensive wines. The cost of a dinner, followed by a dance, given by an American and his wife to members of Viennese society at the Hotel Bristol was more than a million kronen, worth forty-two thousand pounds in English money, according to the prewar value of Austrian kronen.

It will be said by my readers: "But, after all, that means very little, because the money is turned out of the printing presses and has hardly any real value."

That is true for those who can get hold of the printing press, as it were, but it is not true in the case of the struggling middle-class folk—clerks, schoolmasters, doctors, university professors, working-women with little homes and hungry babes, and the whole class of laboring men. They do not get unlimited supplies of this paper. I asked a young clerk in a newspaper office how much he was paid a week, and he told me a hundred and sixty kronen. I remembered that it had cost me more than a hundred kronen to get a meal of three thin courses which left me hungry.

"How do you live?" I asked.

"I don't," he said.

In a babies' clinic filled with haggard, anaemic women who had brought their terrible little babes, all scrofulous and boneless, for medical examination, I spoke to a young Austrian doctor, and he told me very frankly that his own case was hopeless.

"I get under two hundred kronen a week," he said, "and for three years I have lived mostly on cabbage soup, with now and then potatoes for a treat. Not in all that time have I eaten meat. These clothes I wear date from before the war. You see they have been turned. When they wear out and fall away from me I shall be like old Adam, for how can I buy a new suit? My case is no worse than thousands of others. It is beggary and starvation."

Charity Rescue Work

In the great hospitals of Vienna, the best medical schools in the world before the war by universal reputation, it is almost impossible to carry on the work owing to the dearth of supplies. Fuel is their great need, and many of the wards have closed down because they cannot be heated at all, and the patients are crowded together for warmth's sake in spite of the dangers of bad ventilation. Coal is almost out of the question, and wood is gathered from the neighboring countryside as much as possible. It is the only source of fuel for poor folk, and one of the sights of Vienna is the crowd of wood gatherers coming back laden with logs and branches under which children and women stagger to their hearthsides.

In the midst of all this misery, and of the false, mad gayety which mocks at it, the relief committees, American and British, the Society of Friends and other charitable agencies bring some light and joy by the enormous rescue work they continue to do among the children and nursing mothers. The network of this organization is on a wide-reaching scale, and one of the most moving and pathetic sights that have ever met my eyes was when I went to the old palace of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose death was the straw which set Europe alight, and watched the feeding of more than a thousand children under the direction of an American officer and his assistants.

I talked with many of the little ones, as they bent over the bowls of soup and offered up a grace to God before their first spoonful. For many of them it was the first meal of the day, and for some the only meal. They were grateful for it, with the smiling gratitude of children who were born to suffering as a usual, common thing. But in spite of all this international work of charity, the large sums of money poured into Vienna from many countries, there is still a large population there which is not touched by that work of rescue. The grown-up folk do not get free meals. Genteel poverty in Vienna is unaided. The workingmen in the factories do not get enough raw material any more for their own bodies than for the machines they mind. Both are undernourished. In the National Assembly the Social Democrats and Christian Socialists have vied with each other in the fierceness of their denunciations of the rationed bread which is baked with a fifty per cent ingredient of uneatable maize flour producing horrible effects upon the bodies of those who eat it. In December last many railway men and other workers went on strike as a protest

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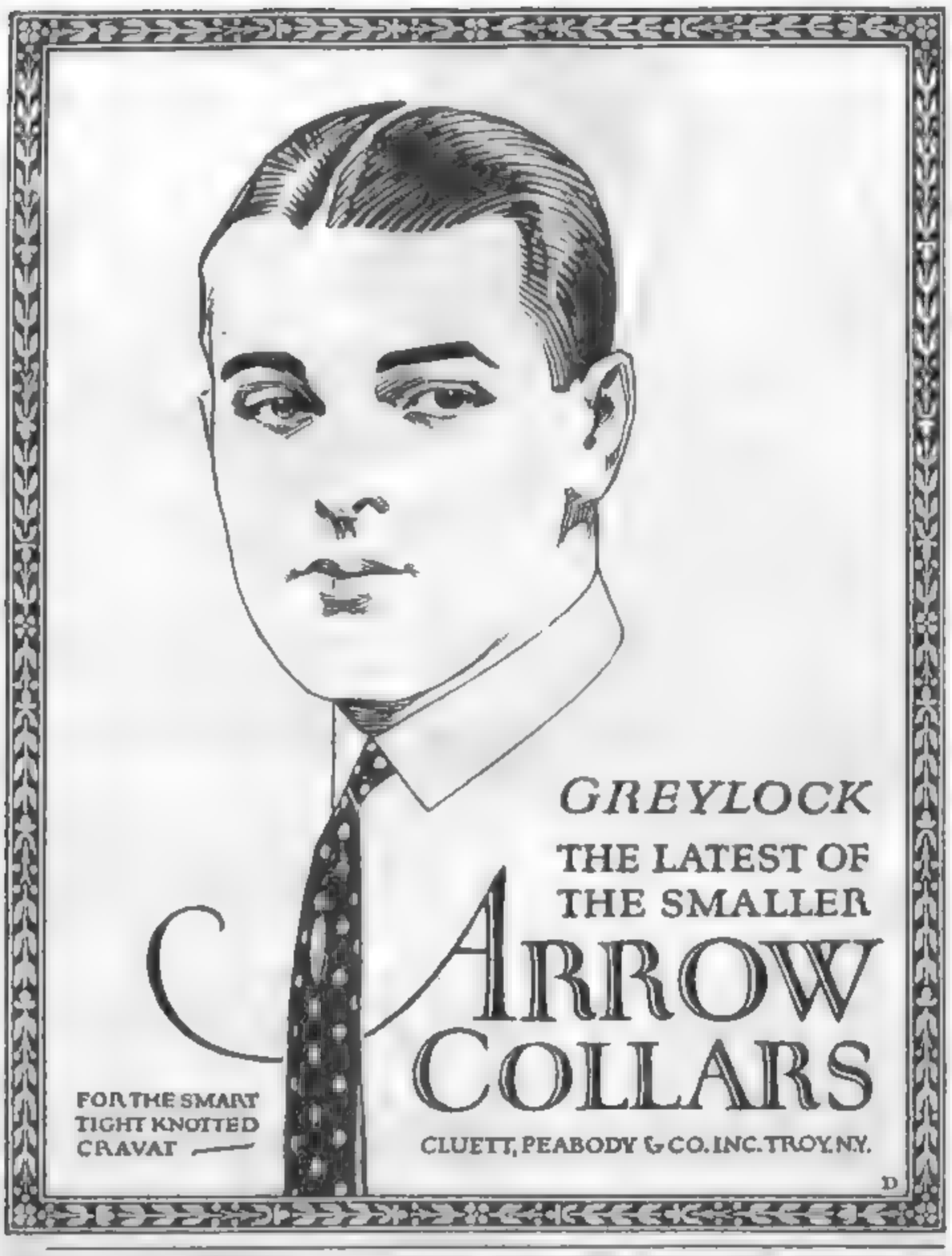

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against this filthy food, and the Social Democrats announced to the Assembly that they found it hard to calm the workmen in the factories, bitter and despairing because of their hunger, for hunger is the food of revolution.

Intellectually as well as physically the people of Vienna are starved. The university cannot afford to buy foreign books, the science men cannot keep abreast with modern research for the same reason. Even in the elementary schools teaching suffers because both teachers and scholars are listless with weakness at their work. So in all departments of life in Vienna one sees a devitalizing process, a slow death of all national and individual energies, a creeping paralysis in the social body.

A Warning to All Europe

Yet so cruel is the extent to which national egotism and intensification of selfishness and cynicism have been developed since the war by a failure to reshape the society of nations on more ideal lines that the neighbors of Austria, and even her own peasants, are abominably callous to that agony in Vienna. Jugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia, once of the Austrian Empire, and now republican states, will not forgive Vienna for her old political domination and tyranny, and will not lift a hand to rescue the Viennese. The Czechs, with those old memories rankling, deal contemptuously and tyrannically with the German minorities in their midst and make it a crime for them to use their own language in the streets and public places of towns where they form a great part of the population. There is no hope for Vienna nor—carrying the argument over to other countries—for Europe itself, if that national and racial enmity is maintained.

This state of things in Austria is to my mind a tremendous warning to all Europeans. What is happening in Vienna so acutely—all those symptoms of disease—is apparent in many other countries of Europe to a less degree at present, but in an increasing degree unless there is a speedy cure. These symptoms of social plague are the inflation of paper money, which is a mere sham covering the lack of real values, the difficulty of procuring raw material from more prosperous countries owing to the difference in exchange, the gradual weakening of the individual worker and of the nation as a whole in physical well-being and moral will power, the debility of children, working mothers and laboring men so that the future of the race is endangered and the birth rate is lowered while the death rate goes up, a spiritual carelessness as to these evil conditions so that they come to be accepted as inevitable, and a levity of the social mind among those who still have money to spend, which disregards the necessity of urgent action, desperate remedies, in order to maintain the old standards of civilization.

It is difficult for ordinary minds to think in terms of Europe or beyond the frontiers of nationality; but if one studies the health chart of Europe as a whole one will find very clearly a spreading blackness corresponding to the areas, constantly enlarging and embracing new peoples, in which there is economic disease and what I may call the withering of civilized life. The whole of Russia is in this condition, as far as we can get scientific evidence, owing to the break-up of its political machine and economic machine, bad as they were, followed by the wearing out of transport material and the lowering of production both in agriculture and industry—all this due more to the exhaustion and effort of war than to the methods of the Bolshevik régime. It is certain that Russia is dropping, not so much into barbarism as into a material and spiritual decadence, so that all the impulses towards a higher type of civilization are for a time at least deadened. Its people are fighting with hunger, fighting with disease, fighting for the barest necessities of life, and not for beauty, art and luxury and joy, in which civilization comes to flower.

The Russian disease is reaching out to neighboring states like Esthonia and Lithuania. They, too, are withering from the same causes—lack of abundant food, devitalizing of labor, physical disease, general debility. Poland is a strong soul with a stricken body.

Is this plague creeping westward? Is there any certainty that it will stop at the frontiers of Germany? Austria is engulfed already, as I have shown, and there are signs that in spite of German efforts to get back to the old standards of work, to recapture old markets and to get a margin of national profit above the enormous debts to be paid to the victor nations, her people are tiring already, and sickening.

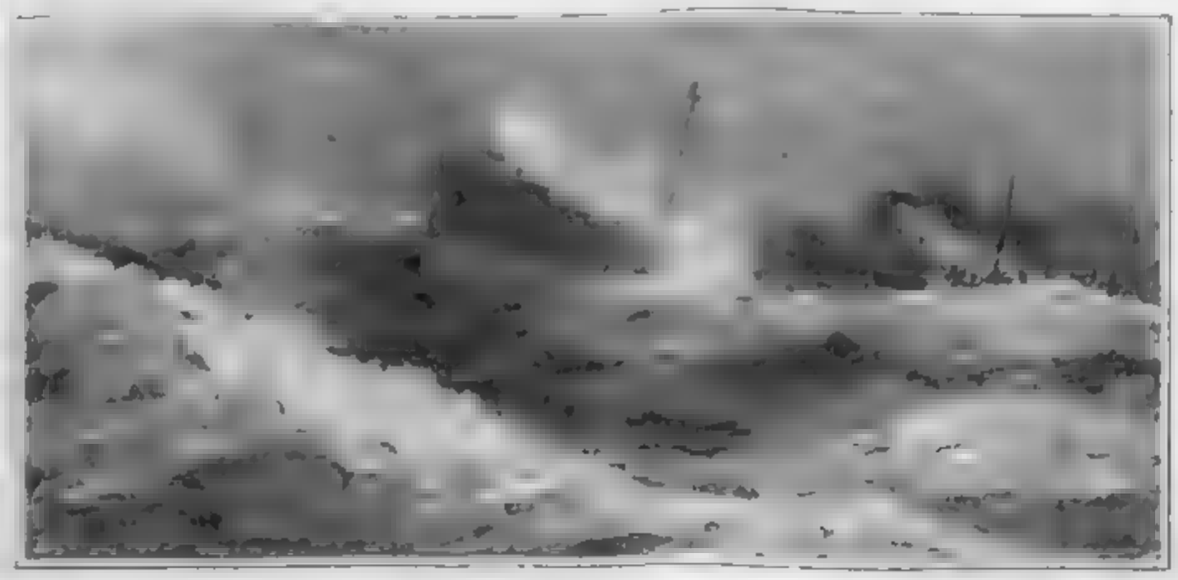
Toward the end of 1920 the food controller for Prussia and Germany as a whole made an awful confession, which until then he had tried to hide. He admitted coldly and terribly that there was a deficit of nearly three million tons of wheat. That is the supply necessary for at least six months. When the controller made his statement one million tons had already been imported, but the remainder of the deficit was uncovered. If it could be obtained from abroad, despite the world scarcity of wheat, it would cost fifteen billion marks, and that would mean that the price of bread would rise 300 per cent in the following months. Already at the end of last year hundreds of thousands of children in Germany were suffering from malnutrition, and not only the children, but workingmen. Seven hundred thousand children and mothers were being fed on charity, and everywhere in the big cities the shadow of starvation, if not actual hunger in its acute and terrible stage, was creeping over the country.

Austria's Only Hope

Speaking in December, 1920, Herr Howenstein, president of the Reichsbank, said: "If Germany proceeds on her present financial path she will reach Russian or Austrian conditions in two years."

In Italy, with her strikes, her political revolts, her revolutionary labor, production was diminishing all through the last twelve months; and the Italian people, poverty-stricken except for their profiteers, struggling against the tide of rising prices, are losing hope and falling back into something like despair.

So far, Austria, whose condition I have described at length, is the worst case of national decay, and all students of humanity and of social history must take it as the outstanding example of tragedy, due not to inherent weakness but to the evil structure of international relations. There is only one hope of rescue for Austria, and that is the breaking down of the hatred round her, the opening of trade relationships with her neighbors, a give-and-take in the matter of raw material, labor and commercial credit, coöperation instead of isolation and rivalry, Christian fellowship for mutual help and protection, instead of the cutthroat code of the old tribal laws. And that, in my humble judgment, is the one hope of rescue not only for Austria but for Europe as a whole.



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WESTINGHOUSE BATTERIES

OLD-TIMER

(Continued from Page 19)

big fault. We're too busy to see farther ahead than to-day; so anxious to gather in the crop that we pull up the roots and kill the seed. We killed off a revenue of fifty million dollars a year in the beaver. We shipped wild pigeons to the market by the trainload for five cents apiece; now one single bird would be worth a small fortune to the finder. The last ten million buffalo were shot down for a dollar a hide; then we spent big money preserving the last few hundred head. Now we've wasted the trees. God knows what will come next or where it all will end. But we're a thorough people, once we start. Now that we're starting to conserve in place of tearing down we'll do it well. If only just once we could start to conserve before it was just too late."

He mounted Teton and led the single pack horse. For miles he threaded tangled jams of blowdowns without a trail.

"They'll never find our little private hangout, Teton," he predicted. "Men won't fight five miles of the worst kind of down timber to get nowhere in the end."

The way led up to the mouth of a forbidding cañon that widened unexpectedly just within the sheer masses of rock that flanked the portals. He rode out into a blind cañon that formed an oval basin a mile long by half that distance across, rimmed in by towering walls, the only exit the one twisting, narrow gap through which he had just passed. Here, in this basin unknown to other men, Mart Woodson had the whole hills in miniature, a touch of everything afforded by any other part of the park. A long meadow stretched the length of the basin, a tiny creek winding through it. Dense forested slopes led up to the rock rubble at the base of the walls, these rising in pile on pile to thrust their rims above timber line. Narrow swaths had been ripped through the timber by snowslides plunging from the cliffs above and shearing all life in their paths, piling logs and débris, collected in their rush, into massive heaps in the bottoms. Here, in the more sheltered spots, the snow never wholly disappeared, and there were miniature glaciers that defied the summer sun to blot them out completely before the early snows of autumn should once more start to build them up.

Silvery cascades sparkled through breaks in the wall at the upper end as the tiny stream leaped down from the heights in succeeding falls, the last two hundred feet of its descent being almost sheer, a beautiful slide down rock that was smooth-glazed from its action. It tinkled into a rock pool hollowed out at its base.

A willow swamp covered the upper end of the flats. Here two young beaver, transported to the spot by Woodson the preceding year when they were kits, had dammed the stream and backed up a pond, forming the only lake in the pocket. At the lower end of the meadow a dozen tiny hot springs were scattered out for two hundred yards, adding a touch of completeness to Woodson's private park, a spot no other man had seen.

A little cabin stood just within the edge of the timber, an exact duplicate, except that it had a rough slab door instead of an elk hide, of that hut in which he and old Tom North had wintered that first year on the head of the Yellowstone. As he rode toward the hut two antelope, a pair he had brought to this far spot as kids, rose from their beds in the meadow and one of them loosed a gruff, hoarse bark of warning. As if understanding this signal of a different species three cow elk and their calves climbed a knoll near the edge of the meadow, and an old cow, evidently the leader of the little band, gave her yelping bark three times. Two mule-deer does, followed by three fawns, came to the edge of the timber and peered curiously at the intruders. Woodson dismounted before the cabin and threw off saddles and packs, turning the two horses out on the meadow to graze.

His first move after storing away the equipment and supplies was to shoulder a heavy sack of salt and repair to a spring some twenty yards from the hut. It was merely a trickle, whose flow spread fanwise down the slope and disappeared within a few yards of its source. Where it came from the sidehill the scout had scooped out a pool and lined it with rock. From this he drew his water supply. He dumped the salt just below the outlet of this little reservoir and watched the overflow eating into the white mass, trickling on to carry the salt in solution and impregnate the few yards of soft mud below. This expanse had been trampled by many hoofs.

"There now," he said as he viewed this artificial salt lick, "they'll come for their salt and we'll get acquainted all over again. It takes 'em a few days to get used to me every time I come in."

Here he could watch the wild things in their native haunts, undisturbed by men, their habits unchanged. They were all here of their own accord except the beaver and the antelope that he had packed in on horses to add to his colony. The little herd of elk and the mule deer had discovered the retreat themselves and always came back to summer in their chosen pocket. He cooked an early meal and sat on the doorsill of the cabin as the first dusk settled into the basin. A porcupine waddled from beneath a windfall and came toward him. Woodson tossed him a bacon rind and the animal munched the delicacy within a few feet of the man.

"Prickly, if this plan goes through, men will be out looking for your scalp," said the scout. He drew a folded clipping from his pocket and perused it again. "We're a thorough people, once we start. American resourcefulness is no idle boast. There's a thousand suggestions put forward to advance any popular movement—no point too small to overlook; not even you, Prickly, for this article deals with the wasteful porcupine. You girdle the nice trees with those teeth of yours. It says so here. Now since we've started out to save what trees are left we're doing a good job of it—and may do it a trifle too well, as we have before. This advocates putting a bounty on all porcupines. There's maybe two thousand porcupines within a hundred miles, and some two billion trees. Maybe one spruce or jackpine out of every hundred thousand shows the marks of a porky's teeth. But that's the way it goes. After it's just too late we get downright hysterical about back-tracking and covering up the waste. You hedgehogs live on bark, and you'll have to go. There's another move on foot to kill off the ospreys and the pelicans, the mergansers and the herons, all because they catch some fish. There's practically no limit to the number of fish some men will catch. I've seen folks pull out two hundred pounds and get their pictures snapped with more fish than they could eat in a month. And now there are people who advocate killing off the birds that take only what they eat. Maybe there's some of us would rather see a blue heron standing out in a swamp, as solemn as a judge; or a squadron of pelicans winging down the lake; maybe we'd rather hear an osprey scream and watch him make his plunge—than to see some human have his picture snapped with half a ton of fish. But if this goes through, Prickly, men will make your tribe hard to find. When we're through with you we'll kill the birds."

He scanned the high slopes and the avalanche slides with his glasses. He knew well the ways of antlered game; that the lords of the species did not summer with their families, deserting them till the running moon called them back to their harems in the fall.

"The elk ought to start running about now," he said. "If Wapiti came back this spring and is in here anywheres we'll hear him whistle in a day or two."

As if in answer to his prophecy the shrill squealing bugle of a young bull floated down from above.

"Wapiti was wise to come back," the scout asserted. "If he'd stayed outside some old herd bull would have run him off from every cow he tried to cut out of a band. In here he'll have the cows to himself and run this pocket according to his own ideas."

His glasses were trained toward the spot from which the bugle sounded. Far up under the rims, at the upper extremity of the trees, a bull elk left the timber and grazed out into the open path left by a snowslide. He was a five-point bull; the following year he would reach his prime. Up under the rims he had summered, high above his cows. He had a score of bull wallows tramped out in the muddy seeps below the perpetual snowbanks, and in these he cooled himself on warm days.

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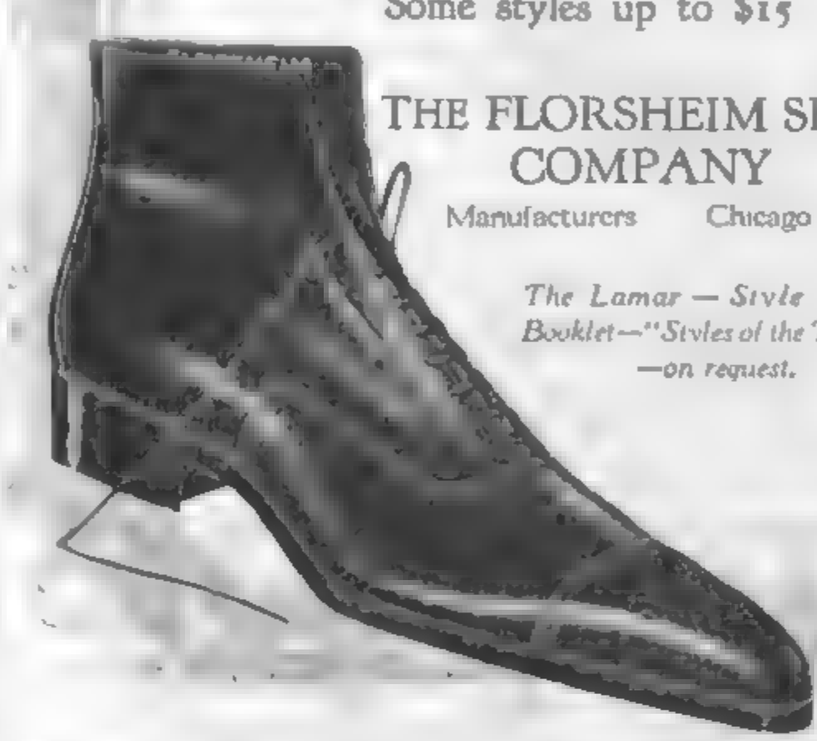

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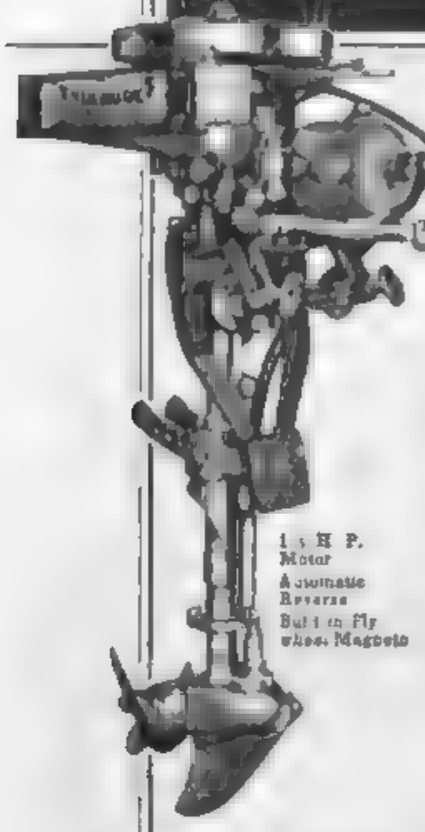

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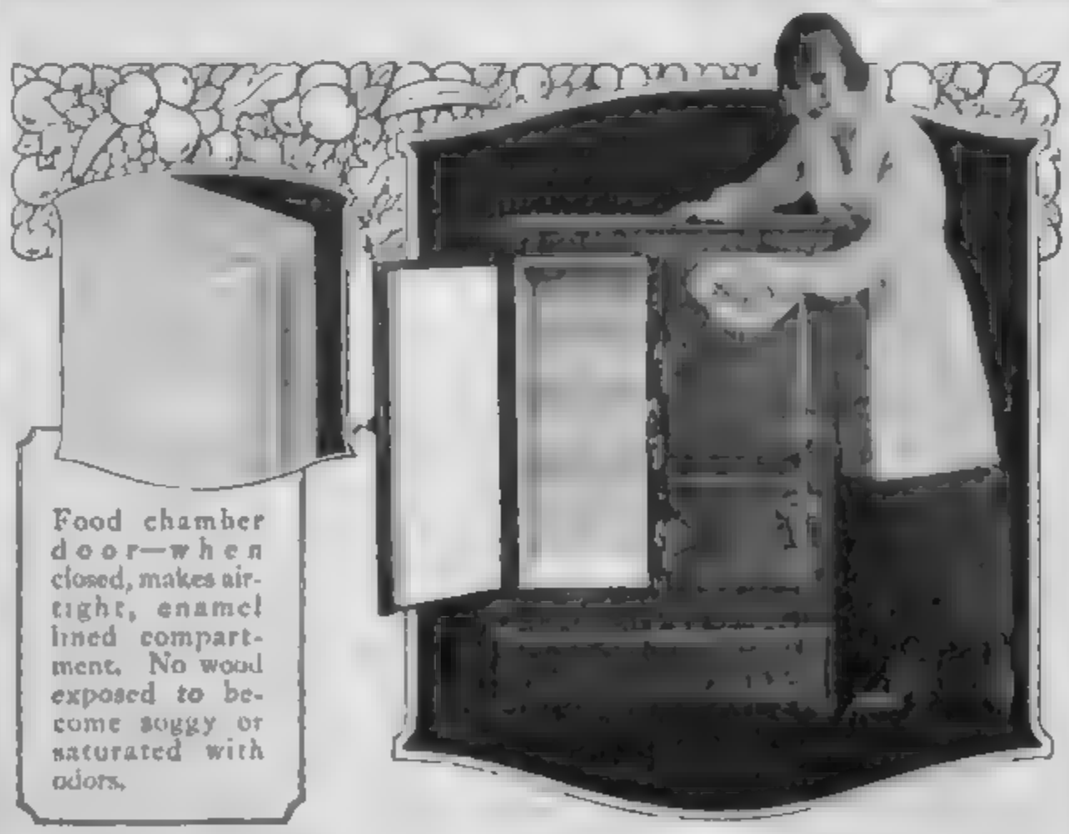

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RHINELANDER AIRTITE REFRIGERATOR

plastering himself with mud to protect his tender flanks and under parts from the insect pests.

Woodson turned his glasses on the rims above in search of Krag, the bighorn ram. Krag's habit, too, was to summer apart from the females of his kind, but he summered below them, not above. His ewes and lambs ranged out on the ridges and plateau above timber line, while Krag held out along the shelves and ledges of the cliffs, subsisting on the grass that sprouted from the cracks of the rock or clothed occasional shoulders in the breaks between offset rims. It took some time to locate Krag but at last he saw him, a tiny speck far up the walls. Even with the glasses it was impossible to determine whether or not he had a foothold or simply adhered to the face of the cliff as a fly clings to a pane of glass. The old ram stood motionless, peering down at Woodson, and the man knew that the bighorn could see him as easily with the naked eye as he himself could see the ram with binoculars.

Assured of the presence of the ram Woodson sought for some sign of the mule-deer buck who had spent the preceding season in this hidden nook. He had first looked upon the buck in the autumn when the deer were in short blue, and from this he had named him Blue. He trained his glasses upon the upper extremities of the timber, examining every snowslide trail and opening under the rim. Blue would be in some such locality as Wapiti, the bull, their choice of summer homes almost identical. But he failed to sight the buck and feared that he had not returned that spring.

The scout started up the valley toward the swamp at the far end of it and each animal gave evidence of its one supersense, the most highly developed of its faculties and the one upon which it mainly relied.

The two antelope had moved far up the meadow, well beyond the elk, yet at the instant he stepped into the open they detected him; for the antelope is essentially a creature of wide plains and flat distances, and his most dependable sense is the sense of sight. His sense of hearing or of smell may mislead him, but it is impossible to deceive the pronghorn's eye.

Even as the antelope had spotted his presence the instant he cleared the trees, so too, Woodson reflected, had the bighorn ram. The scout knew that from far up the cliffs the eyes of the old sheep were watching his every move; for the bighorn's most reliable source of warning lies in his all-seeing eyes. Scent seems to mean little to him, sound evidently nothing at all, but as he rests on some lofty shelf he sweeps the far hills with his eyes and defies his enemies to approach unseen. In this the bighorn of the peaks is one with the pronghorn of the plains.

Woodson had frequently experimented to determine the degree of development of the various senses in different animals, and he did so now.

The warning bark of the antelope sounded the instant he stepped from the trees. The scout stopped in his tracks. An old cow elk yelped excitedly in sympathy with the warning of the pronghorn. She was but half the distance to the antelope, yet had not seen the man. Every cow and calf whirled and looked toward the source of warning, their backs to Woodson. The hackle hair of the pronghorns bristled and the light rump patch flared. They stood gazing back past the elk. Another antelope would have known instantly the direction of the danger by noting the direction of the others' gaze. But the elk paid small heed to this, another bit of evidence that they placed but small reliance in their eyes. They sought for the menace in the opposite direction, since the warning had come from there.

When the man moved again one cow turned and saw him. He advanced a few steps at a time and the elk milled uneasily. The wind came quartering down the basin and he kept to the far side of the meadow from them. None of the animals was really frightened, only slightly uneasy at the presence of man among them. On each succeeding visit they must let the newness of it wear off before accepting the man as a harmless creature, one of themselves.

He proceeded to the beaver pond and peered from the fringe of trees that bordered it. A giant bull moose, a cow and a long-legged calf stood knee-deep in the water where it backed up among the willows across from him. The bull waded out to the deepest part and plunged his head below the surface. Only the hump of his withers showed above the water and he remained in this submerged state for so long a time that Woodson marveled. Then the great head lifted into view and the bull munched contentedly the mouthful of roots and vegetation he had uprooted from the floor of the pond. The cow and calf fed nearer the margin, where the water was more shallow. The mother saw the man as he moved quietly along the shore; but the wind was wrong and when he stopped she could not be sure. The moose depended mainly on scent, distrusting the evidence of their eyes. The three big beasts neared him and stood in the shallow on his side of the pool while he remained motionless. Their little eyes, set high in the massive heads, glared wickedly, and the bull and the cow popped their thick lips at him with a sucking sound. They did not fear him, and when he left they stood and watched him go.

On the return trip down the basin he chose the opposite side of the meadow, keeping just within the trees. The quartering wind was now at his back and it was the elk who first detected his approach. While yet some two hundred yards from them they whirled to face him; the ribbon of scent pointed out his whereabouts as surely for the elk as sight of him had warned the two antelope on the up trip. Now the antelope found themselves at a loss to locate him, knowing his direction only for the reason that their eyes noted the way the elk were facing, but they could not be certain till their eyes were trained on the man himself, the scent that was so evident to the elk apparently being too slight to register on the consciousness of the pronghorns. Thus Woodson had proved again that the most dependable sense of one of these animals was that of scent, the other that of sight.

It was almost dark when he reached the cabin. A dozen times during the night the bull elk bugled, and when Woodson rose in the morning Wapiti had joined his cows and calves in the meadow. The scout repaired to the salt lick and found there the tracks of all his colony. Even Krag had come down from his cliff for a share of the salt. The track of a buck deer showed among the rest and Woodson knew that Blue was somewhere in the pocket. The running moon of the deer was later than that of the elk and moose. Blue still lived alone and had not yet joined his does.

As he finished his breakfast and stepped outside Woodson noted that Teton was peering down the meadow, his ears pricked sharply in the direction of his gaze. A few yards behind him the pack horse was making a similar point. Woodson turned his eyes that way and saw a big black she-bear just within the entrance to the basin. She stood swaying from side to side, her nose testing the air currents eddying down the bottoms. Behind her a black cub and a brown sat on their haunches.

"Here come the two blue-ribbon pests," Woodson said. "Wakinee and Wakinoo. They'll most certainly make me lock up every time I go even to the spring for water. But I'm glad to see them back."

The old she-bear had denned the preceding winter in the pocket and when she came forth in the spring she was followed by two cubs. She had learned from long experience that the easiest living was to be rustled round the permanent tourist camps. During the summer a thousand tourists had contributed bits of food to the old bear and her cubs. But now the season was over, the camps closed and deserted, and she had brought her family back to rustle in the wild till such time as she was ready to den.

She advanced upon the cabin without the least hesitation, and Woodson tossed her scraps of food. For every morsel he gave the cubs he insisted that they stand up and beg, holding the morsel out of their reach till they reared upon their short hind legs and stretched to take it from his fingers. Wakinee, the black cub, and Wakinoo, his brown brother, were both reasoning animals; after two days they rarely approached the man without rearing up on their hind feet and advancing to meet him, waddling as two bandy-legged infants.

Within a week Krag had disappeared from the cliffs. The old ram had climbed to the plateaus in search of his ewes and lambs. Blue had dropped down to join his does and fawns. The wild things had come to accept the man as one of themselves. He sat one day on the doorsill and watched the animals following their natural lives. Two

(Continued on Page 129)

Everywhere You Drive—

"Carry a Spare"

A SPARE fan belt is not needed as often as a spare tire, but when you need it, you need it *more* than a spare tire.

A broken fan belt, miles from "first aid," may mean an overheated engine, with a big repair bill as a result. It may mean hours of waiting. For economy's sake, for convenience's sake—*carry a spare.*

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"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"

A book you'll want to read. Things you don't know about your feet. Free. Ask us for it.

(Continued from Page 126)

calf elk rose from their beds in the timber and trotted into the meadow, where they indulged in a make-believe duel. With heads pressed together, backs arched to exert the last ounce of strength, they shoved about the meadow till tired of the sport, then rejoined their mothers in the timber.

A blue grouse hen led her brood of seven chicks to the cabin, advancing cautiously and with many halts, to feed on the crumbs the man tossed out for them; forest chickens coming in to be fed in the haunts of man. The three bears came out high under the rims and crossed to an old snowbank that pitched down the slope. The old bear launched forth and coasted for two hundred yards on her haunches, the cubs following at short intervals. Wakinoo lost his balance and tumbled end over end, a whirling ball of brown fur. At least twice a day the bears took their coast. On all sides of him Woodson had ample evidence that animals frequently indulged in play when unmolested by men. The young of all species must have their games, the same as the young of the human race. The does and fawns came from the timber and moved across the meadow toward the cabin. When within a few yards they halted. In their big brown eyes was friendliness, also a hint of doubt, as if the animals were slightly alarmed by their own temerity.

The scout tossed them crusts of bread and they gradually neared till at last a fawn thrust her muzzle toward Woodson's outstretched hand, her big ears working uneasily, then stretched her neck till she could reach the lump of sugar held between his fingers. Aside from the three bears the deer were the only creatures in the basin that would feed from his hand. The antelope, elk and moose did not fear him but would permit of no such familiarity as that. Even the grouse, though they came to feed at his very feet, refused to take crumbs from his fingers.

Conditions had been bettered materially during the past few years. The game in the park was holding its own. The bears had learned that their lives were safe, and had come in to make friends with man. Thousands of tourists marveled to see black and brown bears prowling the vicinity of hotels and camps in search of food, and accepting scraps from the hands of all who would feed them; and it was no unusual occurrence for some monster grizzly to lurch from the timber at dusk and drive the blacks and browns away, affording the tourists a sight of this rare beast, so nearly extinct in the United States except within the borders of the Yellowstone. Of late the tendency had been to preserve the naturalness of the park, and Woodson was more or less content. His end had been partially attained.

But all this had consumed years of time. He was well past fifty, nearer sixty, and the fringe of hair revealed below his hatband showed gray. Men spoke of him as Old Mart, the first park scout. He had seen it all. Superintendents had come and gone, some of them indifferent, their administrations a detriment to the general welfare of the reservation; others conscientious and constructive.

The majority of the men in charge had been sincere in their efforts. Yet many had believed that the one best thing for the park lay in increasing the military machine within its borders. Woodson reflected that this was a natural state of affairs, for the officers' hearts were in their calling, military matters of paramount importance in their eyes.

It had evidently occurred to no man to raise the question of whether or not the soldiers were necessary to the administration of affairs in the Yellowstone. But in his heart Woodson felt that they were merely an encumbrance, the facts so self-evident that he marveled that others did not see them at a glance. He sat on his doorsill and checked the matter over in his mind.

Year by year the military equipage had been increased until now a million-dollar post was maintained at Mammoth; yet 80 per cent of the park boundary was unprotected except by infrequent patrols of the soldiery and the strenuous efforts of the handful of civilian scouts. Poachers had worked almost without hindrance on Falls River and the Bechler, and though the equipment at Mammoth was increasing steadily it had required ten years of insistence on the part of the scouts to secure the recent establishment of a station for a sergeant and four men in that far corner. Woodson reflected that by eliminating the dead weight of hundreds of soldiers and doubling the little force of civilian scouts the efficiency would be increased twofold, the expense of administration cut far below its present volume. But even so, he knew that conditions were far better than in the past, felt that some day the public would see it in the light in which he saw it now, and insist that matters be regulated in that way, and hoped that the new superintendent would not prove to be an inefficient whose régime would counteract the effects of the advancement won prior to his time.

The early fall snows were heavy and with only a few days' interim between storms. Wapiti departed with his cows and calves, headed for the winter range. Blue followed a few days later with his does and fawns. The three bears would soon take to the den and sleep the long sleep till spring. The moose wintered here in the pocket, browsing the willows and aspens as the snow banked deep.

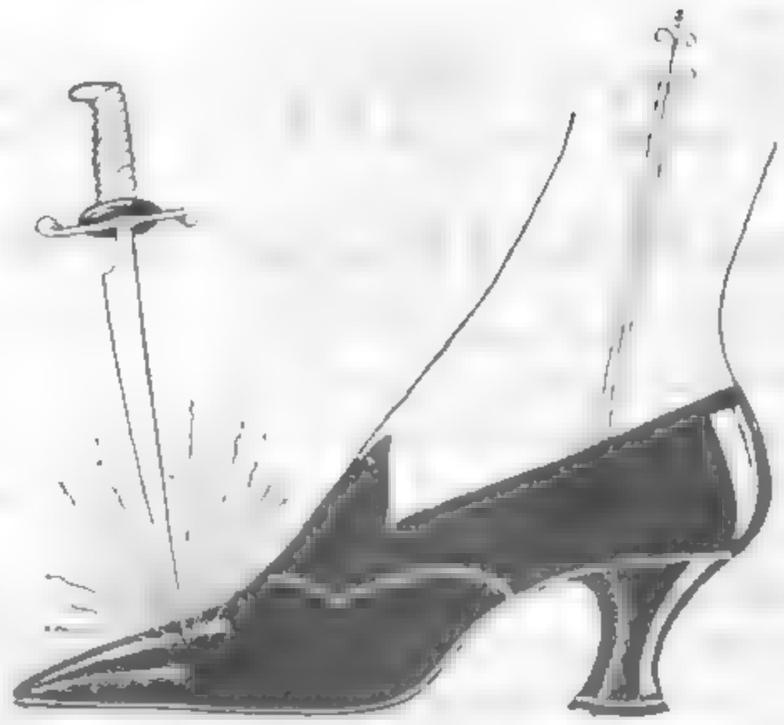
The two antelope would not chance the five miles of down timber but would stay where they were. The hot springs near the lower end of the basin would lay bare sufficient feed to winter them through. Woodson had known this and would not otherwise have brought them to his retreat as kids. Snow was falling when Woodson saddled Teton and packed the led horse for the start outside.

The little procession filed out of the pass in two feet of snow, the white flakes still falling.

"Teton, this winter will be a bad one," Woodson prophesied. "Unless I've misread the signs she's going to be rough; hard on men and game alike."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Carnelian Bay, Lake Tahoe



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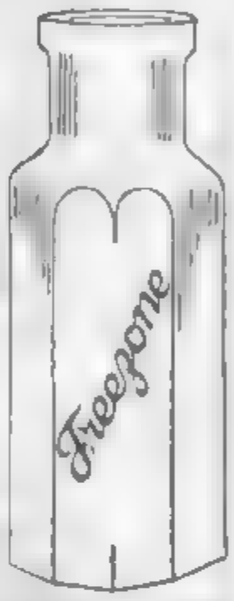

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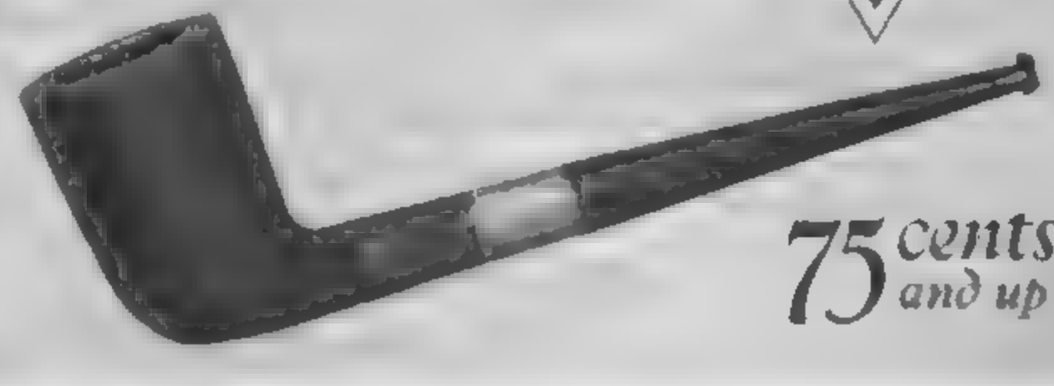

75 cents and up

A Post on the Kasai River

unearned money. Your royal spendthrift is a much more familiar figure than the royal tightwad. Moreover, nobody ever associates productive power with a king, save in the big-family line. His job is wished on him, and with it a bank roll sufficient to meet all needs. This immunity from economic necessity is a large price to pay for lack of liberty in speech and action. The principal job of most kings, as we all know, is to be a noble and acquiescent figurehead, to pin decorations on worthy persons and to open public exhibitions.

Leopold did all these things, but they were incidental to his larger task. He was an insurgent from childhood. He violated all the rules of the royal game, not only by having a vision and a mind all his own, but in possessing a keen commercial instinct. Geography was his hobby at school. Like Rhodes, he was forever looking at maps. When he became king he saw that the hope of Belgium economically lay in colonization. In 1860 he made a journey to the Far East, whence he returned deeply impressed with trade opportunities in China. Afterwards he was the prime mover in the construction of the Peking-Hankow Railway. I do not think most persons know that Leopold at one time tried to establish a Belgian colony in Ethiopia. Another act in his life that has escaped the casual biographer was his effort to purchase the Philippines from Spain. Now you can see why he seized upon the Congo as a colonizing possibility the moment he read Henry M. Stanley's first article about it in the London Telegraph.

There was a vital reason why Belgium should have a big and prosperous colony. Her extraordinary internal development demanded an outlet abroad. The gallant little country, so aptly called the cockpit of Europe, which bore the brunt of the first German advance in the World War, is the most densely populated in Europe. It has 247 inhabitants for each square kilometer. England only counts 146; Germany, 125; France, 72, and the United States, 13. The Belgians had to have economic elbowroom, and Leopold was determined that they should have it.

When Bismarck Made a Mistake

HIS creation of the Congo Free State was just one evidence of his shrewdness and diplomacy. Half a dozen of the great powers had their eye on this untouched garden spot in Central Africa, and would have risked millions of dollars and thousands of men to grab it. Leopold, through a series of international associations, engineered the famous Berlin Congress of 1884, and with Bismarck's help put the Free State on the map, with himself as steward. It was only a year ago in Germany that a former high-placed German statesman admitted to me that one of the few fundamental mistakes that the Iron Chancellor ever made was to permit Leopold to snatch the Congo from under the very eyes and hands of Germany. I cite this episode to show that when it came to business Leopold made every king in Europe look like an office boy. Even so masterful a manipulator of men as Cecil Rhodes failed with him. Rhodes sought his aid in his trans-African telegraph scheme, but Leopold was too foxy for him.

After his first audience with the Belgian king, Rhodes said to Robert Williams: "I thought I was clever, but I was no match for him."

Curiously enough, the only other modern monarch interested in business was the former Kaiser, Mr. William Hohenzollern. Although he has no business sense in the way that Leopold had it, he always had a keen appreciation of big business as an imperial prop. Like Leopold, he had a congested country, and realized that permanent expansion lay in colonization. The commercial magnates of Germany used him for their own ends, but their teamwork advanced the whole empire. William was a silent partner in the potash, shipping and electric machinery trusts. He earned whatever he received, because he was in every sense an exalted press agent—a sort of glorified publicity promoter. His strong point was to go about proclaiming the merits of German wares, and he always made it a point to scatter samples. On a visit to Italy he left behind a considerable quantity of soap. There was a great rush to get these royal left-overs. Two weeks later a small army of German soap salesmen appeared selling this identical product.

Whatever may be said of Leopold, one thing is certain—he was not a piker. Wilhelm used the brains of other men; Leopold employed his own, and his adversaries paid tribute to this asset.

We can now go back to 1906, the year that was to mark the advent of America into the Congo, and in striking fashion. Leopold knew that the days of the Congo as a Free State were numbered. His personally conducted stewardship of the colony was being assailed by the socialists on one hand and the atrocity proclaimers on the other. Leopold was undoubtedly sincere in his desire to safeguard economically the African possession before it passed out of his control. In any event, during the summer of that year he sent a message to Ryan asking him to confer with him at Brussels. The summons came out of a clear sky, and at first the American financier paid no attention to it. He was then on a holiday in Switzerland. When a second came from the king he accepted, and in September there began a series of meetings between the two men which resulted in the organization of the Forminière, and with it the dawn of a real international epoch in American enterprise.

In the light of our wealth, the timidity of American capital in actual constructive enterprise overseas is astonishing. Scrutinize the world business map and you see how shy it has been. We have rubber plantations in Sumatra, copper mines in Chile, gold interests in Ecuador, and have dabbled slightly in Russian and Siberian mining. These undertakings are slight, however, compared with the scope of the world field and our own wealth. Mexico, where we have extensive smelting, oil, rubber, mining and agricultural investments, is so close at hand that it scarcely seems like a foreign country. By a curious irony our capital there has suffered more than in any other part of the globe. Hence the spectacle of American pioneering in the Congo takes on a peculiar significance.

Why American Capital Stays at Home

OF COURSE, there are two reasons why our capital has not wandered far afield: One is that we have a great country, with enormous resources and consequently almost unlimited opportunities for the employment of cash at home; the other lies in the fact that American capital abroad is not afforded the same protection granted the money of other countries. Take British capital, for instance. It is probably the most courageous of all. The sun never sets on it. England is a small country, and her money, to spread its wings, must go elsewhere.

Moreover, Great Britain zealously safeguards her nationals and their investments, and we, I regret to say, have not always done likewise. The moment an Englishman or the British flag is insulted a warship speeds to the spot and John Bull wants to know the reason why.

Why did Leopold seek American capital, and why did he pick out Thomas F. Ryan? There were several motives, and I will deal with them in order. In the first place, American capital is about the only nonpolitical money in the world. The English pound, for example, always flies the Union Jack, and is a highly sensitive commodity. When England puts money into an enterprise she immediately makes the Foreign Office an accessory.

(Continued on Page 38)

The Railway Near Matadi

More Money

What Would You Do With It?

Suppose you were earning $100.00 a week instead of—$40.00?—what would you do with the difference?

Suppose you could add even $10.00 a week regularly to your present income—could you spend it pleasantly and profitably?

Think it over. For if you want more money, there is an easy way to get it—a way that is bringing extra dollars to men and women the country over.

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All over the United States are scattered prosperous; contented representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Many of them are earning $100.00 a week and more—practically all of them receive from us for their spare time from $1.50 to $3.00 an hour. Yet the demand for the three Curtis publications is so great that these subscription workers can't begin to meet it. They have hardly scratched the surface of the opportunities open to live workers in every community. As Mr. Hoefer, one of the representatives pictured at the left, so truly remarks, "Any hustler should easily earn $100.00 to $200.00 extra each month looking after the renewals and new subscriptions for the Curtis publications."

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So here is your chance. If you have even an hour or two a week to spare, you can turn every minute to money-making. Age is no barrier to success. Whether you are under twenty or more than fourscore, we have a plan of work that will exactly fit you. Your appointment will be permanent; you need not worry about how long your job will last—every month, every year, will bring bigger profits for easier work.

If you want more money, now is the time to learn all about our offer. It costs you just the two cents you pay for a stamp; it may be the means of your earning hundreds of extra dollars.

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The Lost Caraway Seed

By Lowell Otus Reese

I MET a poor Feeb in the long time ago;
His features were haggard and drawn;
His nose wore a rosy and rubicund glow,
Like the blush of Aurora at dawn;
His feet hurried to and his feet hurried fro;
His eyes wandered hither and yonder; and oh,
His weeping and wailing they worried me so
I could not forbear to draw near
And hear
What misery drear
Had started that tear—
That rollicky, frolicky, colicky tear—
To trickle its way down a channel of woe
And plunk in the jungle of whiskers below.
"Oh, Feeb!" I implored him. "What sorrow is thine,
That makes you to nibble your nails and repine?"
His eye did not turn and his ear did not heed,
But I heard him repeating, most anguished indeed,
"Ah, where shall I find my lost Caraway Seed?"

I watched his career,
While year after year
He grew thinner and thinner,
Through lack of a dinner.

He sought in the gutter, he sought in the dust;
He got in the way and was bitterly cussed;
He delved in the garbage can day after day
And year after year, so the chroniclers say.
His food was a crust and his bed was a flop;
He was bitten by dogs, he was chased by the cop,
And nobody loved him; he hated himself,
He hated the world and he hated its pelf;
He hated his God and he hated the weather,
For all of these things were conspiring together—
Or so he declared—with malevolent greed,
To keep him from finding his Caraway Seed.

"Oh, Feeb!" I besought him. "Say, why do you cling
So long to your quest for a trivial thing?
Look up from the dust! All about you the land
Is bending with plenty, inviting your hand!
The good earth you tread on, with promise is big—
And all you need do is to get in and dig!
You'd never get fat on your Caraway Seed—
But work and raise spuds and you'll never more need."

My good aim was thwarted;
For with a quirk
Of features contorted
Into a smirk—
A sneerious, jeerious, fleerious smirk—
Hotly he snorted,
"Me?
Work?"

And still on life's highway he goes up and down;
You see him and hear him in every town.
He hates our achievements—imperfect, 'tis true,
None works of a god, but the best we can do.

The symbol of Justice
That governs the race
He gladly would wallop
To earth and erase—
But he never has told what he'd put in its place!

You'll know him by these if he comes to your town:
He never builds up, but he always tears down;
At lonely street corners he stands on a box
And hurls incoherent, oracular rocks.
We don't even smile and we pay him no heed;
Too busy to hark to a crazy man's creed,
We know he is hunting his Caraway Seed.

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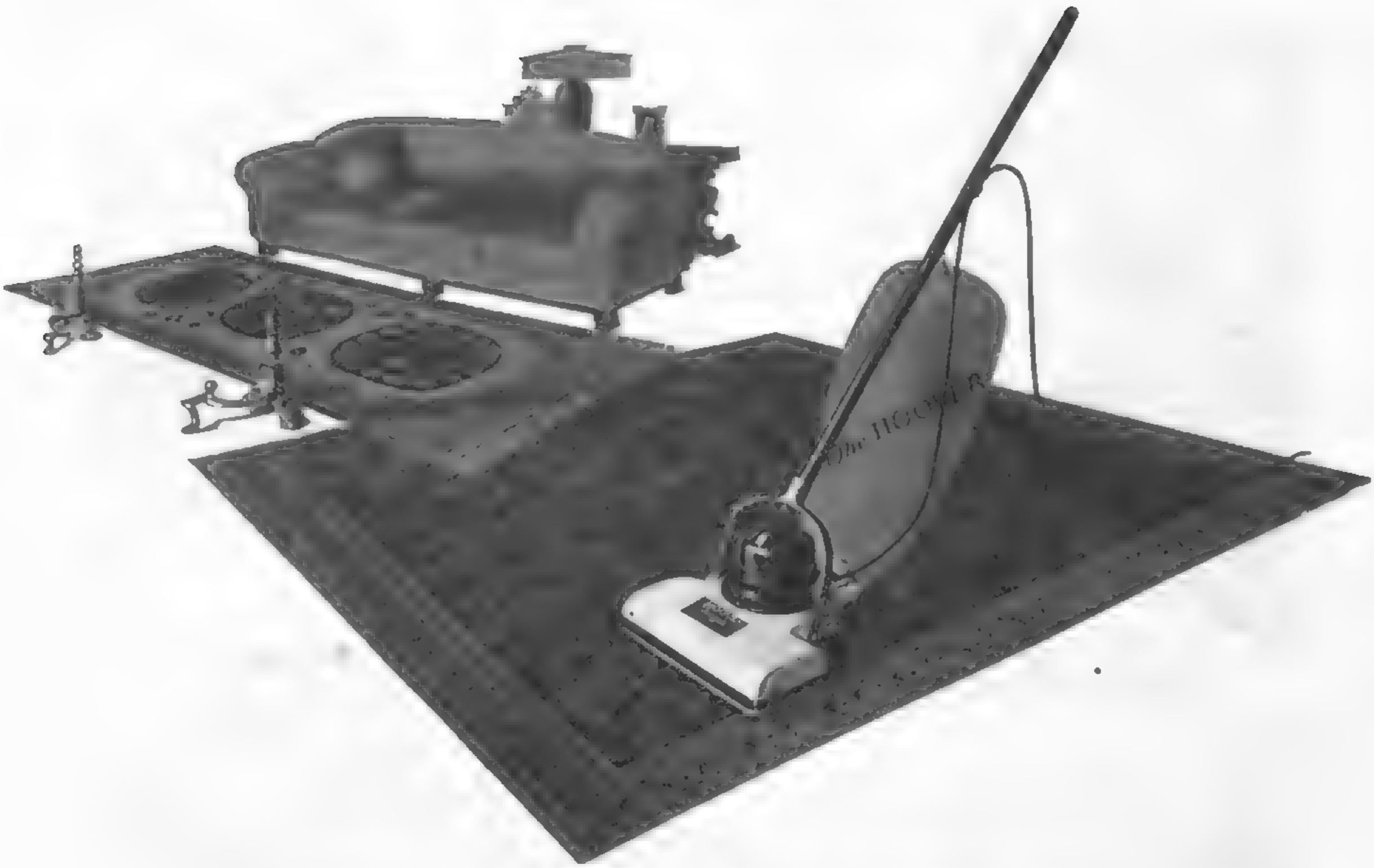

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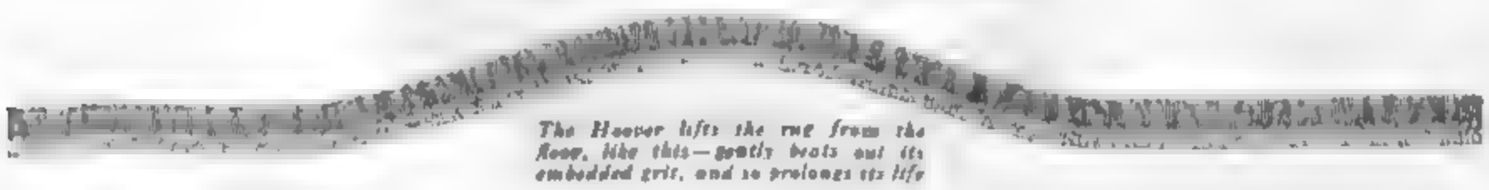

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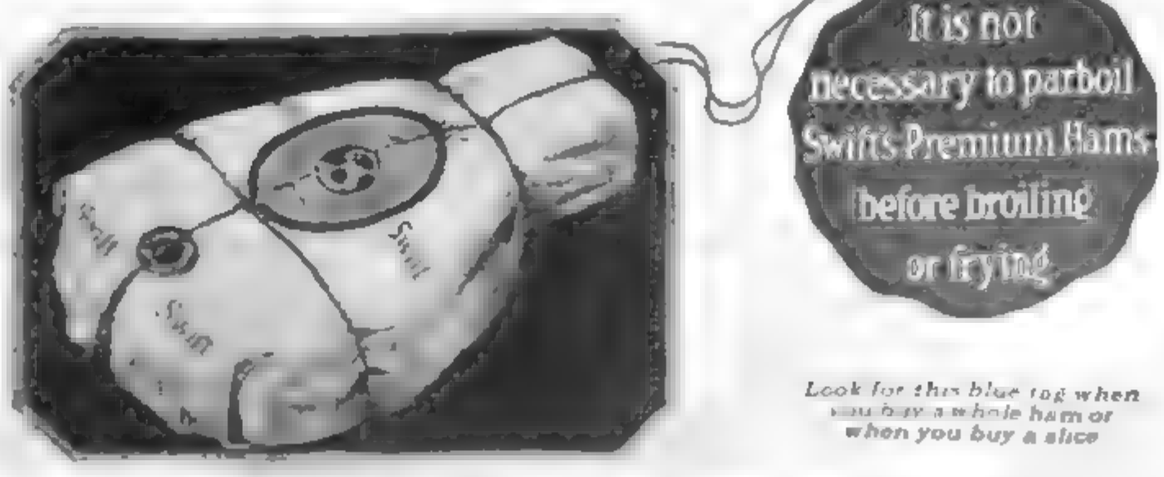

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THE ETERNAL MASCULINE

By Joan Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

STATISTICS assure us that there are more women in the world than men—but I doubt it. Is it not evident that for every young woman in her twenties there are at the very least five or six determined, desperate and despairing lovers? And is it not certain that every girl in her twenties—except, perhaps, those few unfortunates who are too fat, too thin or too intelligent to appeal to the average male—is pleasurably harassed by the continual necessity of acquiring beaus, offsetting beaus and disposing of beaus?

In plain view of such indisputable facts how, I ask you, can the young woman who is not too fat, too thin or too intelligent agree with the census? There is always the chance, to be sure, that the too fat, too thin and too intelligent young ladies are extremely numerous and that it is their numerical predominance which accounts for the startling and unbelievable figures quoted; but here again I—and I am certain that others join with me—doubt. Go into the streets and look about! How few—how amazingly few young women are too fat, too thin or too intelligent! There is but one inference possible—the census taker is married unhappily.

As a child I was quite terrified lest I should turn out too fat, too thin or too intelligent. I realized clearly, even then, the momentous issues dependent upon attaining a happy medium. One's face, of course, was one's burden—little could be done about that—although eyebrow plucking and a dab of rouge accomplished wonders—but one's excess mentality and one's excess fat—these things, thank heaven, were within the individual's control, and I would, I resolved, control them.

My First Conquest

MY CHILDHOOD, as I look back upon it now, appears roughly divided in two. During the first period—from my tenth to my fourteenth year—I was tortured by the consciousness that I was too thin; and during the second period—from my fourteenth to my seventeenth year—by a harrowing suspicion that I was too fat; and now that I am in my early twenties I am ceaselessly tormented—no doubt, unnecessarily—by a terror that I am too intelligent. So "runs our little life away," and who dares assert that the trials of woman are not gigantic? Even the vote cannot limit our mentality!

Would I ever get a proposal? This was my earliest conscious thought—as perhaps the satisfaction that I have since received several will be my last. It was one thing, I argued, to be an old maid by choice, and another—quite another—to be one by necessity. An old maid by necessity—if indeed the creature is extant!—was, I believed, a pitiable object of humanity's compassion; and humanity's every compassion held, I observed, an element of scorn. Its attitude toward the old maid, then, was one-tenth sympathetic and nine-tenths derisive. To every old maid the world seemed, as far as I could make out, to be thumbing its nose, like a mancious boy, and shouting "I told you so!" I would not, I secretly vowed, put myself in such an obnoxious position as not to be able, at the very least, to thumb my nose back at it and cry "Stung! I could have married had I chosen!" These ladylike sentiments, however, I kept to myself.

I shall never forget the first poor mortal of the species man whom I elected to be—shall I put it?—my badge of legitimate spinsterhood. I had not the slightest idea of marrying him—as indeed he, at first, had not the slightest idea of marrying me—but he seemed a convenient foil for my—the too fat, too thin and too intelligent ladies will call it insidious—design.

It Was Remarkable How Quickly Augustus Could Tell Whether or Not a Lobster Was Broiled to the Psychological Climax

This gentleman, whom we shall call Charlie, was perhaps twenty eight or nine. He was a sort of good-natured bore whom everyone asked to parties because he could talk a great deal about nothing; because he had a round, agreeable, tiresome face; and because he invariably did the expected. I met him at my first ball, and immediately threw myself into the fascinating process of annexing him. He was to be my first conquest—that, I believe, is the correct term—and upon the flatness of his fall, as it were, directly depended my own self-esteem and, indirectly, the esteem of others for myself. You can see that a great deal depended upon it.

To make matters more exciting I was not then, of course, at all convinced of my powers of attraction. For all I knew I might be, at the moment, far too fat and indeed, although I had been dieting for the last three months, I had no assurance that this was not the case.

Ah, the care with which I arrayed myself for the prey! The hours I spent in curling my already curly hair—a precaution that had the immediate effect of making it utterly straight. The scrupulous nicety with which I bathed and powdered and primped and laced! The solicitude with which I regarded myself in every mirror in the house! And all for Charlie! For Charlie, who bored me to extinction and who could have been projected at any time into eternity without costing me a single tear! How the too thin, too fat and too intelligent ladies will shudder at this brazen admission!

Charlie was at first bewildered. Possibly he had never before been used as a badge of legitimate spinsterhood. "Possibly," I say, but this is not likely. It is my personal opinion that every man has served at one time or another—though perhaps unconsciously—in this capacity, and there was no distinguishing mark in Charlie, except his apparently genuine bewilderment, that might justify us in considering him an exception to the rule. It is extremely unlikely, moreover, that Charlie could have been the exception to any rule. He thrived upon rules. He arose by rule, dressed by rule, brushed his teeth by rule, labored by rule, flirted by rule, and certainly will die by rule. Everyone does so, of course, but Charlie admitted that he did.

A Duel of Effusion

WELL, in spite of the fact that other young ladies had almost certainly thrown themselves at his head, Charlie appeared quite childishly astonished and, I must admit, delighted when I did the same. It seemed unfortunate that just as our affair gave indication of attaining the sublimity of a proposal Charlie should be called away on business.

He went, dismally, but not before bidding me adieu. He came to see me at home, I remember, for this purpose, and the very tinkle of the front door bell under his fingers upon this occasion was enough to send little shudders of expectancy along my spine. When the family had fled—as their wont when I receive callers—to the upper regions and left the library to Charlie and to me, we seated ourselves uncomfortably on the sofa. And there we sat for an hour—but nothing happened. Nothing, I mean, in the nature of a proposal—and all else was dust and ashes.

But as he was uttering a last farewell at the threshold, with my hand reposing trustfully, you understand, in his, I saw—or imagined that I saw—in his eyes the stupendous question. But it remained unasked. Charlie departed, and I—I went sorrowfully to bed. The evening had been a dreary anticlimax. How heart-rending to be nineteen—to be so near and yet to lose—a proposal!

But Charlie, unhappy man, was not to escape thus easily. I wrote him. I wrote him long, fascinating, obtuse letters. I toiled over those letters. They were really, in my opinion, masterpieces of fiction. Several I considered so very elevated, and beautiful, and touching, that it seemed a pity to waste them on Charlie. But I did. And Charlie wrote back—in time waxed quite poetic. I would not be outdone. Our correspondence became a sort of duel of effusion. While composing my own letters I forced myself to imagine that I truly loved Charlie, and so vivid was my imagination on this point that gradually I began to wonder whether, indeed, he were not becoming to me that consuming passion which preferably consumes only the most popular of our movie stars.

On the whole Charlie's absence was perhaps turning out for the best. I kept his letters tied in blue ribbon and referred to them when my own ardor gave warning of an

approaching relapse. In one, the most ardent of all, he compared me—Heaven alone knows why!—to a hothouse blossom reared by tender hands, and went on to say, really quite nicely, how "the cold, cruel world must not be allowed to injure the delicate little flower"—that is, me. "It" must be "cherished always," he said, "under glass." The project was not exactly enticing—but he meant well, and as I always say—and have discovered that the Bible agrees—it is the intentions that matter. Don't you think so?

Charlie was gone six months, and the letter which I received from him immediately before his return was the most promising and exciting of all. "I have got something," he wrote, "that I must ask you." Wasn't that tremendously subtle? It thrilled me.

But when I saw Charlie I had one of my relapses. He looked just the same as ever, and I had thought that he would be different. It was really awfully hard to believe that he had written those lovely letters, and when I looked at his funny turned-up nose and round silly little eyes I saw that he was the image of a frog. And now I ask you—who could fall in love with a frog?

It was at a ball, again, that we met—or perhaps I should say reunited. The Alpha and Omega of Charlie's affections were destined apparently to be staged at the Ritz. He cut in on me when I was dancing with a young navy lieutenant whom I had just met and who was most attractive; that, in itself, was foolish of Charlie. It predisposed me against him, you know. He lured me—actually lured me down the stairs from the ballroom into a writing room on the second floor. There was a wise-looking man at a desk in one corner writing, I suppose, a wise letter—but I'm sure it wasn't as mysterious or as pregnant as ours had been—if you know what I mean.

Being a Sister to Charlie

CHARLIE sat down in a stiff chair and I took a nice big cozy one. One of those chairs you sink way into and sort of expand in. The wise man in the corner gave us one look through his spectacles and then went on writing. He didn't seem to annoy Charlie, but I thought he was rather—well, rather unnecessary. If I were a man and going to propose I would always choose my setting. A great deal depends upon setting. Of course there are settings and settings. But a writing room with a wise man in a corner is certainly not inspiring.

At least Charlie had the sense to talk very low when he did begin to talk, which wasn't for a few minutes, and what he said, as well as what he didn't say, was really delightful. Is any moment more intoxicating, I wonder, than the eternal moment of a first proposal? The very universe seems to be listening. One's heartbeats seem to thunder into eternity, and love—that strangest of phantoms—smiles temptingly at us out of the shadows. When it was over I found that Charlie's hand was holding one of mine, and that we were both trembling.

"Will you?" he kept saying. "Will you?"

And just then the wise man in the corner jumped up with his unfinished wise letter in his hand and rushed from the room. It is just possible that we had annoyed him. I had not thought of that.

There I was, alone with Charlie and my first proposal. Of course it would have been simpler to accept him—and write a note afterward saying that my love had been but the delusion of an instant—or words to that effect. But Charlie looked so earnest and miserable that I thought it were just as well, perhaps, to end the whole thing then and there. So I cuddled down in that delicious chair and told him that I would always be a sister to him. Poor Charlie! If he had been bewildered at first he was now utterly amazed, for I had given him every reason to suppose that I was madly in love with him. He looked at me dazedly with his round little frog eyes, and all at once I—though I was really sorry for him—felt that in an instant more I must die laughing. It was a strange desire, but one that makes itself felt very frequently in youth at those times which are, or which are supposed to be, the most solemn in life. Indeed it is the apparently exaggerated solemnity of the moment which makes it appear to youth suddenly and incomprehensibly ridiculous. We who are young believe so implicitly in happiness, doubt so implicitly in tragedy! Is it because we do not believe in sadness that sadness can make us smile?

But that night when I got home in the early morning hours and tiptoed to my room, the world seemed strangely changed. I kicked off my dancing slippers, slipped out of my ball dress, and sat on the edge of my bed, thinking. For a long time I sat there. The moon, I remember, floated against the window pane like a thin colorless wafer. Somewhere, beyond vast distances, the dawn was stretching herself and throwing out over the earth her cool white arms. How silent it was! Time seemed to be waiting for something—for someone—and then suddenly the wonder of things rushed over me in drenching waves of color. I fell on my knees and sobbed—but I did not know why.

Of course his name is not Augustus—although it should have been—and Augustus he shall herein be called. The most interesting thing about Augustus was that he was forty. All other attributes slunk into insignificance against this most awesome of facts. Forty! And some whispered that he had a past. He was very dignified and his hair was becoming quite gray about the ears. Augustus said that hair in his family had a tendency to gray early, and though I did not think forty particularly early for hair to gray I said nothing when he explained this to me, because, you see, Augustus did not like people to know that he was forty. He liked to be thought very young and was always saying "Not so bad for an old man, now, is it?" or "Well, well, I'm afraid I am getting on!" So that other people would say "Why, you're a young man yet, Augustus!" or "Don't be foolish, Augustus!" or "If you are old, Augustus, then what am I?" Well, anyway, he was forty.

Adventures in Flirtation

MY AFFAIR with Charlie had been ended at least two weeks before I met Augustus. Charlie, by the way, recovered from what I had reasonably supposed might be a crushing sorrow, with astonishing ease. He continued to go to all the dances, and even to dance with me, and tell me funny stories—quite as though I had not just ruined his life.

I think it was mainly because Augustus was so wholly unlike a frog that I decided that his life would be an interesting one to ruin too. No one could have been less frog-like than Augustus. He had a long pale face—"wan" would be more expressive—and sad oval eyes that looked as though they had been painted onto his eyeballs with watery paint. His lips were thin—and personally I considered them sensual. Augustus would be horrified at this, for he utterly disapproves, he said, of sensuosity—if there is such a word. At any rate he disapproves of it. Augustus was the sort of person that mothers called a safe, sensible man and allowed their daughters to go to the theater with, unchaperoned. But Augustus, when you were alone with him, wasn't especially safe, and he was anything but sensible. He had quite a penchant—that is the most delicate way I can put it—for intoxicants; though he always said that he approved of prohibition, and Augustus was the only man—the only man, understand, who ever —— But that will come later.

Life without an affair tends to become insipid, if you know what I mean; and so I made myself as fascinating as possible to Augustus. To make oneself fascinating to Augustus one had only to agree with everything that he

(Continued on Page 72)

He Lured Me—Actually Lured Me Down the Stairs From the Ballroom Into a Writing Room

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

That Sort of Woman

Judge not according to the appearance.
—*John vii, 24.*

The chief good is the suspension of the judgment, which tranquillity of mind follows like its shadow.
—Pyrrho—*Diogenes Laertius.*

"TUTT," said Mr. Tutt, entering the offices of Tutt & Tutt and hanging his antediluvian stovepipe on the hat tree in the corner, "I see by the morning paper that Payson Clifford has departed this life"

"Don't say!" replied the junior Tutt. "Which one—Payson Senior or Payson Junior?"

"Payson Senior," answered Mr. Tutt as he snipped off the end of a stogy with the pair of nail scissors which he always carried in his vest pocket.

"In that case it's too bad," remarked Tutt regretfully.

"Why 'in that case'?" queried his partner.

"Oh, the son isn't so much of a much!" replied the smaller Tutt. "I don't say the father was so much of a much either. Payson Clifford was a good fellow—even if he wasn't our first citizen—or likely to be a candidate for that position in the hereafter. But that boy "

"Sh-h!" reproved Mr. Tutt, slowly shaking his head so that the smoke from his rat-tailed cigar wove a gray scroll in the air before his face. "Remember that there's one thing worse than to speak ill of the dead, and that's to speak ill of a client!"

Mr. Payson Clifford, the client in question, was a commonplace young man who had been carefully prepared for the changes and chances of this mortal life first at a Fifth Avenue day school in New York City, afterward at a select boarding school among the rock-ribbed hills of the Granite State, and finally at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the cultured atmosphere of Harvard College, through whose precincts in the dim, almost forgotten past we are urged to believe that the good and the great trod musingly in their beautiful prime. He emerged with a perhaps almost prudish distaste for the ugly, the vulgar and the unclean—and with distinct delusions of grandeur. He was still in that state not badly described by the old saw—"You can always tell a Harvard man—but you can't tell him much."

His mother had died when he was still a child, and he preserved her memory as the most sacred treasure of his inner shrine. He could just recall her as a gentle and dignified presence, in contrast with whom his burly, loud-voiced father had always seemed crass and ordinary. And though it was that same father who had, for as long as he could remember, supplied him with a substantial check upon the first day of every month and thus enabled him to achieve that exalted state of intellectual and spiritual superiority which he had in fact attained, nevertheless, putting it frankly in the vernacular, Payson rather looked down on the old man, who palpably suffered from lack of the advantages which he had furnished to his son.

Payson Senior had never taken any particular pains to alter his son's opinion of himself. On the whole he was more proud of him than otherwise, recognizing that though he obviously suffered from an overdevelopment of the ego and an excessive fastidiousness in dress, he was, at bottom, clearly all right and a good sort. Still, he was forced to confess that there wasn't much between them. His son expressed the same thought by regretting that his father did not speak his language.

So, in the winter vacation when Payson Senior, fagged from his long day at the office, sought the Frolics or the Follies, Payson Junior might be seen at a concert for the harpsichord and viola, or at an evening of Palestrina or the Earlier Gregorian Chants. Had he been less supercilious about it this story would never have been written. But it is the prerogative of youth to be arrogantly merciless in its judgment of the old. Its bright lexicon has no verdict "with mitigating circumstances." Youth is just when it is right; it is cruel when it is wrong; and it is inexorable in any case. If we are ever to be tried for our crimes let us have juries of white-whiskered old boys who like tobacco, crab flakes, light wines and musical comedy.

"Are You Going to Constitute Yourself the Judge of What is Well Enough for a Young Man's Soul?"

All of which leads up to the sad admission upon our part that Payson Junior was a prig. And in the very middle of his son's priggishness Payson Senior up and died, and Tutt and Mr. Tutt were called upon to administer his estate.

There may be concealed somewhere a few rare human beings who can look back upon their treatment of their parents with honest satisfaction. I have never met any. It is the fate of those who bring others into the world to be chided for their manners, abused for their mistakes, and pilloried for their faults. Twenty years' difference in age turns many an elegance into a barbarism; many a virtue into a vice-versa. I do not perform at breakfast for the edification of my offspring upon the mustache cup, but I chew my strawberry seeds, which they claim is worse. My grandpapa and grandmamma used to pour the coffee from their cups and drink it from their saucers and they were nevertheless rated AA1 in Boston's Back Bay Blue Book. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* No man is a hero to his children. He has a hanged sight more chance with his valet—if in these days he can afford to keep one.

His father's death was a shock to Payson Junior because he had not supposed that people in active business like that ever did die; they retired instead, and after a discreet period of semiseclusion gradually disintegrated by appropriate stages. But Payson Senior simply died right in the middle of everything—without any chance of a spiritual understanding—"reconciliation" would be inaccurate—with his son. So Payson Junior protestingly acquired, by part cash and balance credit, a complete suit of what he scathingly described as the barbarous panoply of death, and, turning himself into what he similarly called a human catafalque, followed Payson Senior to the grave.

Perhaps, after all, we have been a bit hard on Payson Junior. He was fundamentally, as his father had perceived, good stuff, and wanted to do the right thing. But what is the right thing? Really, it isn't half so hard to be good as to know how.

As the orphaned Payson, ensconced in lonely state in one of the funeral hacks, was carried at a fast trot down Broadway toward the offices of Tutt & Tutt he consoled himself for his loss with the reflection that this was probably the last time he would ever have to see any of his relatives. Never in his short life had he been face to face with such a gathering of unattractive human beings. He hadn't imagined that such people existed. They oughtn't to exist. The earth should be a lovely place, its real estate occupied only by cultured and lovely people. These æsthetic considerations reminded him with a shock that, just as he had been an utter stranger to them, so he had been a stranger to his father—his poor old widowed father. What did he really know about him? Not one thing! And he had never tried to find out anything about him—about his friends, his thoughts, his manner of life; content merely to cash his checks, under the unconscious assumption that the man who drew them ought to be equally content to be the father of such a youth as himself.

But those rusty relatives! They must have been his father's! Certainly his mother's wouldn't have been like that; and he felt confident he took after his mother. Still, they worried him! Up at Harvard he had stood rather grandly on his name—Payson Clifford, Junior—with no questions asked about the Senior or anybody else. He now perceived that he was to be thrown out into the world of fact, where who and what his father had been might make a lot of difference. Rather anxiously he hoped the old gentleman would turn out to have been all right; and would have left enough of an estate so that he could still go on cashing checks upon the first day of every month.

It was one of the unwritten laws of the office of Tutt & Tutt that Mr. Tutt was never to be bothered about the details of a probate matter, and it is more than doubtful whether, even if he had tried, he could have correctly made out the inventory of an estate for filing in the Surrogate's Court. For be it known that though the senior member of the firm was long on the philosophy of the law and the subtleties of restraints on alienation, powers, perpetuities and the mysteries of the "next eventual estate," he was frankly short on the patience to add and subtract. So though Mr. Tutt drew their clients' wills it was Tutt who attempted to probate and execute them. Then, if by any chance there was any trouble or some ungrateful relative thought he hadn't got enough, it was Mr. Tutt who reluctantly tossed away his stogy, strolled over to court and, usually with success, defended the will which he had drawn.

So it was the lesser Tutt who wrung the hand of Payson Clifford and gave him the leathern armchair by the window.

"And now about the will!" chirped Tutt, as after a labored encomium upon the virtues of Payson Senior, deceased, he took the liberty of lighting a cigarette before he commenced to read the instrument, which lay in a brown envelope upon the desk before him. "And now about the will! I suppose you are already aware that your father has made you his executor and, after a few minor legacies, the residuary legatee of his entire estate?"

Payson shook his head mutely. He felt it more becoming to pretend to be ignorant of these things under the circumstances.

"Yes," continued Tutt cheerfully, taking up the envelope; "Mr. Tutt drew the will nearly fifteen years ago, and your father never thought necessary to change it. It's lain right there in our will box without being disturbed more than once; and that was seven or eight years ago, when he came in one day and asked to be allowed to look at it. I think he put an envelope containing a letter in with it. I found one there the other day."

Payson languidly took the will in his hand

"How large an estate did he leave?" he inquired.

"As near as I can figure out, about seventy thousand dollars," answered Tutt. "But the transfer tax will not be heavy, and the legacies do not aggregate more than ten thousand."

The instrument was a short one, drawn with all Mr. Tutt's ability for compression, and filling only a single sheet. His father had bequeathed seventy-six hundred dollars to his three cousins and their children, and everything else he had left to his son. Payson rapidly computed that after settling the bills against the estate, including that of Tutt & Tutt, he would probably get at least sixty thousand out of it. At the current rate he would continue to be quite comfortable; more so, in fact, than theretofore. Still, it was less than he had expected. Perhaps his father had had expensive habits.

"Here's the letter," went on Tutt, handing it to Payson, who took out his penknife to open it the more neatly. "Probably a suggestion as to the disposal of personal effects—remembrances or something of the sort. It's often done."

The envelope was a cheap one, ornamented in the upper left-hand corner with a woodcut showing a stout goddess in a nightdress—evidently meant for Proserpine—pouring a Niagara of grain out of a cornucopia of plenty over a farmland stacked high with apples, corn and pumpkins, and flooded by the beams of a rising sun with a real face. Beneath were the words:

IF NOT DELIVERED IN FIVE DAYS RETURN TO
CLIFFORD, COBB & WENG
GRAIN DEALERS AND PRODUCE
WATER STREET
N. Y. CITY, N. Y.

Even as his eye fell upon it Payson was conscious of its coarse vulgarity. And Weng! Who ever heard of such a name? He certainly had not; hadn't even known that his father had a partner with such an absurd cognomen. "& Weng!" There was something terribly plebeian about it, as well as about the obvious desire for symmetry which had led to the addition of that superfluous "N. Y." to the entirely adequate "N.Y. City." But of course he'd be glad to do anything his father requested in a letter.

He forced the edge of the blade through the tough fiber of the envelope, drew forth the inclosed sheet and unfolded it. In the middle of the top was a replica of the woodcut upon the outside, only minus the "If not delivered in five days return to." Then Payson read in his father's customary bold scrawl the simple inscription, doomed to haunt him, sleeping and waking, for many moons:

In case of my sudden death I wish my executor to give twenty-five thousand dollars to my very dear friend Sadie Burch, of Hoboken, N. J.
PAYSON CLIFFORD.

For a brief—very brief—moment, a mist gathered over the letter in the son's hand. "My dear friend Sadie Burch!" He choked back the exclamation of surprise that rose unconsciously to his lips, and endeavored to suppress any facial evidence of his inner feelings. "Twenty-five thousand!" Then he held out the letter more or less casually to Tutt.

"We-e-ell!" whistled the lawyer softly to himself, with a quick glance from under his eyebrows.

"Oh, it isn't the money!" remarked Payson in a sickly tone; though of course he was lying; it was the money.

The idea of surrendering nearly half his father's estate to a stranger staggered him; yet to his eternal credit, in that first instant of bewildered agony no thought of disregarding his father's wishes entered his mind. It was a hard wallop, but he'd got to stand it.

"Oh, that's nothing!" remarked Tutt. "It's not binding. You don't need to pay any attention to it."

"Do you really mean that that paper hasn't any legal effect?" exclaimed the boy, with such a reaction of relief that for the moment the ethical aspect of the case was entirely obscured by the legal.

"None whatever!" returned Tutt definitely.

"But it's part of the will!" protested Payson. "It's in my father's own handwriting."

"That doesn't make any difference," declared the lawyer. "Not being witnessed in the manner required by law it's not of the slightest significance."

"Not even if it is put right in with the will?"

"Not a particle."

"But I've often heard of letters' being put with wills."

"No doubt. But I'll wager you never heard of any one of them being probated."

Payson's legal experience in fact did not reach to this technical point.

"Look here!" he returned obstinately. "I'll be hanged if I understand. You say this paper has no legal value, and yet it is in my father's own hand and practically attached to his will. Now, apart from any—er—moral question involved, just why isn't this letter binding on me?"

Tutt smiled leniently.

"Have a cigarette?" he asked; and when Payson took one he added sympathetically as he held a match for him: "Your attitude, my dear sir, does you credit. It is wholly right and natural that you should instinctively desire to uphold that which on its face appears to be a wish of your father. But all the same, that letter isn't worth the paper it's written on—as matter of law."

"But why not?" demanded Payson. "What better evidence could the courts desire of the wishes of a testator than such a letter?"

"The reason is simple enough," replied Tutt, settling himself in a comfortable position. "In the eye of the law no property is ever without an owner. It is always owned by somebody, though the ownership may be in dispute. When a man dies his real property instantly passes to his heirs, and his personal property descends in accordance with the local statute of distributions or, if there isn't any, to his next of kin; but if he leaves a will, to the extent to which it is valid it diverts the property from its natural legal destination. Thus, in effect, the real purpose of a will is to prevent the laws from operating on one's estate after death. If your father had died intestate you would have instantly become, in contemplation of law, the owner of all his property. His will—his legal will—deprives you of a small part of it for the benefit of others. But the law is exceedingly careful about recognizing such an intention of a testator to prevent the operation of the statutes, and requires him to demonstrate the sincerity and fixity of that intention by going through various established formalities, such as putting his intention in due form in a written instrument which he must sign and declare to be his last will before a certain number of competent witnesses, whom he requests to sign as such, and who actually do sign as such, in his presence and in the presence of each other. Your father obviously did none of these things when he placed this letter with his will."

"But isn't a letter ever enough, under any circumstances?" inquired Payson.

"Well," said Tutt, "it is true that under certain exceptional circumstances a man may make what is known as a nuncupative will—but this letter isn't one."

"What is a—a—nuncupative will?" asked his client.

"Technically it is a verbal will, operating on personalty only, made *in extremis*—that is, actually in fear of death—and under our statutes limited to soldiers in active military service or to mariners at sea.

"Now your father was neither a soldier nor a sailor, so he couldn't have made a nuncupative will under any circumstances, even if a letter could legally be treated as such a will instead of as an ineffectual attempt to make a written one—upon which point I confess myself ignorant. Therefore"—and he tossed away his cigarette butt with an air of finality—"this letter bequeathing twenty-five thousand dollars to Sadie Burch—whoever and whatever she may be—is either an attempt to make a will or a codicil to a will in a way not recognized by the statute, or it is an attempt to add to, alter or vary a will already properly executed and witnessed, by arbitrarily affixing to or placing within it an extraneous written paper."

"All the same," commented Payson, "I still don't see why this letter can't be regarded as part of the original will."

"For the reason that when your father executed the original document he went through every form required by the statute for making a will. If he hadn't it wouldn't have been a will at all. If this paper, which never was witnessed by a single person, could be treated as a supplement or addition to the will there would have been no use requiring the original will to be witnessed either."

"That seems logical," agreed Payson. "But isn't it often customary to incorporate other papers by referring to them in a will?"

"It is sometimes done, and usually results in nothing but litigation. You see for yourself how absurd it would be to treat a paper drawn or executed after a will was made as part of it, for that would render the requirements of the statute nugatory."

"But suppose the letter was already in existence or was written at the same time as the will—wouldn't that make a difference?" hesitated Payson.

"Not a bit! Not one bit!" chirped Tutt. "The law is settled that such a paper writing can be given effect only under certain very special conditions and only to a limited extent. Anyhow that question doesn't arise here."

"Why not?" queried the residuary legatee. "How do you know this letter wasn't written and placed inside the will when it was made? How can you be sure that my father did not suppose that of course it would be given effect?"

"In that case why shouldn't he have incorporated the legacy in the will?" countered Tutt sharply.

"He—er—may not have wished Mr. Tutt to know about it," murmured Payson, dropping his eyes.

"Oh, tommyrot!" protested Tutt. "We can

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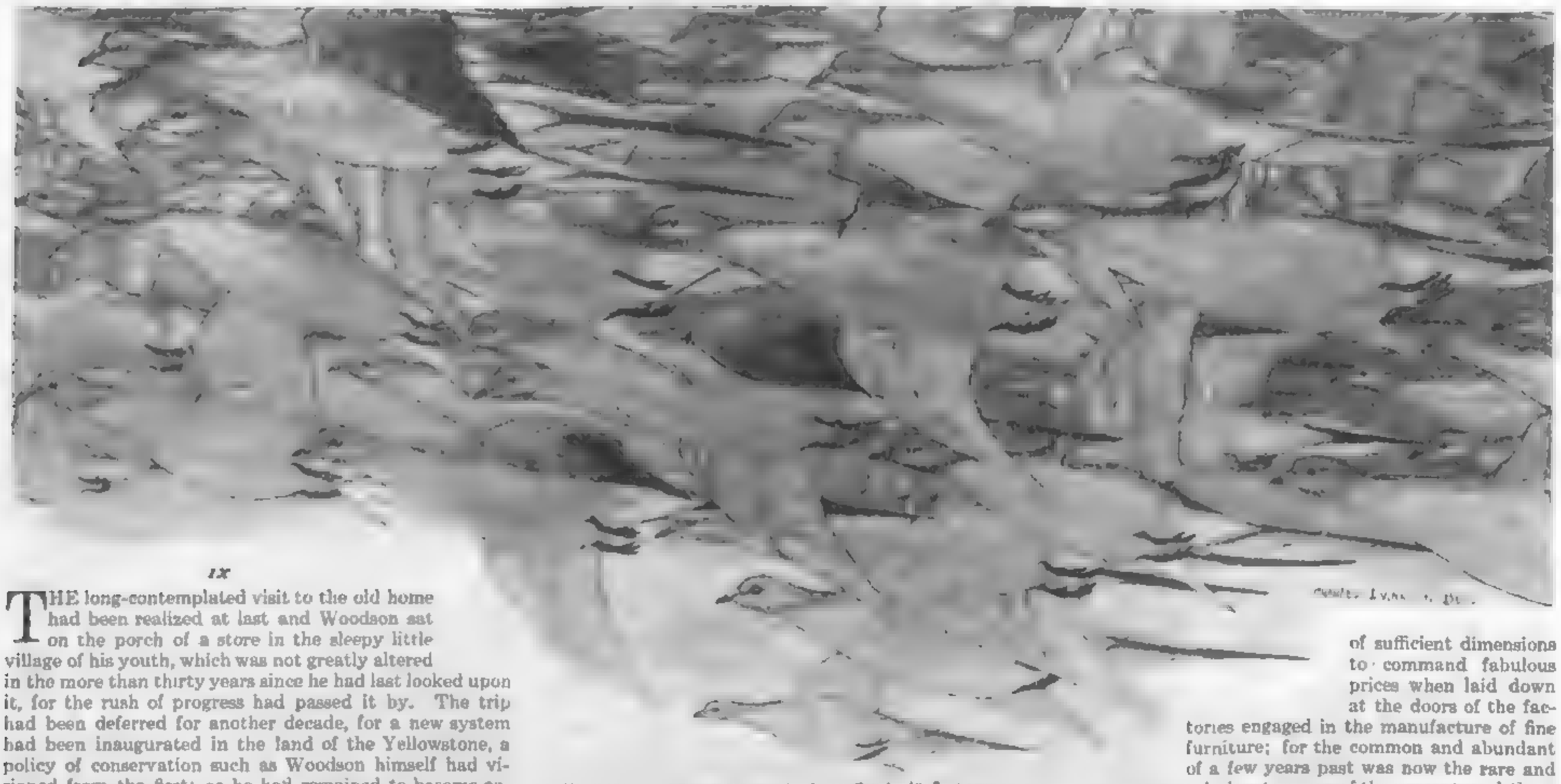
"I'd Rather Like to Know Who This Sadie Burch Is!"

OLD-TIMER

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



IX

THE long-contemplated visit to the old home had been realized at last and Woodson sat on the porch of a store in the sleepy little village of his youth, which was not greatly altered in the more than thirty years since he had last looked upon it, for the rush of progress had passed it by. The trip had been deferred for another decade, for a new system had been inaugurated in the land of the Yellowstone, a policy of conservation such as Woodson himself had visioned from the first; so he had remained to become associated with the new movement. His life work was now definitely identified with the preservation of the park, since the policy of its management was so nearly in accord with his own ideas.

Eventually he had applied for leave, with the promise to return at the end of a year. Yet at the end of three weeks his restlessness was uppermost and he fought down the desire to leave.

McCann, of the old hide-hunting days, sat with him on the store porch.

"I'll wait anyway to see the pigeon flight this fall," Woodson said, voicing one of the arguments with which he sought to convince himself against the too-early departure that crept insistently to his mind; for things were not as he had so fondly anticipated. The dead village remained the same and many old friends had tarried there. It was the landscape that had changed. The whole countryside was altered beyond recognition, the hardwood timber cut from a thousand valleys, much of it piled and burned to clear the land for farming, some of the straight-grained logs split for fence rails, these later replaced by the more modern wire fence and the rails burned to be rid of them or cut into stove-wood lengths. He reflected that this wholesale slashing had been unavoidable; it was part of the general age of progress, a measure necessary to get the land in shape for farming.

"Yes," he said again, "I'll wait anyhow for the pigeon flight. I'd like to watch them go over again in swarms that cloud the sun. We don't have birds in such numbers out in the hills. They're more scattered like, out there. I've thought about the pigeon flight back here a thousand times and wanted to see it all again."

McCann grunted amusedly at the others gathered before the store.

"There hasn't been a pigeon flight in twenty years," he said. "So if that's what you're waiting for you might as well pile on the train with me to-morrow."

"I wasn't expecting to see them as thick as they were years back," Woodson confessed. "It don't seem that there's anything in the quantity it used to be. I've seen ten million wild pigeons in a day. If I could see a few flocks of ten thousand in a bunch it would be enough for me."

"You can make ten thousand dollars in a bunch if you can see one pigeon and bring it in," McCann returned. "Don't you know there hasn't been a pigeon seen in the last fifteen years?"

"It seems like they must have changed their flights to somewheres else," one man volunteered. "I've heard it said that they was likely in South America. Maybe that's where they're at. It wouldn't surprise me a mite to see 'em come swarming back in here any time. I've seen the time when we shipped a hundred barrels of pigeons to the Chicago markets from this county every day."

"I'd Like to Watch Them Go Over Again in Swarms That Cloud the Sun"

The discussion turned to the various rewards posted for the body of a single passenger pigeon. These sums ranged from one hundred dollars to a thousand, offered by various societies and individuals, and the aggregate was large.

"A man could make a good stake if he only knowed where they'd gone," remarked one of the group.

"I know where they've gone," said McCann. He laughed and prodded Woodson with his thumb. "We know, you and me; 'eh, Mart? They've followed the beaver and the lost herd."

"And the hardwood trees," Woodson amplified.

McCann's grin faded and he nodded somberly. For twenty years he had worked in the lumber camps and the disappearance of standing timber was nearer his heart than the disappearance of all else combined. He was about to set forth for new fields in which to ply his trade.

The next morning Woodson boarded the train with McCann. The eager anticipation with which he had looked forward to his trip was gone. It would have been far better if he had never come. For those who had stagnated in one spot the transition had seemed gradual—indeed, barely perceptible, but to Woodson, come back after all the years, the difference was so apparent as to strike home with a shock. He had seen that it was necessary, this wholesale sacrifice of the timber in the valleys, to make room for the farms of men. But now the train rolled through miles and miles of unsightly slashings. A hundred million acres of hardwood hills, totally unfit for the plow, had been cut over to the last available tree, stripped of all save the worthless scrubs. Black-walnut logs had been ripped into dimension stuff or used for heavy beams and palings. Smooth white oak and sturdy hickory had furnished planks for bridges. Nature had started to conceal her scars, and endless miles of these waste areas, grown up with matted jungles of brush and stunted second growth, stood as the only monument of the great day of the lumber trade. In other parts the best of the fir and spruce, the pick of the cedar, pine and hemlock had been rafted to the mills, the few remaining tracts in the hands of individuals or concerns who could cut it at their will.

McCann broke a long silence to grumble surlily about his lot in life.

"The old days are gone," he said. "What's this country coming to, anyway? A man has to ask permission of some one else and have them pick out his logs before he can go into government timber and drop a tree."

He referred to the Forest Service, which had been in operation for a number of years. For suddenly men had paused in the mad rush to wonder. Just possibly it would have been wiser to use less headlong haste. The smaller trees, sacrificed for railroad ties or to fire the boilers of the mills, would, if conserved, soon have developed into trees of sufficient dimensions to command fabulous prices when laid down at the doors of the factories engaged in the manufacture of fine furniture; for the common and abundant of a few years past was now the rare and priceless treasure of the present, and those same trees, so wantonly destroyed, would now have been used sparingly, cut into thin sheets of rare veneer. Many a man gazed ruefully upon his woodlot pasture, covered with a scant growth of worthless trees, regarding the rotting stumps of giants he had felled for firewood or merely to be rid of them because they shaded too much land and held back the growth of grass for feed. If he but had a dozen of those trees now they would constitute a fortune.

But the nation was alive to the wreckage at last. What tracts of timber were left uncut—mainly stands of spruce and jack pine, formerly too low-grade or too inaccessible to log—had been preserved in time. Broad areas were withdrawn from settlement and turned into forest reserves, administered with care under a policy that provided only for the thinning of the heaviest stands, the young trees left to grow. Reforestation was mentioned as a possibility, and experiments were under way. Conservation had replaced destruction as the watchword of the times. Plant-a-tree societies were organized and school children marched to view the installation of slender seedlings among the ghosts of towering ancestors whose shade had once graced the spot. In the schoolroom the story of the woodman and his ax gave way to the pretty tale of the little acorn that grew into a mighty oak.

As the train rolled on into the West it carried Woodson into the land of timber claims. To the uninitiated this term vaguely suggested forested areas in far corners of their country, open to settlement by those who would make their homes in distant spots. But the reverse of this was true. Arid regions were open to settlement by those who would plant trees where no trees grew. Such were the timber claims.

The train sped across flat wastes, dotted with clumps of gnarled and wind-torn cottonwoods, hand planted and hand tended, that struggled to survive under adverse conditions, a pitiful reminder of the worth of any tree to-day and the reckless waste of all trees yesterday. Woodson reflected that succeeding waves of development had always come out of the East. He would spend his period of leave to the westward instead. His mind leaped forward to the land of the big trees, the wonderful forests of the West Coast, where he had spent a year so long ago. The rattle and roar of civilization had palled and he dwelt upon the solemn hush of the coast-belt forests, the church-like quiet that opens up a man's soul to his own view and convinces him for all time of his own minuteness; shears his egotism from him. There he knows that the universe was not created solely for man alone, the one thought that pervades the minds of those who dwell solely amid works of men and know not Nature.

Once alone and in close communion with the mother of us all, if a man be capable of thought his conceit drops from him and he comes to know that he is but one of the forms of life in Nature's vast balance wheel, a pygmy in

the scheme of things, to be as easily crushed, once he succeeds in disturbing that delicate balance which he constantly perverts and which he fondly dreams was constructed for his delight alone. All these things Woodson had learned in his youth and they had never left him. A failure in the eyes of men who measured only in material gain; yet, through his very failure at striving for things which to him were the greater, from his habit of thinking to himself amid the works of Nature instead of thinking among others, chained by precept and convention among the artificialities of men—perhaps from all these his vision was far broader, and he was nearer to understanding the source of life that men call God than those who, by their own standards, have succeeded in whatever they undertook to do.

Woodson saw man as one creature among many. From a brute with a club he had become a man, even as the Eohippus had become a horse; and throughout his evolution he had gained knowledge from other creatures and improved upon their methods. Like them, he drew upon Nature's storehouse for his own purposes. His inventive brain had given him tools that did his killing and supplied his meat more easily than the claws and fangs that served that purpose for the real meat-eating tribes. He dammed streams more ably than the beaver, and diverted the water for his own use. Once like other creatures, his habitat had shifted with the food supply, and he had prowled in nomadic bands in search of those spots where food was plentiful.

Later, perhaps from aping the actions of the bee, he had learned to bring the food supply to him instead. By carrying the pollen from one blossom to the next the bee assures the fertility and seed supply necessary to perpetuate in his neighborhood the flowers from which he draws his honey. Perhaps it was also from the bee, or from the ant, the beaver or the squirrel, that man learned to store his surplus food against lean days. He has learned to build better dwellings than the beaver or the muskrat. From the birds he learned how to weave rushes and the wool of animals, the down of flowers and the bark of trees; from the insects he learned to spin, and now he both spins and weaves far better than the spider or the bird. Like the ant, the bee and the beaver, he clusters in colonies and works for the common good, but in this respect it is probable that, except for the more complicated scheme of it, he has not attained so high as those inferior creatures, for their social life is constructively for the common good of the community instead of a continuous struggle for individual ascendancy.

Men war among themselves as do the beasts. The male human quarrels over his love affairs and kills for his she, the same as the wolf and the jackal. But he points with pride to the fact that he has law to enforce the right as his narrow vision sees it—and right changes overnight with him. Throughout the ages men have been torn apart by law for some wrong that the next day would have been the right and earned them the praise of multitudes. So do the beasts have laws; and the insects—laws that are inflexible. The pack tears apart the individual that menaces the interests of the many, killing him openly and frankly and without the subtleties and complications which go with ridding human society of rabid individuals. Only a few years back, a pin prick in the span of time, man himself resorted to no such niceties in his killing, was more direct, after the manner of those from whom he sprang. He points with pride to his "Thou shalt not's." The beasts have them as well. Man has his various moralities, resting solely upon the race, or sect within a race, into which he happened to be born. One sect's morality and philosophy of life consists of many wives, of no recognition of the human souls of its women. Such, too, is the attitude of the bull elk, the buck deer and the bighorn sheep. Another's morality consists of monogamy, of the family tie. So live the eagle, the horned owl and the fox.

All as it should be, except that man, in his vast conceit, has forgotten that he is but one of Nature's toys, and has come to believe instead that she is one of his. He is apt to forget his puniness and the fact that forces beyond his control may sink one continent into the sea and throw another up from the depths of it with one convulsion, wiping out the evidence of man's building of centuries, as easily as man himself might casually spill a tub of water and at a single stroke blot the work of generations of busy ants.

These things had all come to Woodson in the open, on the wide plains or in his hills. For a time these thoughts had been but vague mental gropings, unassembled into the channels of consecutive reasoning which had eventually developed into the belief that shaped his life. It had been the days under the big trees—days when he had felt the solemn hush of the noblest forest the world has ever seen; when he had stood, antlike, at the base of one mighty trunk and tried to comprehend the fact that for a hundred miles each way these monsters grew in such dense masses that a man could scarce squeeze between—that had gathered up the fragmentary particles of thought and crystallized them into the whole, which had become his creed. And each click of the wheels ticked off one rail length of the distance and carried him nearer to his goal.

Then at last he stood on a high divide where once he had stood before. A hundred miles of the big trees had spread out before him then. Now the great forest was gone. A jungle of brush and second growth had sprung up to conceal the amputated stumps. Log roads, now deserted and slipping back to Nature from lack of travel, made a network of dividing lines among the ruins. There were patches where fire had beaten the loggers to the work—miles of burnings where the blackened trees lay piled in great tangled log jams, with here and there a spot where some could not find space to fall, their butts wedged by their fellows, and towered black and gaunt against the sky as the spars of some gigantic fire-ridden ship sunk in the shallows. For hours Woodson sat motionless in one spot, his chin cupped in his hand.

A week later he stood on a spur of the west slope of the Absarokas, back once more in the Yellowstone. The autumn hills unrolled before him. The early frosts had touched the deciduous trees with magic brush and wherever the white shafts of aspens gleamed through the black stand of lodgepole trunks there was color—splashes of yellows grading from palest lemon to deep orange hues; vivid tongues of crimson leaping from the green of the spruce as the first hungry flames of a forest fire; mauve shadings in the willow and alder swamps of the bottoms; soft wine tints and magenta, rolling away in a riot of blending hues as if but a month-old afterglow of summer sunsets. Woodson spoke to Teton, who grazed near by.

"This is a little different from that other view I had a week ago, Teton," he said. "They've waked up in time to save our trees up here anyway. There's sixteen thousand square miles in one body, including the park itself, that has gone into forest reserve and been withdrawn from settlement."

The reservation was blocked in on all sides by these national forests of which he spoke; to the north lay the Gallatin Forest, the Beartooth and the Absaroka; the Shoshone Reserve on the east. All along the southern boundary the park was flanked by the Teton Forest; to the west by the Madison and the Targhee.

He had seen little of the outside world, and the news of its development had reached him mainly by hearsay. Now that he had seen for himself he gloried in the wonderful strides made by this young nation of which he was a part. Yet some way he was haunted by a doubt, the same sensation that had assailed his mind on that former visit to the plains, years before—a feeling that a good job had been a trifle too well done; that elusive impression that he had been warned of this tremendous waste.

He sat and gazed off across the country and his mind wandered into the past. The course of a stream that twisted through the hills was marked by a slender line of many-colored aspens. Through half-closed eyes this variegated thread appeared to take on life, and again he looked upon the homeward trail of the Crows, winding a tortuous course through the hills. The blue-gray of scattered balsam, held in relief against the darker stands of spruce, took on the semblance of smoke blots rising from the tepees.

The words of the old chief of the Crows came back to him out of the past: "He does much that is wonderful . . . but in his haste to reach the shores of the phantom lake he destroys much that he might better leave, and which he never can replace." The source of that warning was clear to him now—the half-forgotten rebuke of the old chief for those who followed only the white man's god, development.

"They've saved our trees, Teton," Woodson said. "If only they'd started in time to save some of the rest—those that can't be regrown in the lives of twenty men, and all cut down within the life of one. We're a great people, but we always go a mile too fast and don't watch the signs along the trail. Then we back-track and spend twice as much in covering up the wreck as we gained by traveling too rapid on the start. That's our

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The Old Bear Coasted for Two Hundred Yards on Her Haunches. Wakinee Lost His Balance and Tumbled End Over End

SOBERING UP THE BUSINESS CONSCIENCE—By James H. Collins

POLITELY, they are called cancellations, but welshing is shorter, uglier and more satisfactory for all-round business purposes. The year 1920 will be remembered as one in which business men welshed out of their commitments on an unprecedented scale, and all over the world.

You were a textile manufacturer, say. Your mill practically supported a New England town. Its normal output was around $1,000,000 monthly, and you had enough orders ahead for six months' operation. Suddenly prices reached the final peak and began to travel on the down curve. In a few weeks people who had ordered goods from you absolutely canceled $2,000,000 worth of stuff ordered for future delivery, and suspended $4,000,000 worth additional until prices became stable. Your mill, now running only two days a week, with a reduced work force, and never enough orders in sight to keep it going more than three weeks, was typical of hundreds of factories all over the country at the beginning of this year.

Or we will suppose that you are an importer. A leather manufacturer gives you an order for 10,000 Brazilian goatskins. You buy them by cable. It may take two or three months to land them at New York. Meanwhile the price of goatskins has not only dropped but there appears to be no market for them at all. Your customer refuses to take the stuff at the market price when he placed his order, and if you are scrupulous about your business obligations, taking up the Brazilian exporter's draft for that lot of goatskins, obviously you are losing money in two directions, an excruciating whipsaw effect in the cancellation game.

This comes pretty near being the actual banana peel upon which business slipped up and fell down. Speculation, restricted credits, the burden of taxation and national debts, underproduction, depletion of the world's capital—these have been singled out as specific causes. But cancellation and repudiation of business agreements were more directly responsible than anything else for shutting the factories, tying up the ships, bringing unemployment and loss of profit.

Business Morale at a Low Ebb

AT THIS writing it is estimated that there are between $2,000,000,000 and $3,000,000,000 worth of commodities piled up in the United States waiting decision as to ownership, the result of cancellations. Because they are actual commodities, sooner or later somebody will take them at some price, after endless bargaining, adjustment and litigation. But the loss represented by the difference between cost of production and the money they actually bring will run from $250,000,000 to $500,000,000. Losses through the cancellation of orders upon which work had not been begun will amount to tens of billions of dollars in unearned wages, suspended production, overhead expenses and shrinkage in the value of raw materials.

Just before the holidays Uncle Sam moved one of his commercial attachés from Peru to Mexico. Passing through New York on his way to the new post, he was booked for a series of two-day visits to business centers en route—Boston, New York, Chattanooga, Nashville, St. Louis, San Antonio. Lecturing on a Chautauqua circuit was placid in comparison. At every stop eager business men pressed him for information on this subject of cancellations, asking his advice about their exports tied up all over the southern continent.

There is at least $1,000,000,000 worth of American merchandise tied up in foreign ports. Buyers have refused to accept the stuff at prices agreed upon when it was ordered, or cannot take unexpected quantities which suddenly arrived on duplicate orders. The customhouses have become jammed, and the surplus often lies outdoors exposed to the weather. Many of the buyers lack money to meet the drafts drawn against them for this merchandise; others are negotiating for price reductions; still others have gone into bankruptcy. Manufactured goods and raw materials all over the world have stopped moving and fallen into dispute, while business men of every nation angrily denounce one another for business faithlessness. Against foreign refusal to accept and pay for our manufactured goods, American purchasers of raw materials in other countries have refused to pay for them in many cases, repudiating orders and dishonoring drafts. Almost any little technical discrepancy in deal or document is made a loophole for escape.

From one standpoint this is a passing cloud, however big and black. Eventually a solid footing will be reached in prices and values, people will begin buying again, merchandise will be stocked, the world will go back to work and the mess caused by cancellations will be cleaned up.

"Why worry about troubles that are past?" suggests the optimist cheerily. "Let's look forward to the resumption of business on safer and saner lines—it is likely to start any minute."

But others are not so sanguine. They see something not so transitory beneath this business of cancellations. In the end business comes down to character and moral obligations. In ordinary times, when things are prospering, with little pressure upon character, men stick to their bargains and carry out their contracts. But when clouds come up like thunder and the fulfilling of obligations means loss, pretty much the whole pressure of business falls upon character, because even contracts and agreements can be avoided on some technicality, particularly in international trade.

The true test of business integrity comes in times like the present, and the cancellation phase of these present times is something more than temporary, because it reveals a world-wide lowering of business morale. Readjustment put tremendous pressure upon business morale and, having become impaired during the war, it broke like the Russian Front.

"It is a question of the business conscience," says Mr. J. H. Tregoe, secretary of the National Association of Credit Men. "Lowering of morale was one of the most familiar results of the war. In one direction it was manifested as military defeat; in another direction as crime; in still others as radicalism, profiteering, graft. Cancellations are another phenomenon, perfectly susceptible of analysis and based primarily on lowering of morale.

Business the past two years has had a hectic tinge. We have been in a state of anxiety ever since the armistice, not knowing when the backwash would set in in a fierce and disorderly fashion. It came very suddenly, bringing consternation and repudiation of contracts which affect every industry and all nations and will cause tremendous losses everywhere.

"The peak of prices was reached last spring, touching an index number around 270—that is, prices in general had risen 170 per cent above normal. The wave of senseless buying which swept business up to this height also swept it over the safety line. Retrenchment began. Merchants had full shelves, manufacturers more orders than they could fill. The business structure was not built on the solid rock of conscience, and lack of business conscience explains the orgy of cancellations from which we have been suffering. Among the great losses that have taken place in this storm, the worst of all is the loss that has come in the lowering of respect for the given word, the failure of our boasted reliance on the word of one business man to another. We must all strive for the reviving of an international business conscience—for a true sense of right-doing which will control the relations of men situated miles apart. Until we have accomplished this at least partially, until we have made the word of men inviolate and binding, we cannot hope to emerge into the new day of prosperity. Many of our problems are strictly spiritual, and we need not hesitate to use this word even when speaking of the so-called material relations of men. In business we are dealing with laws that are higher than men. Abiding by spiritual ideals and putting conscience first, business will gather impetus and we shall be saved from such faithless practices as cancellations."

A World-Wide Epidemic

LISTEN to the seller denouncing the buyer—the manufacturer with his business brought to a standstill by the cancellations of merchants and foreign buyers. You might wonder if it were possible at all to revive business conscience in people who apparently never had any.

When the older industrial nations began doing business with Japan, they discovered an unsuspected trait—that the Jap could not be depended upon to carry out a bargain. If one made a contract with him and he faced loss through price fluctuations or other changing conditions, he would crawl out of the deal, or come around and beg out of it. A little more acquaintance with Japanese psychology disclosed that for centuries it had been customary among the Japanese themselves to ease and adjust the load when a bargain bore too heavily upon one of the parties.

With the first ominous rumblings of the coming avalanche last spring every buyer in the world turned Japanese—if you take the seller's view of the situation. Canceled orders in themselves are nothing especially new. The device has long been resorted to during periods of falling prices or business depression. But we have never had cancellations in such an enormous volume before or suffered from a world-wide epidemic simultaneously. Yet all might have been well had buyers had the moral

stamina to stand up to their obligations, take their losses like gentlemen as an offset to war profits, pass falling prices along to the consuming public. Had they done these things business would ere now be back to normal.

So runs the seller's version. But there is a buyer's version too.

The seller not only lost morale during the war but lost it first, says the buyer. With rising prices and an almost insane demand for commodities, the buyer for several years had been placing orders with manufacturers and getting excuses instead of merchandise. His order placed at today's prices, for delivery three months hence, might be filled if prices had not risen in the meantime or nobody else was willing to pay a premium for the goods. Deliveries were delayed again and again on one excuse or another while the seller disposed of his product in the spot market instead of delivering to the actual purchaser who had placed the order.

Smith ordered hammers from Jones at a dollar apiece. Jones took three months to make the hammers, by which time there was eager bidding for them at a dollar and a quarter apiece. Instead of delivering the hammers to Smith, Jones yielded to temptation, sold them to someone else, and to Smith delivered—an excuse.

Foreign sellers of raw material are howling to heaven against buyers in every country, and particularly ours. During the war we established promising direct business relations with the Orient. Recently a bank in Java wrote a New York trust company pointing out how these promising connections were being endangered by the cancellations and evasions of American importers.

"Both banks and merchants here," said this correspondent, "feel some uneasiness concerning the possibilities of continuing the close business relations which were established with your country during the war. This is due to unfortunate experiences regarding the attitude of American buyers toward their business contracts. Refusals by American banks to honor drafts drawn under their letters of credit because of quite insignificant deviations of the wording of letters of credit have recently occurred again and again, notwithstanding that bankers immediately offered guaranties of redress for such small inaccuracies. The exchange banks in Java under the circumstances are reluctant to take American bills. Hence the extent of our business relations may be seriously affected. We deem it our duty to draw attention to these facts and trust that they will bring home to American importers the fact that such acts will prove seriously detrimental to American business relations abroad."

Sugar Deals

BUT the importer has the same complaint against the foreign seller of raw materials as the buyer of merchandise has against the seller at home. While prices were rising the American importer might buy sugar in Java. The seller there, however, often postponed actual shipment of the sugar as long as possible, taking a flyer in the speculative market by trading in and out. Only when sugar began to slump did he hurry it into the ship, or when the expiration date on the letter of credit back of his sugar contract endangered the deal. Sometimes he got the sugar aboard after the letter of credit had expired, and endeavored to cover up the delay by dating back his bill of lading. American importers also complain that contracts have been canceled abroad oftener than here, for our raw materials no less than our merchandise.

There is general and international blackguarding, indicating manners as bad as morale. The standard of business honor in all countries is so impaired that documents which would once have been discounted by banks without question are now scrutinized with the greatest care and advances made against them only where the concerns involved are of staunch character as well as strong financial responsibility.

"Uncle Sam canceled his contracts after the armistice," says the buyer, making government policy an excuse for his own cancellations.

But this is only a half truth, because the Government in practically every case took all the commodities which were in process of manufacture, whereas the cancellations of 1920 often covered finished goods virtually delivered to buyers. But Uncle Sam, it must also be remembered, did not pyramid his orders. Having first call on production, he was able to plan ahead for quantity and place his requisitions where they would be filled without duplication. The buyer of commodities, on the other hand, made a practice of ordering from two to half a dozen different producers, anywhere from twice to ten times the quantity of goods he actually needed, because half of them might fail to deliver at all and others only partial quantities after unforeseen delays. These duplicate orders were placed freely by foreign concerns, not only to secure some goods during the period of greatest scarcity under handicaps of time and distance but to secure goods for speculative purposes as well. When cancellations at home suddenly caused slackening of production and curtailing of mill organizations, manufacturers hurried to fill every foreign order on their files, with the result that duplicate orders were filled and foreign customers swamped with more merchandise than they could finance or sell.

The business conscience deteriorated in several ways during the war, and particularly after the armistice. There was an infiltration of speculators corresponding to the infiltration of enemy spies which pulled down Italian morale and made it possible to break the Isonzo Front. Profiteering and easy business lowered character. Most of all, the buyer resented the delays, price increases, failure to deliver goods and juggling generally of the seller in the seller's market. He looked forward to the day when his turn would come, and when it did he handed the seller the wallop of cancellations. From the seller's standpoint it was highly immoral, but from the buyer's standpoint merely righteous retribution.

During the boom times in the silk industry a barber owning a prosperous shop in New York's silk district got a tip from one of his customers.

"Buy some silk," was the suggestion.

The barber acted on this advice. He bought some silk with his savings, held it several weeks and sold out at a handsome profit. He bought more silk and sold again, making money. Presently his interest was so centered on the silk business that he sold his barber shop and became a silk man, moving into a finer apartment, buying a big limousine, and so forth. When the crash came in that industry he had both silk and silk contracts running into an aggregate which would have made him an important silk dealer in normal times. But the business was unreal—largely pledges and paper profits. The barber's customers canceled orders, refused deliveries and went broke. He did the same with his orders. To-day he is back in a barber shop—but not his own.

Another silk man set up a speculative business with $1500, and when silk prices broke he failed for $100,000.

"What was the matter?" someone asked.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the speculator; "too many people got in the boat!"

Speculators in the Coal Market

ONE of the last stands made by the speculators was in the export coal business. Driven out of silk, wool, cotton, leather and other commodities successively, they rallied around export coal in early autumn, for the speculator's chief reason—that it was moving almost hysterically and seemed to be the only commodity that was. There was a shortage of coal in France, Italy and other importing countries, with scarcity looking up in the United States, along with a strike of British coal miners. Foreign purchasers would close contracts with anyone who promised to deliver coal, and such contracts were made by hundreds of speculators in this country, who, after agreeing to deliver one cargo or a dozen, or 1,000,000 tons at ever-increasing prices, looked around to see if they could find any actual coal. In most cases they couldn't, because real export coal had long ago been contracted for by real coal exporters.

Winter setting in mildly, increased production, settlement of the British strike, increased production in England and Germany, better transportation conditions—these factors suddenly replaced the speculator's paper coal at twenty-five to thirty dollars a ton with the real article, delivered in France or Italy by real coal exporters in both the United States and England at half the price. Foreign buyers canceled their contracts in this country. The speculators' contracts had pushed up prices to a point where real contracts suffered, and untold damage was done to the export coal business which we had built up during the war.

The speculator, profiteer and easy-business chap are out of it—until the next time, whenever that may be. Thus the business conscience has been improved automatically to that extent. But given the same boom times, or even the normal prosperity for which the country longs, and there would be a proportionate slump in business integrity

Men able to stand somewhat apart and view both seller and buyer disinterestedly maintain that the business conscience must be braced up partly through a sincere conviction of sin, and reform, along with some better methods of doing business, backed by authority. These disinterested advisers are credit men, bankers, chamber of commerce officials, leaders in business associations. Even before the war boom the business conscience did not fully satisfy them, and steps were being taken to put it on a better basis.

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 5, 1921

Mr. Wilson

TIME and the sober second thought of the American people will work for President Wilson in his retirement. Never will he be elevated to the pedestal on which he stood during those first weeks of the armistice, but he will bulk big again in the eyes of a world that views him in proper perspective. For though he failed greatly he succeeded greatly.

The failure of Mr. Wilson, though its consequences have been disastrous, is only temporary; his success will be permanent. He wrote the scriptures of peace—no mean achievement—and in its hour of fear and anguish the world accepted them, only to backslide when the danger seemed over. But the time of repentance and conversion will come again.

The world expected more of Mr. Wilson than mortal man could perform; he attempted more than mortal man could accomplish. It is easy to stand on the side lines and criticize after the event, to say he should have done this or should not have done that; but granting this, there is small doubt that the President could have secured much more of what he wanted and the world needed.

For many of his failures Mr. Wilson has only President Wilson to blame. Probably he should not have gone to Europe; certainly he should not have stayed there when he saw how events were shaping up. A master of solitaire, he sat in at poker and chipped his stack away while others at the table played their hands. On his return, having compromised at almost every point with Europeans, he refused to compromise at any point with Americans.

A better peace and sounder terms could probably have been formulated on the battlefield in forty-eight hours by half a dozen of the men who were the organizing and business brains of the war, men who had no political promises to make good and no map-making theories to try out. Certainly they could have done no worse than the Conference, and the world would have been saved some years of uncertainty and some billions of dollars.

To the minds of professional statesmen the bigness of the war meant that there must be a big peace, with big commissions, big experts, big expenses, big talk, big secrecy and finally a big mess. But the very bigness of the thing called for simplicity and brevity in the making of the peace, with later and separate consideration for the league. Even half a dozen able men will make mistakes, but no human affair can possibly stand the mistakes of such a horde of experts, doctrinaires and diplomats as worked over the Peace Treaty. The present map of Europe is not only an affront to everyone who has learned his geography but it is a standing menace to the peace of the Continent. Different racial groups may live peaceably enough together, not because there is some magic quality in the air that makes for harmony but because they are prospering economically. A chance to earn a good living will more surely make a happy and contented nation than the fact that everyone within its borders is a direct, though hungry, descendant of the original Slav. There are more lines than racial ones to be drawn in map making

The failures of the peace are many and real, but the gospel that President Wilson preached to the world still lives and will yet prove to be its salvation. The importance of that service should not be minimized. Unity in Europe, coöperation between the continents, and peace for the world is still a theory, but coming generations will make it a fact.

The first steamboat, the first automobile, the first aëroplane were but weak and ineffective things—failures to be discredited, to be torn apart, to excite ridicule and blind opposition. President Wilson tried his wings and fell, partly through his own fault, through his lack of engineering knowledge, and partly through the fault of others; but he had the big idea, and we shall yet realize it, not fully in our time, but sufficiently to make the world a better place to live in. He is one of those of whom Walt Whitman wrote:

To those who've failed, in aspiration vast,
To unnam'd soldiers fallen in front on the lead,
To calm, devoted engineers—to overardent travelers—
to pilots on their ships,
To many a lofty song and picture without recognition, I'd
rear a laurel-cover'd monument,
High, high above the rest.

A Government Job for All

DO YOU want a government job—a light, soft, easy job with pleasant work at home and no experience necessary? It is yours without even asking. It is a good job, too; not a mere underling's place. You may have, if you choose, a share in directing the management of the Government. You may, if you like, participate in the most important and vital function of government in times like these; that is, of course, the spending of public revenues.

Under pressure of an awakened public opinion, Congress passed a resolution last December naming a joint committee of three members of each branch to make a survey of the administrative services of the Government for the purpose of securing all pertinent facts concerning their powers and duties, their distribution among the several executive departments and their overlapping and duplication of authority. This joint committee is also empowered to determine what redistribution of activities should be made among the several services, and what departmental regroupings should be made "to the end that there shall be achieved the largest possible measure of efficiency and economy in the conduct of government business."

The men who have been given this chance to do a great public service are Senators Smoot, of Utah; Wadsworth, of New York; Harrison, of Mississippi; and Representatives Reavis, of Nebraska; Temple, of Pennsylvania; and Moore, of Virginia. Remember their names.

Some of these men have first-hand knowledge of the conditions that must be remedied. They have borne public testimony in the halls of Congress. Senator Smoot has said: "No other government in the world could have gone on as ours has done and paid the bills involved in our wasteful methods of administration. There is endless duplication of work among different departments and even in the same department. It is the same through all the government functions." Mr. Reavis has said: "While the Government of the United States is the world's biggest business, it is likewise the world's worst-managed business."

Now you who are reading this may ask: "Where do I come in? What is my job? How can I help?"

You must supply the motive power for the whole job. This joint committee is just your agent. Whether anything worth while will come out of it depends largely on the interest you display. If you will take a little trouble to show that you know the national business costs too much and that you are tired of it, you will get action.

It is a wide-open opportunity to participate dominantly in reshaping your Government and lessening your taxes. Such a chance to exercise a direct influence has not presented itself in many years.

How to do it? Simply enough. Take a dollar and buy postage stamps. Write to the members of the joint committee named above, write to your congressman and senator, write to the White House. Ask how the work of reorganization is coming along, ask to be kept informed. You will find these men responsive to your curiosity if you will only keep it up. But if you are not interested in having your business properly and economically run, nobody else is.

Which Way Out?

THE vexing problems of business and government which are constantly developing seem in each case new and intricate, but the central and fundamental question changes little if at all. It is eternally old, yet has a fresh and novel timeliness of application to the most immediate and pressing problem of the day. It is this: Shall we create new mechanisms, institutions, government departments, forms of government and forms of society to solve the issues which arise, or shall we depend upon a more adequate training, development and adjustment of the individual to meet the conditions which confront him?

No one with a spark of originality or vision denies the possibility or even doubts the probability that different and better forms of government and society may yet be developed. But we get nowhere and never will get anywhere by throwing the undivided blame for all the world's misery and failure on social institutions, on the mere tools which men use, rather than on the limitations of the purely human men who use them.

When anything goes wrong most people rush to the Government for assistance. But when all the fine phrases have been stripped away it appears that Government is only a group of men with human interests, passions and desires, or—worse yet—only an obscure clerk hidden away in some corner of a section of a division of a bureau of a government department.

"Here is a business that has grown in perfection of handling and distributing," said Senator Smoot recently in commenting on a proposed regulative measure, "and now we want to turn it over to be managed by a commission created by Congress. Not a member of that commission could manage successfully any one department of that industry. The commissioners are not going to make investigations personally. Who will? Somebody that has passed a civil-service examination, a lot of $1500 and $1600 clerks; more than likely persons who never conducted business to any extent in all their lives. Who is to issue the orders and regulations? Men who know nothing about the business."

There are others who would go much further and adopt some entirely new and untried form of society, believing that in this way the powers of goodness latent in human nature would be brought out. Socialistic schemes stake everything on the assumption that a partial change in purely mechanical and external economic institutions will wipe out the faults of human nature. They leave the individual much as he is, naturally with his heredity unchanged, but also with the vastly greater part of his environment and entire nature the same as before.

But new forms of government and society, and even new departments and ventures of existing government, are always sure to prove popular. Projects naturally are more popular than stern realities. Anyone who has a grievance against society, or who is in any way unhappy or discontented, is sure to see alluring possibilities for himself in a proposal whose limitations have not yet been defined, for the very simple reason that it is only a proposal.

There is no conceivable groundwork, no foundation for a better society but the personal, individual human body, mind and soul. Until they are healthy, well trained and adjusted to life to the fullest extent that scientific knowledge makes possible, most of what is said about a better system of society is talk and nothing but talk.

Austria's Agony and its Warning to Europe — By Sir Philip Gibbs

The Bottomless Pit

THE two-year-old Republic of Austria created by the Treaty of Versailles—that is to say, by certain elderly diplomats sitting round a table and rearranging the map of the world without much knowledge of the human hopes and agonies involved in their decisions—is a tragic object lesson of all that is most miserable, hopeless and diseased in the present malady of Europe. All the economic evils that are afflicting such a country as Italy and threatening many other countries like France and Germany, and to some extent England, have reached their fullest development in Austria.

Other countries are overburdened by war debts, weakened by the decreasing production of labor and poverty-stricken by the inflation of money which is turned out easily enough from the printing presses but has not reality enough to buy raw material or the elementary necessities of life from more prosperous parts of the world, so that the value of this paper money drops low in foreign exchanges, while prices soar to fantastic heights and wages struggle to keep pace with them and fail. Even England is touched by that disease—England, which is envied by all her neighbors as rich and fat in her prosperity—and France and Italy are seriously sick of the same economic malady. But Austria is more than sick—Austria is dying.

It is a ghoulish thing to sit at the deathbed of those Austrian people, as I have done, studying the symptoms of this mortality, watching the death agony, probing into the causes of this scourge. Yet if Europe will save herself from something like the same doom and find a way of escape from a general danger which is creeping closer to many countries, this must be done. For the state of Austria is a tremendous rebuke to the shortsighted diplomacy which utterly failed to realize that a rearrangement of political frontiers must be based upon the physical needs and conditions of the people within those boundaries, and that it is not possible to violate historical evolution for the sake of a theory without upsetting a natural equilibrium. It is also a tragic warning to all the nations of Europe that if they hark back to an intense national egotism, building barriers between themselves and their neighbors, checking the natural flow of trade and refusing coöperation and mutual helpfulness, their own vitality and wealth will be impoverished and their own life menaced by the illness of surrounding peoples.

Cruelty Pitted Against Charity

POOR AUSTRIA is the world's most horrible example of the results of political cruelty and stupidity, and yet by a strange irony of fate is also the most striking case of a general desire in the hearts of mankind for charity and brotherhood leading to some new system of international politics which may give real life and power to a league of nations. That is a most extraordinary state of things which startles one as soon as one enters the city of Vienna with its stricken population. The psychology of those two and a half million people almost defies analysis because of this conflict between cruelty and charity of which they are the victims. They saw themselves literally sentenced to death by the provisions of the peace treaty. Once belonging to the capital of a great empire, a highly civilized, artistic, music-loving folk, living on the products of other people's labor, on the business of exchange, finance, clerkship, the handling of merchandise, the demand and supply of life's little luxuries, the profits of administration and officialism, like so many of the inhabitants of other great cities, such as London, Paris and New York, they saw themselves cut off from all their old sources of supply and from all their trade relations with surrounding peoples who had once been under their government. The diplomats at Versailles who drew the boundaries of the new Austrian Republic as an isolation camp in the center of the old Austrian empire—divided now into groups of peoples of different races—cut off the head of the empire from its body, so that Vienna is a bulbous-headed thing without a torso.

It is exactly as though New York were suddenly amputated from the United States, or as though London were bounded on one side by Surrey and Sussex and on the north by the shires of Bedford and Warwick, divorced from its great industrial centers, its shipping trade, its mineral wealth and its imperial business. A state of six and a half million inhabitants, Austria is obliged to import nearly ninety per cent of her coal, lacks all raw material necessary for her factories, with the exception of wood and iron ore, has neither wool, linen, leather nor copper, possesses no more agricultural land than at its maximum may support its inhabitants for three months a year, and is surrounded by new states like Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia and Hungary, once of her own empire, which now are so narrow in their national egotism that they will not send any supplies to the relief of Vienna except under the pressure of foreign influence.

But here comes the strange dilemma in Austrian minds. Aghast as they were at the doom which befell them, they might well have hated the nations who were their judges and their executioners. But the very peoples who condemned them to death are those who by charity and not by cruelty are endeavoring to postpone execution and to keep them alive. Sir William Goode, who went to Vienna as chairman of the reparation committee charged with the task of securing the indemnity according to the treaty, found himself obliged by all the instincts of humanity,

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TWO AND TWO

By Alice MacGowan and Perry Newberry

XXI

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

Hughes Was at Work on Something for a Girl; She Perched at One End of His Bench, Swinging Her Feet

UPON our few moments of strained waiting Bronson Vandeman breezed in, full of apologies for his shirt sleeves. I remember noticing the monogram worked on the left silken arm, the fit and swing of immaculate trousers, as smoothly modeled to the hip as a girl's gown; his ever-smiling face; the slightly exaggerated way he wiped fingers already clean on a handkerchief pulled from a rear pocket. He was the only unconstrained person in the room; he hardly looked surprised; his glance was merely inquiring. Edwards apparently couldn't stand it.

He jumped up and began his characteristic pacing of one end of the constricted place, jerking out as he walked: "Bronse, it's my fault that Boyne sent for you. He's working on this trouble of Worth's, you know. He's had me in here, grilling me, shaking me over hell; and something I said—God knows why—sent him after you."

"Trouble of Worth's!" Vandeman had been about to sit; his half-bent knees straightened out again; he stood beside the chair and spoke irritably. "Told you, Boyne, if you meddled with that coroner's verdict you'd get your employer in a devil of a tight place. Nobody had any reason for wanting Worth's father out of the way—except Worth himself. Frankly, I think you're wrong. But everything that I can do—of course ——"

"All right," I said, letting it fly at him. "Where was your wife from seven to half past nine on the evening of Gilbert's murder?"

Back went his head; out flashed all the fine teeth; the man laughed in my face.

"Excuse me, Mr. Boyne. I understand that this is serious—nothing funny about it—but really, you know, recalling the date, what you've said is amusing. My dear man," he went on as I stared at him, "please remember, yourself, where Ina was on that particular evening."

"The wedding and reception were done with by seven o'clock," I objected.

This ground was familiar to me. I'd been over it in considering what opportunity Laura Bowman would have had for a call on Thomas Gilbert at the required hour. If she could slip away for it, why not Ina Vandeman?

As though he read my thoughts and answered them Vandeman filled in: "A bride, you know, is dead certain to have at least half a dozen persons with her every minute of the time until she leaves the house on her wedding trip. Ina did, I'm sure. We'll just call her in, and she'll give you their names."

He was up and starting to bring her; I stopped him.

"We'll not bother with those names just now. I'd rather have you—or Mrs. Vandeman—tell me what you suppose would be the entry in Thomas Gilbert's diary for May 31 and June 1, 1916. I have already identified it as the date on which the Bowmans first moved into the Wallace house. I think Mr. Edwards knows something more, but he's not so communicative as you promise to be."

He looked as if he wished he hadn't been so liberal with his assurances. I saw him glance half sulkily at Edwards as he exclaimed: "But those diaries are burned—they're burned. Worth told us the other night that he burned them without reading."

At the words Edwards stopped stock-still, something almost humorous at the back of the suffering gaze he fastened on my face. I met it steadily, then answered Vandeman.

"Doesn't make any difference to anybody that those books are burned. I'd read them; I know what was in them; and I know that three leaves—six pages—covering the entries of May 31 and June 1, 1916, were cut out."

"But what the deuce, Boyne?" Vandeman wrinkled a smooth brow. "What would some leaves gone from Mr. Gilbert's diary four years ago have to do with us here to-day—or even with his recent death?"

"Pardon me," I said shortly. "The matter's not so old as that. True, the stuff was written four years ago; it recorded happenings on those dates; but the ink that was used in marking out a run-over on the next following page was fresh. Anyhow, Mr. Vandeman, we know that a woman came weeping to Mr. Gilbert on the very night of his death, only a short time before his death—as nearly as medical science can determine that—and we believe that she came after those leaves out of the diary, and got them—whatever she had to do to secure them."

I was struck with the difference in the way these two men took inquiry. Edwards had writhed, changed color, started to speak and caught himself back, showed all the agony of a clumsy criminal who dreads the probing that may give him away: Temperament; the rotten spot in his affairs. Vandeman, younger, not entangled with an unhappy married woman, sat looking me in the eye, still smiling. The blow I had to deal him would be harder. It concerned his bride; but he'd take punishment well. I proceeded to let him have it.

"I can see that Mr. Edwards has an idea what the entries on those pages covered. He has inadvertently shown me that your wife was the woman who came and got them from Thomas Gilbert on the night he was murdered."

At that he turned on Edwards, and Edwards answered the look with: "I didn't. On my honor, Bronse, I never mentioned your name or Ina's. The Chinaman told him that about some woman coming that evening ——"

"Mr. Vandeman," I broke in, "there's no use beating about the bush. Chung recognized your wife's voice. She was the woman who came weeping to get those diary leaves."

He took that with astonishing quietness, and: "Suppose you were shown that she wasn't out of her mother's house?"

"Wouldn't stop me. Allow that her alibi's perfect. Yet you men have something. There's something here I ought to know."

"Something you'll never find out from me." Jim Edwards' deep voice was full of defiance. "Bronse, I owe you an apology; but you can depend on me to keep my mouth shut."

After a minute's consideration Vandeman said: "I don't know why we should, any of us, keep our mouths shut."

Jim Edwards looked utterly bewildered as the man sat there, thinking the thing over, and glanced up pleasantly at me and suggested:

"Edwards has a little different slant on this from me. I don't know why I shouldn't state to you exactly what happened—right there in Gilbert's study on the date you mention."

"Oh, there did something unusual happen; and you've just remembered it."

"There did something unusual happen, and I've just remembered it, aided thereto by your questions and Edwards' queer looks. Cheer up, old man; we haven't all got your Southern chivalry. From a plain, common-sense point of view what I have to tell is not in the least to my wife's discredit. In fact, I'm proud of her all the way through."

(Continued on Page 28)

"I'm ready to serve you today
In the true Constitutional way
I'll build up each party who wants to be hearty
And that's civil service, I'll say!"

Ready to serve

Are you as ready to have us serve you as we are to serve?

The biggest part of the so-called "servant question" is often the mistress question. Do you make the most of all the good service right at your command?

Here is the whole big, experienced Campbell's Soups organization with the famous Campbell's kitchens engaged in preparing soups of exceptional quality and food value for your home table. Do you give yourself the full benefit?

Campbell's Tomato Soup made from the pure juice of selected red-ripe tomatoes and other nutritious ingredients, cannot be excelled for purity and flavor. It is appetizing, nourishing, relished by all, good for any meal any day in the year. Do you enjoy this delicious soup as often as you might?

21 kinds . . . . . 15c a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

Jim Edwards came suddenly and nervously to his feet, strode to the farther corner of the room and sat down at as great a distance from Vandeman as its dimensions would permit. He turned his face to the small window there, and through all that Vandeman said he kept up a steady maddening tattoo with his finger nails on the sill.

"This has to do with what I told you the first night I ever talked with you, Boyne. You threw doubt on Thomas Gilbert's death being suicide. I gave as a reason for my belief that it was, a knowledge and conviction that the man's mind was unhinged."

Edwards' tattoo at the window ceased for a minute. He stared, startled, at the speaker, then went back to it, and Vandeman proceeded.

"I'm not telling Jim Edwards anything he doesn't know, and what I say to you, Boyne, that's discreditable to the dead, I can't avoid. Here it is: On the evening of June 1, 1916, I had dinner alone at home. You'll find, if you look at an old calendar, that it fell on a Thursday. Jim Edwards had dined informally at the Thornhills'. As he told it to me later, they were all sitting out on the side porch after dinner, and nobody noticed that Ina wasn't with them until they heard cries coming from somewhere over in the direction of the Gilbert place. At my house I'd heard it, and we both ran for the garage, where the screams were repeated again and again. We got there about the same time, found the disturbance was in the study, and Edwards, who was ahead of me, rushed up and hammered on its door."

Again Jim Edwards stopped the nervous drumming of his fingers on the window sill while he stared at the younger man as at some prodigy of Nature. Finally he seemed unable to hold in any longer.

"Hammered on the door!" he repeated. "If you're going to turn out the whole damn thing to Boyne, tell it straight; the door was open; we couldn't have heard a yip out of Ina if it hadn't been. Tom there, in full sight, sitting in his desk chair, cool as a cucumber, letting her scream."

"I'm telling this," Vandeman snapped. "Gilbert looked to me like an insane man. Jim, you're crazy as he was, to say anything else. Never supposed for a minute you thought otherwise—that poor girl there, dazed with fright, backed as far away from him as she could get, hair flying, eyes wild."

I looked from one to the other. What Edwards had said of the cold contemptuous old man; what Vandeman told of the screaming girl; no answer to such a proposition of course but an attempted frame-up. To let the bridegroom get by would best serve my purpose.

"All right, gentlemen," I said. "And now could you tell me what action you took on this state of affairs?"

"Action?" Vandeman gave me an uneasy look. "What was there to do? Told you I thought the man was crazy."

"And you, Edwards?"

"Let it go as Bronse says. I cut back to Mrs. Thornhill's, scouting to see what the chance was for getting Ina in without the family knowing anything."

"That's right," Vandeman said. "I stayed to fetch her. She was fine. To the last she let Gilbert save his face—actually send her home as though she were the one to blame. Right then I knew I loved her—wanted her for my wife. On the way home I asked her and was accepted."

"In spite of the fact that she was engaged to Worth Gilbert?"

"Boyne," he said impatiently, "what's the matter with you? Haven't I made you understand what happened there at the study? She had to break off with the son of a man like that. Ina Thornhill couldn't marry into such a breed"

"Slow up, Vandeman!" Edwards' tone was soft, but when I looked at him I saw a tawny spark in his black eyes. Vandeman fronted him with the flamboyant embroidered monogram on his shirt sleeve, the carefully careless tie, the utterly good clothes and, most of all at the moment, the smug satisfaction in his face of social and human security.

I could not help thinking of what that Frenchman says about there being nothing so enjoyable to us as the troubles of our friends.

"Needn't think you can put it all over the boy when he's not here to defend himself—jump on him because he's down! Tell that your wife discarded him—cast him off—for disgraceful reasons! Dammitall! You and I both heard Tom giving her her orders to break with his son, she sniffling and hunting hairpins over the floor and promising that she would."

"Cut it out!" yelled Vandeman, as though someone had pinched him. "I saw nothing of the sort. I heard nothing of the sort. Neither did you."

I think they had forgotten me, and that they remembered at about the same instant that they were talking before a detective. They both turned, mum and startled-looking, Edwards to his window, Vandeman to a nervous brushing of his trouser edges, from which he looked up, inquiring doubtfully: "What next, Boyne? Jim's excited;

"Barbara," I Called in an Undertone, "Come Here! Look!"

but you understand that there's no animus; and my wife and I are entirely at your disposal in this matter."

"Thank you," I said.

"Would you like to talk to her?"

"I would."

"When?"

"Now."

"Where?"

"Here—or let the lady say."

Vandeman gave me a queer look and went out. When he was gone I found Jim Edwards scrabbling for his hat where it had dropped over behind the desk.

I put my back against the door and asked: "Is Bronson Vandeman a fatuous fool; or does he take me for one?"

"Some men defend their women one way, and some another. Let me out of this, Boyne, before that girl gets here."

"She won't come in a hurry," I smiled. "Her husband's pretty free with his promises; but more than likely I'll have to go after her if I want her."

"Well?" He looked at me uncomfortably.

"Blackmail's a crime, you know, Edwards. A woman capable of it might be capable of murder."

"You've got the wrong word there, Boyne. This wasn't exactly blackmail."

"What then?"

"The girl, I never liked her; never thought she was good enough for Worth; but she was engaged to him, and—in this I think she was fighting for her hand."

He searched my face and went on cautiously: "You read the diaries. They must have had complaints of her."

"They had," I assented.

"Anything about money?"

I shook my head.

"You said there were two entries gone; the first would have told you, I suppose —— Before we go further, Boyne, let me make a little explanation to you."

"Shoot," I said.

"It was this way," he sighed. "Thornhill, Ina's father, made fifteen or twenty thousand a year I would say, and the family lived it up. He had a stroke and died in a week's time. Left Mrs. Thornhill with her daughters, her big house, her fine social position—and mighty little to keep it up on. Ina is the eldest. She got the worst of it, because at the first of her being a young lady she was used to having all the money she wanted to spend. The twins were right on her heels; the thing for her to do was to make a good marriage, and make it quick. But she got engaged to Worth; then he went to France. There you were. He might never come back. Tom always hated her; watched her like a hawk; got onto something she—about ——"

"Out with it," I said. "What? Come down to cases."

"Money." He uttered the one word and stood silent.

I made a long shot with: "Mr. Gilbert found she'd been getting money from other men?"

"Borrowing, Boyne—they used the word 'borrowed,'" Edwards put in. "It was always Tom's way to summon people as though he had a little private judgment bar, haul them up and lecture them; I suppose he thought he had a special license in her case."

"And she went, prepared to frame him and bluff him to a stand-off. Is that the way you saw it?"

"My opinion—what I might think," said Mr. James Edwards, of Sunnyvale Ranch, "wouldn't be testimony in a court of law. You don't want it, Boyne."

"Maybe not," I grunted. "Perhaps I could make as good a guess as you could at what young Mrs. Vandeman's capable of—a dolly face, and behind it the courage of hell."

"Boyne," he said as I left the door free to him, "quit making war on women."

"Can't," I grinned and waved him on out. "The detective business would be a total loss without 'em."

XXII

"LOOK what's after you, man," Skeet warned me from her lofty perch as I went out through the big room in quest of Ina Vandeman. "Better you stay here. I gif you a yoh. Lots safer. You'll only run the risk of getting your neck broken."

(Continued on Page 29

THE GREAT THINGS OF LIFE—PLAY

Just being Kids and Captain Kidds—

"ONE night when Dad and I were building our pirate boat, I asked him if he thought that we would ever get old like grandpa and Slim Emerson's dad.

"'Well, I should say not,' he said with a laugh. 'We're getting younger every night. And we'll keep right on—just being kids and Captain Kidds down here in the cellar together.'"

There are homes that make you feel older the moment you enter their doors. And there are other homes that glow with the spirit of youth, which is symbolized by light.

Make your home a home of youth; flood it with the glow of Edison Mazda Lamps. And somewhere, in the cellar or attic, set aside a special lighted corner where father and the boy can play, and keep on being young forever.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

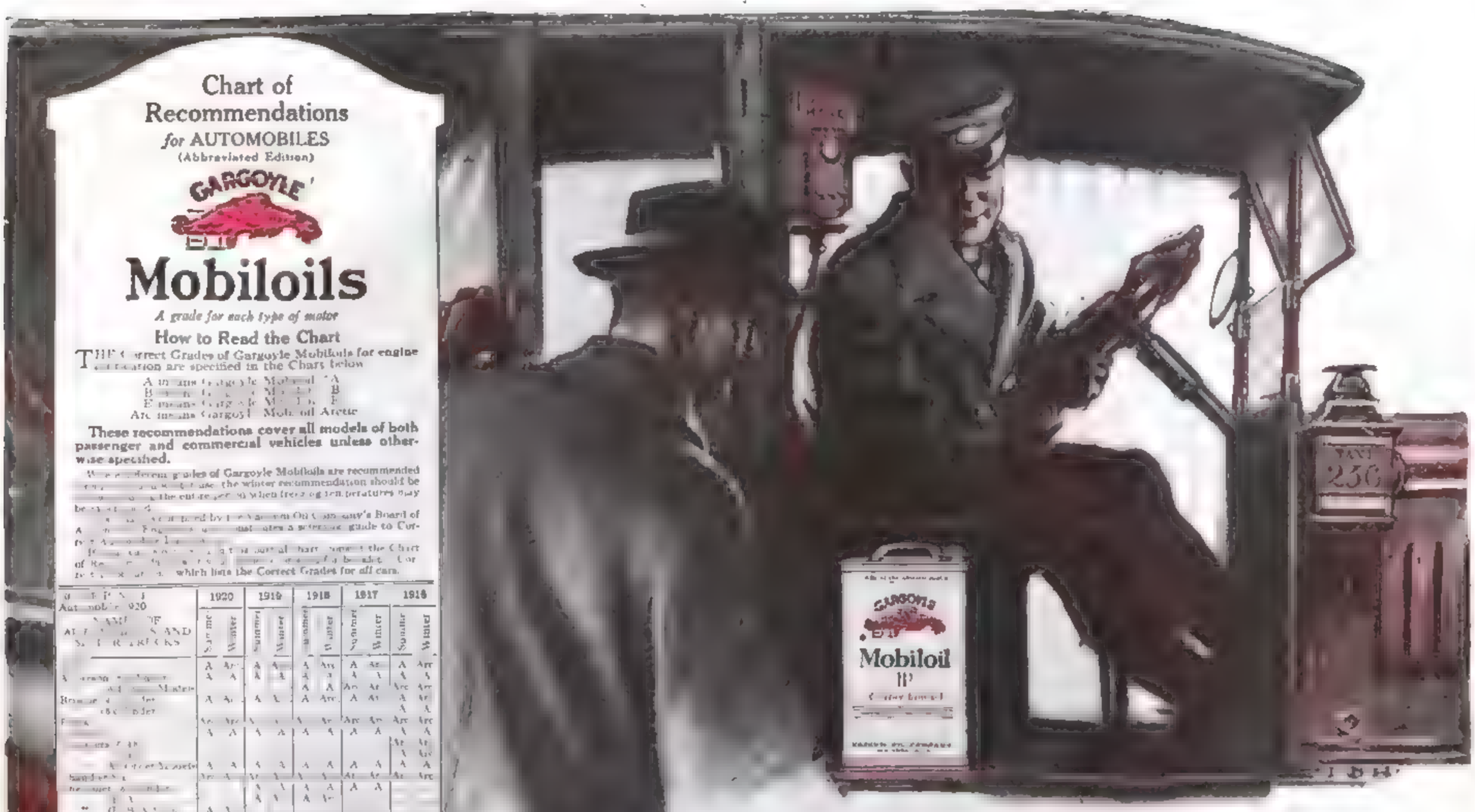

Chart of Recommendations for AUTOMOBILES

(Abbreviated Edition)

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

How to Read the Chart

THE Correct Grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication are specified in the Charts below

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil A
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil B
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil E
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

These recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise specified.

Where different grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be used when the outdoor temperature is 32° F. or lower. When freezing temperatures may be encountered in summer, the winter recommendation should be used.

The Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers and gives a universal guide to Correct Automobile Lubrication.

If your car is not listed in the Chart, consult the Chart of Recommendations for a booklet, for which lists the Correct Grades for all cars.

Automobile	1920		1919		1918		1917		1916	
NAME OF AUTOMOBILE AND SPECIFICATIONS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
	A	A	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A
All Other Models					A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
	A	Arc	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
									A	A
	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
									Arc	Arc
									A	A
	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
									A	A
All Other Models	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
		A								
	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc		
	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc		
	A	A	A	A	A	A				
All other Models	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Dodge Brothers	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
	A	Arc	A	A						
					A	A	A	A		
					Arc	A				
All other Models		Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
				Arc	A	Arc				
				Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
									Arc	Arc
	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A		
	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Knight (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Knight Kar (Model 48) 12 cylinders					A	A	A	A	A	A
All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Liberty	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E
Marmon (16 cylinder)			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
8 cylinders							A	A	A	A
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
									A	A
			B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
Model 671	A	A	A	A	A	A				
All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A				
National (6 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
									A	A
Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oldsmobile (6 cylinder)	A	Arc	A	Arc					Arc	Arc
	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Continental Engine										
All Other Models	A	A								
	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
					A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Knight	B	A								
	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E		
	A	A	A	A						
			E	E		E	E	E	E	E
						Arc	A	A	A	Arc
	A	A					A	A	A	A
									A	Arc
							A	Arc		
					Arc	Arc				
						A				
	A	A	A	A	A	A				
							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
						A	A	A		
			A	A	A	A				
All other Models			A	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

Hard-used Cars

Where the Economy of using Gargoyle Mobiloils stands out sharply

THE harder a car works the quicker the driver notices the economy of scientific lubrication. Drivers of taxicabs and commercial cars soon find that scientific lubrication is more than a mere economy—it is a business necessity.

They experience the following conditions, which the passenger car driver may note to his own advantage:

1 In traffic, low gear must be freely used. Unless the crank-case is filled with the correct lubricating oil, overheating is invited.

2 During waits, the engine frequently idles. On starting, the exhaust may smoke. The use of an incorrect oil exaggerates this smoke nuisance, which in some places violates the law. The correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils maintained at the proper level gives maximum freedom from exhaust smoke

3 Taxicabs are run for profit. The correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils protects the user against undue repair bills and depreciation of investment.

4 Through the protection given at every friction point, and through the maintenance of a proper piston seal, Gargoyle Mobiloils nearly always show a reduced gasoline consumption.

5 Only with scientific lubrication can the engine operate flexibly. By using the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils, drivers find that they minimize the need for gear shifting. Driving in lower gears adds unnecessarily to gas consumption.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

YOU may drive your car only a few days per week, or a few hours per day. But, quite as much as the commercial car owner, you surely want operating economy.

The economies which Gargoyle Mobiloils show on hard-used cars are yours when you make the Chart your guide. This Chart is reprinted in part on the left. You will find the complete Chart on the walls of leading garages, auto supply stores and hardware stores. It is important for you to be sure that you use the grade specified for your car in the Chart. In using an oil which is either lighter or heavier you only invite trouble and waste. Not only the body but also its character determines its fitness for your car

We shall be glad to mail you a copy of our booklet on Automobile Lubrication. It contains the complete Chart of Automobile Recommendations. In writing please address our nearest Branch.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY *Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.* **NEW YORK, U.S.A.**

DOMESTIC BRANCHES: New York Pittsburgh Minneapolis Des Moines Boston Detroit Indianapolis Philadelphia Chicago Kansas City, Kan.

(Continued from Page 26)

I grinned up into her jolly freckled face, and waited for the woman who came toward me with that elastic swinging movement of hers, the well-opened eyes studying me, keeping all their secrets behind them.

"Mr. Boyne"—a hand on my arm guided me to a side door; we stepped together out on a small balcony that led to the lawn—"my husband brought me your message. Nobody over by the tennis court; let's go and walk up and down there."

Her fingers remained on my sleeve as we moved off; she emphasized her points from time to time by a slight pressure.

"Such a relief to have a man like you in charge of this investigation." She gave me an intimate smile; tall as she was, her face was almost on a level with my own, yet I still found her eyes unreadable, none of those quick tremors under the skin that register the emotions of excitable humanity. She remained a handsome, perfectly groomed and entirely unruffled young woman.

"Thank you," was all I said.

"Mr. Vandeman and I understand how very, very serious this is. Of course, now, neighbors and intimates of Mr. Gilbert are under inspection. Everybody's private affairs are liable to be turned out. We've all got to take our medicine. No use feeling personal resentment."

Fine; but she'd have done better to keep her hands off me. An old police detective knows too much of the class of women who use that lever. I looked at them now, white, delicate, many-ringed, much more expressive than her face, and I thought them capable of anything.

"Here are the names you'll want." She fumbled in the girdle of her gown, brought out a paper and passed it over. "These are the ones who stayed after the reception, went up to my room with me and helped me change—or, rather, hindered me."

"The ones"—I didn't open the paper yet, just looked at her across it—"who were with you all the time from the reception till you left the house for San Francisco?"

"It's like this"—again she smiled at me—"the five whose names are on that paper might any one of them have been in and out of my room during the time. I can't say as to that. But they can swear that I wasn't out of the room—because I wasn't dressed. As soon as I changed from my wedding gown to my traveling suit I went downstairs and we were all together till we drove to San Francisco and supper at Tait's, where I had the pleasure of meeting you, Mr. Boyne."

"I understand," I said. "They would all speak for you—but you couldn't speak for them." Then I opened and looked. Some list! The social and financial elect of Santa Ysobel: bankers' ladies; prune kings' daughters; persons you couldn't doubt, or buy. But at the top of all was Laura Bowman's name.

We had halted for the turn at the end of the court. I held the paper before her.

"How about this one? Do you think she was in the room all the time? Or have you any recollection?"

The bride moved a little closer and spoke low.

"Laura and the doctor were in the middle of one of their grand rows. She's a bunch of temperament. Mamma was ill; the girls were having to start out with only Laura for chaperon; she said something about going somewhere, and it wouldn't take her long—she'd be back in plenty of time. But whether she went or not—Mr. Boyne, you don't want us to tell you our speculations and guesses? That wouldn't be fair, would it?"

"It wouldn't hurt anything," I countered. "I'll only make use of what can be proven. Anything you say is safe with me."

"Well, then, of course, you know all about the situation between Laura and Jim Edwards. Laura was determined she wouldn't go up to San Francisco with her husband—or if she did he must drive her back the same night. She wouldn't even leave our house to get her things from home; the doctor, poor man, packed some sort of bag for her and brought it over. When he came back with it she wasn't to be found; and she never did appear until we were getting into the machine."

I listened, glancing anxiously toward the sky line of that little hill over which Worth and Barbara might be expected to appear almost any moment now. Then we made the turn at the end of the court, and my view of it was cut off.

"Laura and Jim—they're the ones this is going to be hard on. I do feel sorry for them. She's always been a problem to her family and friends. A great deal's been overlooked. Everybody likes Jim; but intrigue comes natural to him."

Five minutes before I had been listening to Edwards' pitiful defense of this girl; I recalled his scouting for a chance to get her home unseen and save her standing with her family. That could be classed as intrigue, too, I suppose. We were strolling slowly toward the clubhouse.

"I don't give Doctor Bowman much," I said deliberately.

A quick look came my way, and: "Mr. Gilbert was greatly attached to him. Everybody's always believed that only Mr. Gilbert's influence held that match together. Now he's dead, and Laura's freed from some sort of control he seemed to have over her, of course she hopes and expects she'll be able to divorce the doctor in peace and marry Jim."

"No movement of the sort yet?"

She stopped and faced round toward me.

"Doctor Bowman—he's our family physician, you know—is trying for a very fine position away from here, in an exclusive sanitarium. Divorce proceedings coming now would ruin his chances. But I don't know how long he can persuade Laura to hold off. She's in a strange mood; I can't make her out myself. She disliked Mr. Gilbert; yet his death seems to have upset her frightfully."

"You say she didn't like Mr. Gilbert?"

"They hated each other. But—he was so peculiar—of course that wasn't strange. Many people detested him. Bron never did. He always forgave him everything because he said he was insane. Bron told you my experience—the one that made me break with Worth?"

She looked at me, a level look; no shifting of color, no flutter of eyelid or throat. We were at the clubhouse steps.

"Here comes the boy himself," I warned as Worth and Barbara, their arms full of ferns, rounded the turn from the little dip at the side of the grounds where the stream went through. We stood and waited for them.

"You two," Ina spoke quickly to them. "Mr. Boyne's just promised to come over to dinner to-morrow night." Her glance asked me to accept the fib and the invitation. "I want both of you."

"I'm going to be at your house anyhow, Ina," Barbara said, "working with Skeet, painting those big banners they've tacked up out in your court. You'll have to feed us; but we'll be pretty messy. I don't know about a dinner party."

"It isn't," Ina protested, smiling. "It's just what you said—feeding you. Nobody there besides yourself and Skeet but Mr. Boyne and Worth—if he'll come."

"I have to go up to San Francisco to-morrow," said Worth.

"But you'll be back by dinnertime?" Ina added quickly.

"If I make it at all."

"Well, you can come just as you are, if you get in at the last minute," she said, and he and Barbara went on to carry their ferns in. When they were out of hearing she turned and floored me with, "Mr. Vandeman has forbidden me to say this to you, but I'm going to speak. If Worth doesn't have to be told about me—and his father—I'd be glad."

"If the missing leaves of the diary are ever found," I came up slowly, "he'd probably know then."

I watched her as I said it. What a strange look of satisfaction in the little curves about her mouth as she spoke next.

"Those leaves will never be found, Mr. Boyne. I burned them. Mr. Gilbert presented them to me as a wedding gift. He was insane, but, intending to take his own life, I think even his strangely warped conscience refused to let a lying record stand against an innocent girl who never had done him any harm."

We stood silent a moment, then she looked round at me brightly with: "You're coming to dinner to-morrow night? So glad to have you. At seven o'clock. Well—if this is all, then?"

And at my nod she went up the steps, turning at the side door to smile and wave at me.

What a woman! I could but admire her nerve. If her alibi proved copper-fastened, as something told me it would, I had no more hope of bringing home the murder of Thomas Gilbert to Mrs. Bronson Vandeman, of Santa Ysobel, than I had of readjusting the stars in their courses!

XXIII

I MUST admit that when Worth and Barbara walked up and found me talking to Ina Vandeman I felt caught dead to rights. The girl gave me one long steady look. I was afraid of Barbara Wallace's eyes. Then and there I relinquished all idea of having her help in this inquiry. She could have done it much better than I, attracted less attention—but no matter. The awkward moment went by, however; I heaved a sigh of relief as they carried their ferns on into the clubhouse, and Mrs. Vandeman left me with gracious good-bys.

I had the luck to cover my first inquiry by getting a lift into town from Mrs. Ormsby, young wife of the president of the First National. Alone with me in her little electric she answered every question I cared to put, and said she would be careful to speak to no one of the matter. Three others I caught on the wing, as it were, busy at blossom-festival affairs; the fête only one day off now, things were moving fast. I glimpsed Doctor Bowman downtown and thought he rather carefully avoided seeing me. His wife was taking no part; the word went that she was not able; but when I called at what had been the Wallace and was now the Bowman home I found the front door open and two ladies in the hall.

One of them, Laura Bowman herself, came flying out to meet me—or rather, it seemed, to stop me, with a face of dismay.

"My mother's here, Mr. Boyne!" Her hand was clammy cold; she'd been warned of me and my errand. "I don't want to take you through that way."

I stood passive, and let her do the saying.

"Round here," she faltered. "We can go in at the side door."

We skirted the house by a narrow walk; she was leading the way by this other entrance when, spread out over its low step, blocking our progress, I saw a small Japanese woman ripping up a satin dress.

"Let us pass, Oomie."

"Wait. We can talk as well here," I checked her.

We moved on a few paces, out of earshot of the girl; but before I could put my questions she began with a sort of shattered vehemence to protest that Thomas Gilbert's death was suicide.

"It was, Mr. Boyne! Anybody who knew the scourge Thomas had been to those he must have loved in his queer, distorted way, and anyone who loved them, could believe he might take his own life."

"You speak freely, Mrs. Bowman," I said. "Then you hated the man?"

"Oh, I did! For years past I've never heard of a death without wondering that God took other human beings and let him live. Now that he's killed himself it seems dreadful to me that suspicion should be cast on ——"

"Mrs. Bowman," I interrupted, "Thomas Gilbert's death was murder. All persons who could have had motive or might have had opportunity to kill him will be under suspicion till the investigation clears them of it. I'm now ascertaining the whereabouts of Ina Vandeman that evening."

A shudder went through her; she looked at me feelingly, twisting her hands together in the way I remembered. Despite her distress she was very simple and accessible. She gave me no resistance, admitted her absence from the Thornhill house at about the time the party was ready to start for San Francisco, but steadfastly declined to say where she was.

I got nothing new here. She seemed thankful enough to go into the house when I released her.

I lingered a moment to have a word with the little Japanese woman on the step.

"How long you work this place?"

"Two hours af'noon, every day"—ducking and giggling like a mechanical toy.

Just a pieceworker, not a regular servant.

"Pretty dress." I touched the satin on the step. "Whose?"

"Mine." Grinning, she spread a breadth out over her knees. "Lady no like any more. Mine." It was a peculiar shade of peacock blue; unless I was mistaken, the one Mrs. Bowman had worn that night at Tait's.

"Hello—what's this?" I bent to examine a small hole in the hem of that breadth Oomie was so delightedly smoothing.

"O-o-o-o! I think may-may burn'm. Not like any more."

There was a small round hole. Just so a cigarette might have seared—or a bullet.

"Not can use," I said to Oomie, indicating the injured bit. "Cut that off. Give me." And I laid a silver dollar on the step.

Giggling, the little brown woman snipped out the bit of hem and handed it to me. I glanced up from tucking it into my pocket, and saw Laura Bowman's white face staring at me through the glass of that side-entry door.

A suggestive lead, certainly; but it's my way to follow one lead at a time. I went on to the Thornhill place.

Everybody there would know my purpose; for though, with taste I could but admire, Ina had put no name of any member of the family on her list, she of course expected me to call on them, and would never have let her sisters leave the country club without a warning.

The three were just getting their hats off in the hall when I arrived. I did my questioning there, not troubling to take them separately. Cora and Ernestine, a well-bred pair of Inas, without her pep, perhaps a shade less good-looking, made their replies with none of the usual flutter of feminine curiosity and excitement, then went on into the living room. Skeet of course was as practical and brief as a sensible boy.

"I don't know whether she's fit to see you," she said when I spoke of her mother.

And on the instant Ina Vandeman's clear high voice called down the stair, "Bring Mr. Boyne up—now."

Skeet stepped aside for me to pass. I suppose I looked as startled as I felt, for on my way to the house I had seen Mrs. Vandeman drive past toward town.

I stood there at a loss, and finally said aimlessly, "Your sister thinks it's all right?"

"My sister?" Skeet wrinkled her brows at me, and glanced to where the twins were in sight in the living room. "That was mother herself who called you."

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

What Next in Science?

IN VIEW of the amazing achievements of man during the past decade it is no wonder that scientists to-day are showing a boldness of imagination that must doubtless startle many of the older and more conservative chemical and physical investigators.

One reason why the future is bright lies in the fact that time slowly but surely removes the reactionaries who block the progress of civilization by belittling invention and by refusing to substitute new ways for old. Most great discoveries were accidental, and the majority of them were delayed in being put to practical use by the skepticism, not of the ignorant but of famous leaders of contemporary thought. The development of the airplane was retarded by the widely circulated opinion of a noted geologist, who pointed out that man need never expect to fly in a comparatively heavy, power-propelled machine, because of certain definite facts he had discovered relating to the maximum sizes of fossil birds.

Steel Cylindrical Structure in Which Compressed Air is Used as a Therapeutic Measure in Treating Diseases That Respond to an Increased Oxidation

Another scientist of world-wide fame, in referring to the proposed development of flying machines, said: "No possible combination of known substances and known forms of force can be united in a practicable machine by which men can fly long distances through the air. The impossibility of such an accomplishment can be demonstrated beyond doubt. If we could discover a substance a hundred times as strong as steel, and a force hitherto unsuspected which would enable us to utilize this strength, or if we could find some way of reversing the law of gravitation, then we might have a flying machine. There is every reason to believe that more ingenious contrivances with our present means and forms of force will be as vain in the future as they have been in the past."

Notwithstanding this and other discouraging expressions by celebrated technical authorities, who refused to believe that man could do what Nature had failed to perform, aërial navigation is now an accomplished fact.

In times past scientists failed to see the commercial possibilities of great discoveries as promptly as is the case to-day. Partly for this reason, and largely because of a lack of present-day facilities for experimentation, marvelous inventions were slow in development and practical application. More than a century ago the Scottish engineer, James Watt, invented the condensing steam engine, which was first placed in Fulton's ship, the Clermont. Nevertheless, an ancient scientist by the name of Hero, who hailed from Alexandria, and lived more than two centuries before the commencement of the Christian era, apparently made the first steam engine. Dozens of other epochal discoveries might be traced back through the centuries to the patient research work of early experimenters, and yet the adaptation of many of these important inventions to useful service did not occur until hundreds of years later.

For instance, let us consider the metal tungsten, which, although discovered more than a hundred and forty years ago, was put to no practical use in its pure state until a dozen years ago, when Dr. W. D. Coolidge found a way to make the pure metal ductile. The service rendered humanity by tungsten in the last decade is beyond calculation. Literally it kept the automobile industry alive during the war, and tremendously increased the value of the X-ray machine to mankind. With it the pliotron was built so that wireless telephony could be developed to a useful and dependable point. Without it automobile owners would have no tungar rectifier, and therefore would not be able to charge their cars in their own garages by simply plugging into a light socket. In addition, the discovery of ductile tungsten has improved our phonograph needles and given us tool steel hard enough to work at high speed when red-hot.

Coolidge is not a metallurgist, and if he had been it is possible there would be no such thing as ductile tungsten to-day. This is no reflection on the ability of the metallurgists of the present time, but simply indicates that discoveries of great value often depend on the carrying out of experiments that are not in accord with the rules of accepted practice. The established processes in working other metals proved absolutely useless with tungsten, and the trained metallurgists were entirely confounded in their attempts to work tungsten separately. Coolidge was unhampered by the facts of accumulated metallurgical knowledge, and pioneered in fields that the trained metallurgist would have considered unworthy of thought.

Now we have tungsten that is worked down to drawn wire one-thousandth of an inch in diameter, and having a tensile strength no less than six hundred thousand pounds per square inch of cross-section, which is greater than the strength of the best piano wire. Some of the tungsten wires are so fine that they can be used in tiny lamps such as "bug lights" on automobiles and flash lights. The diameter of these wires is less than four-thousandths of an inch, which is six times finer than human hair. One pressed ingot, sixteen inches long, would produce more than two hundred and fifty miles of such wire. Above all else, the discovery of ductile tungsten has saved the United States alone tens of millions of dollars on its annual electric-light bill, through the use of tungsten filament in lamps. No better example could be cited of the possibilities that lie beyond the point where accredited scientists write the word "impossible."

Medical research has found a way to overcome deadly parasites so minute in size that they pass through the pores of earthenware and are beyond the power of vision furnished by any microscope. A Japanese scientist has discovered a way to make a vaccine for the prevention of yellow fever and a serum for the treatment of cases already started.

Our agricultural scientists are accomplishing equally valuable advances in the production of foodstuffs. One investigator discovered that our domestic fowls originated in the tropics, where the days and nights are of equal length. As a result of this, the reproductive and digestive systems of the ordinary barnyard hen are developed to fit the environment of a twelve-hour day and a twelve-hour night. Here in the United States, during the winter months, the nights are fourteen or fifteen hours long and the days relatively short, so that the hen has to change her habits, although she is unable to alter her nature. Acting on this theory, science has discovered that here in the north-temperate zone it is profitable to light the poultry houses for several hours each day, so that the fowls may live in accordance with their ancestral conditions. The lengthened day, coupled with proper feed and plenty of exercise, has been found to increase to a marked degree the number of eggs laid by pullets in the fall and winter months. The investigations have shown that it does not pay to provide light for the older hens. The plan suggested is to use an ordinary alarm clock, which turns on an electric switch at about four-thirty in the morning. Care must be taken to increase the length of the time of illumination gradually, or the effect on the hens will be disastrous. It is necessary to provide both feed and water for the birds to eat and drink when they first awake. In cold weather some means must be supplied to heat the watering trough so that it will not be frozen over. Dozens of other startling advances are being made in agricultural lines, so that it is altogether certain that farming a generation hence will be conducted in ways entirely different from what it is to-day.

Recently photographs were sent one thousand miles by telegraph. Four pictures were wired from St. Louis to New York. The transmission is simply a matter of preparing a bas-relief of the photograph and then tracing that bas-relief with a stylus connected to a telephone transmitter. The latter varies the current flowing over the wire in accordance with the relative height of any point of the bas-relief record at any given moment. At the receiving end this current variation is translated into various gradations of light.

Then there is a new machine that has been successfully employed in a number of Scandinavian cities to remove snow by first melting it. Likewise, from Copenhagen comes the report of a perfected process whereby metal is obtained from salt water. A new salt works at Bergen will produce one hundred tons of metallic magnesium yearly, the raw materials being only salt water and electric power. Metallic magnesium is 35 per cent lighter than aluminum, and when the latter is alloyed with 80 per cent of magnesium it can advantageously be used in airplanes, motor cars and similar machines, the lightness of the metal making it possible to effect material economies in the consumption of power. At the present time only four hundred tons of magnesium is being produced annually in the entire world.

Only a short time ago this country witnessed the commencement of the practice of medicine by wireless. One ship was battered by a hurricane, and several of the seamen on board were injured, two having several bones broken. There was no doctor on board the crippled ship, but she had a wireless, and the captain used it to send this message: "Hit hard by a hurricane. Several men injured internally, and two with broken legs and arms. There is no doctor aboard. Can you help us?" A near-by ship picked up the message and hurried to the rescue. But the surgeon on board the succoring vessel found it impossible to put out in a lifeboat because of the toppling seas. Not to be baffled by the elements the doctor dictated the treatment required, and for three days the two vessels lay

(Concluded on Page 37)

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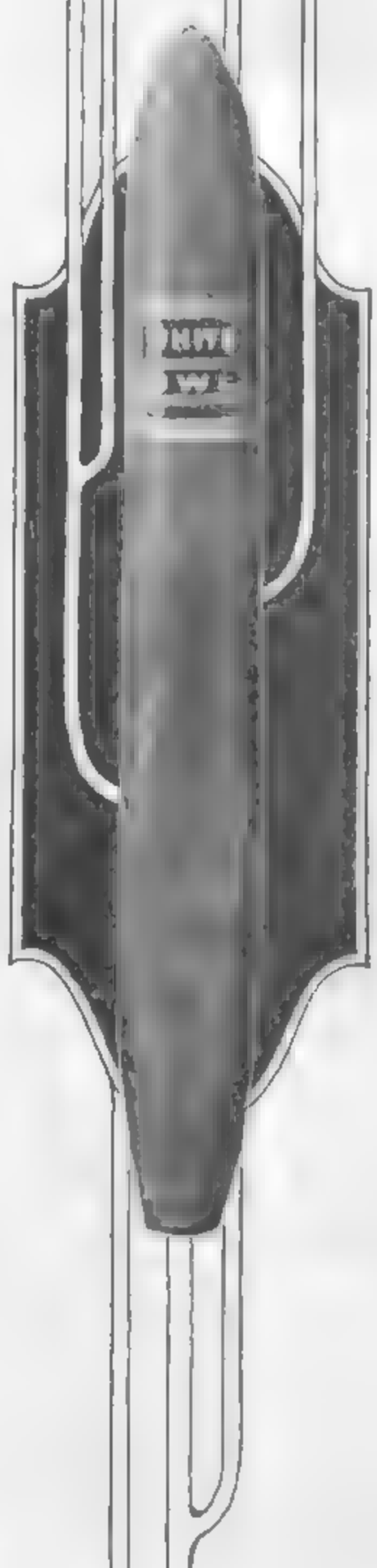

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(Concluded from Page 30)

within a short distance of each other, unable to communicate by boat. On the fourth day the captain of the smaller ship wired this message to the doctor: "All your instructions safely carried out. The men are resting comfortably and are out of danger."

Perhaps it was not this incident that started the innovation, but nevertheless it is true that a service has been inaugurated along the Atlantic Coast that renders it possible for captains of small vessels having no doctor to get medical advice for sick sailors over wide reaches of the ocean. By means of the wireless the doctor is called, and after hearing the patient's symptoms he prescribes the exact treatment necessary.

One of the most remarkable developments of recent times is the thought of using compressed air in the treatment of diseases that respond to an increased oxidation. In Kansas there is an installation of this kind that cost more than a hundred thousand dollars. The apparatus is called The Tank, and consists of a steel cylindrical inclosure, eighty-eight feet long and ten feet in diameter. It is equipped with air locks, toilets, shower baths, compartments and Pullman-car equipment, and is used for both night and day treatments. It will accommodate seventy-two patients at one time. The length of the treatments varies from two to ten hours out of every twenty-four hours, and the air pressure varies from five to thirty pounds above atmospheric pressure per square inch, depending upon the disease being treated and the condition of the patient. Sufficient air is compressed each minute to provide a complete air exchange every three and a half minutes.

The therapeutic value of increased barometric pressure was suggested by several well-known facts. People suffering from rheumatism, neuritis and certain other diseases are nearly always worse preceding a storm, when the barometric pressure is low. Soon after the storm has commenced, and the barometric pressure has increased, such people experience relief. Then it is also true that pneumonia mortality in high altitudes far exceeds that of low altitudes. The resulting conclusion is that the placing of a patient under compressed air increases the oxygenation of the body, and the oxidative processes. More oxygen is got into the body because of the increased oxygen tension.

It is also true that the oxidative processes are increased, for the reason that all gases are more active chemically the greater the pressure. The increased oxygen content succeeds in destroying or restricting the growth of anaërobic germs—that is, germs which can live only in the absence of or in a limited amount of oxygen. In the past, people whose health demanded more oxygen have been directed to go to the seashore or to low altitudes, where the barometric pressure is greater. Now, with the development of this new use of compressed air, it appears that we may enjoy all the benefits of a change in altitude without leaving the boundaries of our own home towns.

Only a short time ago the X-ray machine was supposed to have no other important uses than those connected with the practice of medicine. Now the X-ray machine is being employed in dozens of industries for various purposes. Perhaps the newest use of this device is for the detection of fake pictures counterfeiting "old masters." Experiments have shown that the X-ray provides an infallible test of the genuineness of such paintings. The proof in the test lies in the fact that the X-ray will show what kind of paint has been used and to what period it belongs. The old masters used metallic paints, which hold the rays much more visibly than the vegetable paints of to-day. Furthermore, the X-ray photographs show a difference in glaze, which immediately dates the picture..

Among the lines of research that now interest scientists one of the most important is the study of the atom. Only a few weeks ago a German engineer reported that he had discovered a way to break up the atom, and the whole world was stirred because of the limitless possibilities opened up by such an achievement. On investigation the scientific world was obliged to settle back once again into a resumption of its patient search for the secret of the baffling atom, which may hold the key to the mystery of the origin of life and furnish an explanation of the true nature and source of electricity.

Few men have gone further in their study of the atom than has Dr. Irving Langmuir, of Schenectady. He is of the opinion that we can no more understand much about present-day phenomena without taking into account the nature of the atoms than we could hope to understand politics without a knowledge of human traits. Says he: "All forms of matter are built up of atoms, which we no longer regard as simple structures. If a lump of ordinary matter the size of a baseball could be magnified to the size of the earth, the atoms in it would then have become about the size of baseballs. In other words, an atom is about as big compared to a baseball as the latter is when compared to the earth."

Doctor Langmuir's theory includes a number of interesting points that should prove extremely helpful, even to the layman, in attempting to understand many of life's puzzles. Atoms are constructed of particles of positive and negative electricity. All the positive electricity is concentrated into a very small particle, called the nucleus, located at the center of the atom. The negative electricity exists in the form of electrons, which arrange themselves in space about the nucleus. The sizes of the electrons and nucleus are small compared with that of the atom itself. Thus, if we imagine an atom magnified until it has a diameter of one mile the electrons would be about five feet in diameter, while the nucleus at the center would be only the size of a walnut. The electrons in different kinds of atoms are alike, but there are as many different kinds of nuclei as there are chemical elements—that is, about ninety-two in all. These differ from one another only in the amount of positive electricity they contain. Thus, for the simplest element, hydrogen, the nucleus has a unit positive charge which is able to neutralize the charge of a single electron. A hydrogen atom then consists merely of the nucleus and a single electron. The next element, helium, has a nucleus with a double positive charge, and the atom thus contains two electrons. In a similar way we find that the atoms of carbon have six electrons, while oxygen has eight; aluminum, thirteen; sulphur, sixteen; iron, twenty-six; copper, twenty-nine; silver, forty-seven; gold, seventy-nine; lead, eighty-two; and radium, eighty-eight. The electrons are probably not stationary, but each revolves in its own orbit about a certain equilibrium position.

The electrons in any atom arrange themselves in a series of layers or concentric shells about the nucleus. It is the successive formation of these various layers which causes the similar properties among the various chemical elements. The chemical properties of the different elements result from the tendency of the individual atoms to take up or give up electrons in order to form certain of these surrounding layers. The atoms strive to establish symmetrical configurations, and they accomplish this either by exchanging electrons with each other or by sharing pairs of electrons, sort of on the coöperative plan. The pairs of electrons thus constitute the chemical bonds between atoms, which play such a prominent part in chemistry. This theory of atomic structure is exceedingly valuable, as it explains many chemical laws which have been established not through understanding but as a result of experiment.

It is quite likely that before many years have passed a number of inexplicable phenomena will be rendered plain through our better understanding of the atomic theory. Without attempting to pick an exaggerated example, let me cite the case of the divining rod. The idea, or superstition, that a forked twig may be useful in locating minerals or to find hidden treasure or detect criminals may be traced back through the history of the centuries. Each year the United States Geological Survey receives many inquiries concerning the efficacy of the divining rod for locating underground water or minerals. The Federal geologists have wisely advised the inquirers not to spend money or time on the construction or use of any instrument devised to locate underground treasures. Notwithstanding such warnings many people of intelligence still hold to the belief that the divining rod will one day come into general use for locating mineral deposits.

An engineer, recently returned from Europe, tells of an invention for accurately determining the position, depth, width and thickness of various underground deposits—solid, liquid and gaseous. The operation of the device depends upon the utilization of atomic forces, and can be called nothing more or less than a modern divining rod.

Said this engineer in a recent issue of The Iron Age: "We have made a mistake, in this country, in considering the divining rod a joke. Only a few months ago the French Academy of Sciences decided upon a careful investigation of this device and of the forces which actuate it. A prominent German engineer has largely solved the problem, and is using such an instrument with amazing success. The theory is that all materials of mineral origin give off certain emanations, different for each element. In carrying on an investigation of the invention I carefully tested the device by putting it to practical outdoor use, and took careful pains to see that the apparatus repeated its indications in the laboratory as well as in the field.

"The device perfected by the German inventor is probably based on the idea that the speed of electrons given off by certain elements bears a close relationship to the atomic weight of these same elements. The apparatus may be synchronized to suit the wave lengths of the emanations of different materials. For instance, if the apparatus is adjusted for lead it is actuated only by lead; if set for oil it is acted upon only by oil. The important features of the process are remarkable only because we know so little about the atomic forces utilized. Practice has shown that the emanations, or rays, penetrate everything except pure metallic lead. This proves their similarity to X-rays and to the radiations given off by radium. The emanations are given off at definite angles, which differ according to the nature of the material. Some of the rays are perceptible at a distance of fifty miles from the deposit. Finally, there is no personal element entering into the use of the apparatus; it works equally well and correctly with everybody, and repeats its indications exactly at the same spots."

The divining rod has been used for more than a thousand years. Anyone who investigates will be astonished by the number of books and pamphlets that have been written on the subject. Time and again the theory has been condemned by modern men of science, just as hundreds of other revolutionary ideas were discredited before their soundness in fact was proved. Religious sects in Europe as far back as 1660 denounced the divining rod as an instrument controlled by the devil. Here in the United States it played an important part in connection with the Salem witchcraft troubles. Therefore it would be most interesting, if the so-called divining rod were eventually to emerge from the cloud of superstition that has surrounded it for generations, and become an accurate scientific instrument of great value in the service of man. Think what it would mean if the gamble were to be taken out of mining and there were to be no further need for wildcat drilling for oil!

Suffice it to say that whether or not this particular promising invention is finally developed for successful use throughout the world, let no one doubt that the scientific marvels of the next fifty years will wholly eclipse the discoveries of the last century, great as they were. This fact alone eliminates all basis for discouragement and pessimism concerning our future, and lends an allurement to the world's to-morrow that radiates hope and a mysterious expectancy.

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SOBERING UP THE BUSINESS CONSCIENCE

(Continued from Page 21)

At the very bottom of the situation is a fundamental fact—that selling and buying, as we do them in this country for the most part, are weak in law. Very few commodities are sold on a contract basis. Trade is done largely by word of mouth, by signed orders that go no further than "Kindly deliver," with a list of goods required, and by postal card, telegraph, long-distance telephone. In normal times, when prices are steady and merchandise in satisfactory supply, the system works fairly well. But if prices begin to rise there is temptation for the seller to divert goods, while if they fall the buyer takes advantage of loose agreements and crawls out through some loophole. He may bluntly refuse to accept deliveries, and when the original order is referred to it proves unenforceable. There is no real contract, no conditions binding anybody.

What is an order? A legally enforceable obligation to pay for goods may be assumed with the slightest formality, while, on the other hand, no court would compel a buyer to accept goods under the most rigid contract. The seller simply has the right to damages.

What is a confirmation? A retail merchant may write a letter to a wholesaler ordering goods, and if the latter does not refuse the order or ask for modifications, that is a binding contract.

Talking Things Over

What is a delivery—and where—and when? A car of lumber is delivered, from one standpoint, when it has been loaded in the woods of Mississippi or Oregon, though it may not move for several weeks. It then belongs to the purchaser, who may be in New York or Chicago. If someone placed a mechanic's lien upon it, however, it would under some circumstances be undelivered even after the purchaser in New York or Chicago had built it into a house.

A period of cancellation such as we are now passing through leads business men to scrutinize transactions which in ordinary times are carried out with little thought, as everyday routine, and they find nine times in ten that buyer and seller have had no real meeting of minds on these points. Neither clearly knew what he wanted to do, and there is little or nothing to show in the way of an agreement or record.

"In times like these it is easy to find shortcomings in merchandise," said a cotton-goods converter. "We are still handling war-standard commodities. During the war labor was often unskillful and slack, but demand for goods was so great that people would take anything, and merchants accepted the lowered quality. In our own line, for example, cotton cloth with broken or loose threads could be remedied by inspection, but during wartimes such defects often went through, and the cloth was accepted. When the commercial body suddenly became congested with merchandise, everything being delivered and little sold, buyers rejected these war-standard goods on such defects. There was a feeling that goods ought suddenly to rise to normal standards, though we are likely to have substandard production for some time to come, owing to the letting down of productive organizations through the closing of factories."

Some business houses, having learned their lesson from recent cancellations, are taking steps to make each order a definite contract and see that each customer clearly understands it. The following digest of a letter recently sent to its customers by a large Eastern concern gives a concrete picture of cancellation trouble and one remedy therefor:

"This company is a firm believer in the policy of sitting down and talking things over. We have applied coöperation to our relationship with men and women who make our goods, and they have responded in a measure beyond our most extravagant hopes. It is this success that prompts us to write this letter to the men who sell our goods.

"Some of you have visited our factory and watched the raw material develop into the finished product. It is handwork for the most part. Two months ago 1500 men and women were working faithfully at top speed to fill the orders you had placed. Then suddenly something happened. The public quit buying and cancellations began to filter into our offices. We commenced to learn lessons in human psychology. Customers began to divide into two classes. There were those—by far the larger class—who said, 'We ordered this merchandise, and we will take it and pay for it and take our loss and count on you to be fair with us.' We had a lot of pleasure just competing with those customers in being decent. But there was another class, made up for the most part of good, clean, straightforward American business men who had got caught in the backwash of the present slowing down of business. Some of them were scared. Others did not think the situation through. They wrote us blunt letters, saying: 'You keep your goods. We won't take them, and you can't make us.' And we couldn't make them—legally. We tried to argue about it a little; talked about the morality of breaking one's word, and so forth, and a whole lot of them replied, 'Why, of course, you are right! We never quite thought of it just that way. Send us the merchandise.' But there were others who said, 'No, go to court if you like. We will not take the stuff.'

"There were not very many of these bitter-enders in proportion to all our dealers, but they succeeded in crippling our business. Fifty per cent of our employees are on vacation, waiting for a few orders to give them back their jobs. If any of you should send us a rush order for 200 dozen to-day, we could not scrape together enough material to fill it. The factory stands idle, the raw material deteriorates, the manufactured goods in our hands go out of style and we are compelled to charge up large sums of money to profit and loss. This means waste, and there never was a time when the world needed to eliminate waste as it does to-day. There is only one logical, sensible, economical, businesslike thing to do. Let's get together, stop speculative buying, make everybody stand alike on the basis of taking what he orders or standing his part of the loss if he finds it cheaper to cancel than accept. You men who stand by your orders and take your goods while your competitor cancels have been getting the hard end of the deal."

A Practicable Plan

"Here's our plan: First, we will get everybody on the same basis by asking everyone to sign his orders. Customers who mean to stand by their orders are not afraid to say so over their signatures. None of us will lose by the fact that some men will not sign. We promise to play fair, and if a salesman sends in an unsigned order it simply will not be accepted, no matter who the customer may be.

"Second, we pledge ourselves to the utmost in coöperation in case any of you get in a tight place. We mean to prove our confidence in our customers by standing behind them and giving them every advantage that sound business will permit.

"It is good sense and good business for both of us to know where we stand. You give the order; we accept it; the contract is complete and legally enforceable on both sides. We expect you to hold us to the letter of our agreement, and we expect you to live up to the letter of your agreement. It does not mean that you cannot cancel. It means that if you want us to stop making goods that are in process we will stop at once, figure out our expense and loss, plus the profit we were entitled to, and render you a bill. If the goods have been finished and are waiting shipment and you ask us not to ship, we shall be glad to resell them for you at the best price we can get and bill you for the difference. This is simply fair play, better for you, better for us, better for our employees. It means the elimination of lost motion, the saving of a tremendous amount of waste and eventually much better merchandise for less money. Now let's get together and pave the way to a new and better relation between a great factory and its loyal customers and distributors."

In some of the industries hardest hit by last year's wave of cancellations steps are being taken not only to make contracts enforceable but to apply them to the whole trade, through standard forms or rules drawn up by trade associations. One of the most successful efforts in this line is the Silk Association of America's set of rules governing the transactions between buyers and sellers of broad silks. It requires the signing of an order form which makes it a contract covering terms, credit, deliveries, adjustments, emergencies and all other contingencies. A bureau of contracts is also maintained to arbitrate cancellation disputes, make adjustments where concerns cancel because of financial difficulties, and relieve honest buyers of the unfair competition made possible by habitual cancellation. This has been so successful that a national bureau to serve practically the whole textile industry has been formed.

With definite rules for trading and clear contracts, the chronic canceler soon becomes known in his trade. One instance of cancelitis reported in the clothing trade last summer involved a piece of woolen goods forty-five yards long, returned by a clothier to the manufacturer as imperfect. Two months' correspondence followed, fourteen letters were exchanged, and the cloth itself was examined so often by experts that it was worn into a second.

"One remedy for cancellations," says a textile editor, "is to make them unpopular. Once a business man realizes that he is going to become unpopular, he will cease being a chronic canceler."

Scientific Tests of Materials

The textile industry has always suffered severely in times when cancellation was resorted to. This is due partly to the fact that textiles offer countless variations in quality upon which to base refusals and disputes. To illustrate the difficulty of finding standards by which fabrics can be judged, a cotton converter explained to the writer a dispute over the width of a certain lot of goods. The buyer refused to accept them, maintaining that he had ordered cotton one yard wide and that it varied from a quarter to three-quarters of an inch less. The case was arbitrated, and expert cotton men testified that the width of goods cannot be controlled. The raw gray cloth from the mill may be forty inches wide, but in singeing, bleaching, printing, calendering and other operations it will shrink three to five inches, and unevenly. This technical difficulty is recognized and accepted in the trade. As to length, there can be thirty-six inches to every yard, but in width cotton goods one yard wide may vary from thirty-five to thirty-six or more inches. A buyer who was unfamiliar with this point, or disposed to find something upon which to base a cancellation, could use it as a reason for refusing deliveries.

It is estimated that cancellations received by one great textile company in October equaled its normal profit for an entire season, running into tens of millions of dollars. Steps are being taken to establish scientific standards for fabrics, so that unreasonable cancellations based on alleged technical defects may be stopped and cases in which honest doubt exists be arbitrated on fact instead of the opinion of experts who are usually called to pass upon disputed merchandise. The American Society for Testing Materials has a textile section working on standards, but thus far has worked them out for only one grade of tire cloth.

Textile men have sought cancellation-proof markets, and some of the cotton-goods manufacturers thought they had discovered one in the automobile-tire industry. Most people assume that a motor tire is made of rubber, but actually it is a strong canvas tube made airtight by rubber. The growing number of automobiles has had an interesting effect upon cotton. Even a small automobile tire requires nearly three pounds of cotton for its fabric. A large tire takes five to six pounds. A pneumatic tire for trucks requires fourteen pounds. The number of passenger automobiles in the United States is approaching 10,000,000, and the number of motor trucks 750,000. On a basis of one set of tires annually to each car, that is 43,000,000 tires and a cotton consumption of 400,000 bales. It is estimated that from one-tenth to one-fifth of the production of long-staple, high-grade cotton is now used for automobile tires. In the main, the cream of the crop is consumed in this industry, and if people grumble about the price of cotton stockings and dress goods, here is the answer—the growing demand of the gasoline horse for shoes and stockings.

With the activity and optimism of the automobile industry and the apparently

Jim Henry's Column

Only 20,000 Men Will Believe This Advertising

I have been getting together some facts to illustrate a talk I shall have soon regarding a raise in salary.

One chart shows that all told I have written about one hundred advertisements and that over two million men have become regular users of Mennen Shaving Cream—twenty thousand to an ad.

Experts tell me that is a good average, but personally I can't get used to the idea that only twenty thousand out of five million readers believe what I tell them.

I suppose all reformers have to put up with the same sort of skepticism, but it's disheartening.

If you would only forget that I am trying to sell you something and appreciate instead that my purpose is to do you a great, beneficent service—to let a little sunlight—but there—the subject isn't one to be handled poetically.

It always makes me suspicious when a man protests too much about his honesty, so let's forget me altogether. Why do the two million keep on using Mennen's? Why do they plead with their friends to try it? Why do they look haughty when the lady at the drug counter assures them that she thinks highly of some other shaving cream?

I wish I could slip the wraps off and really tell you why.

To express it coldly and factfully, Mennen's will give you a shave so gorgeous, so startling in its gentle kindliness to your scarred and long suffering hide, that you will succumb without a struggle. Just send 15 cents for my demonstrator tube and you'll be enrolled as one of the twenty thousand who believe me.

and afterward—Mennen Talcum for Men—it doesn't show

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

CHANGING TO SPRING UNDERWEAR

WHEN you change from winter underwear to the lighter weights this spring, you are doing it for the sake of comfort. Why not be sure of comfort in *fit* as well as weight? There is just one union suit that will give you this perfect comfort. It is the union suit with just *one* button—the

HATCH
ONE BUTTON
UNION SUIT

Because it eliminates the useless row of buttons up and down the front, which pull the edges and wrinkle the surface, it lets your body enjoy the full benefit of the garment's skilful fashioning.

This Spring you can get the Hatch One Button Union Suit in the finest of knit goods and nainsook combed cotton materials and in lisle and pure mercerized garments, silk trimmed. We shall be glad to send, free on request, a catalog describing the complete line.

The Hatch One Button Union Suit is featured at the best stores everywhere, but if you cannot get it easily and quickly send your size with remittance to our mill at Albany, N. Y., and you will be supplied direct, delivery free.

Men's garments: Knitted—$1.50, 2.00, 2.50 and 3.00. Nainsook—$1.00, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00 and 2.50.
Boys' garments: Knitted—$1.25. Nainsook—75c.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
ALBANY NEW YORK

ONE BUTTON Hatch UNION SUIT
PATENTED JUNE 16, 1914

insatiable demand for cars, it seemed as though this market for cotton goods must endure though other outlets were lost. But cancellations came from the tire manufacturers nevertheless. To be sure, they were not so many as in mercantile trade, and readjustments made it possible to continue deliveries, with some delay in period and payment as well as new agreements about prices. But it was not possible to avoid the results of overexpansion and overanticipation.

There does not appear to be any market proof against cancellation if loose and unenforceable selling is tolerated.

"I don't believe human nature has changed much in the past million years," says Charles L. Bernheimer, chairman of the committee on arbitration of the Chamber of Commerce of the state of New York. "Cancellation is self-preservation at bottom. Mankind fears loss and deprivation and tries to avoid or shift them wherever possible. The desire to pass one's burden along to someone else is not confined to business men of any single industry or country. One dreads opening the morning mail nowadays, because it contains little except complaints, proposals of cancellation, actual cancellations and correspondence about cancellations already made. Even the ring of the telephone is ominous.

"Yet much of this trouble," he added, "could have been avoided by buying and selling under clear, concise contracts, including an agreement to arbitrate any difference arising thereunder. Had this been done, headway would already have been made in clearing away the disputes that center upon the several billion dollars' worth of merchandise now piled up at railroad stations, in cars, on piers, in steamships and in storage."

"These are good times for warehouse and storage men," said a steamship owner grimly in describing the enormous congestion of rejected American merchandise in foreign ports.

Commercial Arbitration

Probably the most promising combination of the clear business contract and the high business conscience is found in the new commercial arbitration law of New York State and the machinery for carrying it out. This came into force last April, and is an improvement on previous laws in that arbitration is made compulsory if the parties to a contract insert therein an agreement to settle disputes by that means. After long experience as an attorney as well as a business man, Mr. Bernheimer believes compulsory arbitration, the bringing of commercial pressure to bear upon men who do not keep their contracts, and every other form of force are more or less futile. Under the New York law buyer and seller, or any other parties to a contract, may omit the arbitration clause at the time they make their bargain, and the arbitration law does not then apply to that transaction. Should they include the arbitration clause, however, they are compelled to submit their dispute to the arbitration of the New York State Chamber of Commerce, which handles such matters with a view to keeping them out of the courts, reducing litigation, settling business disputes among business men and giving a wholly different tone to all such proceedings.

While this law was pending at Albany sudden opposition developed among labor leaders, who interpreted it as a means of compelling them to submit industrial disputes to arbitration. When its real gist was explained to the labor men, however, they advocated its passage. For if it is desired to settle a labor dispute by means other than arbitration, the arbitration clause need only be left out of the bargain. If arbitration is desired, as it often is in industrial emergencies, then the influence of the arbitration clause in the contract makes it certain that that method of settlement will be followed.

Arbitration under this law is legal in form but not in atmosphere—binding in its decisions but voluntary in its spirit. Papers are drawn as in a lawsuit, but instead of the formidable Smith versus Jones of the legal complaint, the wording is "Smith and Jones," and the document is called a submission. Smith as plaintiff does not complain of Jones as defendant, but Smith and Jones admit that a controversy has arisen in such and such a business transaction between them, and they voluntarily submit it to arbitration. The seven members of the committee on arbitration are elected annually by the chamber of commerce and are all business men. From a list of 300 official arbitrators, men selected from practically every field of business for their knowledge as well as integrity, the committee on arbitration can draw expert advice, as well as arbitrators, when a third party is added to the two representatives by Smith and Jones themselves.

When a heated dispute is brought before the committee on arbitration, emphasis is placed upon the fact that an adjustment is to be sought by business men rather than in a court and that the arbitrators act in an advisory capacity. An informal adjustment is sought first of all, and is often possible through fact determination.

A New York importer received a shipment of peanuts from the Orient. They arrived with a large percentage of broken and wormy nuts. Communication with the chamber of commerce in the seller's country showed willingness to arbitrate. But that would have tied up the buyer's money, needed in his business. This dispute was settled by the fact-determination method. Two disinterested merchants, dealing in peanuts themselves, passed upon the quality of the shipment, reduced it to an exact grade, made an affidavit to that effect, and when the facts were cabled to the seller he made an immediate adjustment.

Webb Law Corporations

Another interesting fact-determination case, based upon goods seized during the war instead of cancellation, was that involving miscellaneous merchandise taken by the Italian Government when it seized some ships. The Italian Government offered to pay for the stuff upon proof of values. Textiles, machinery, foodstuffs and other commodities were involved, and getting the facts necessitated considerable investigation of values, railroad and ocean freight rates, insurance and other items. But satisfactory proof was secured, and the Italian Government paid promptly. These cases are usually settled without expense, because the arbitrators called in to establish facts serve without compensation, that being an assurance of their impartiality.

The majority of cases that come before arbitrators can be settled informally, and are. When formal arbitration is necessary, the business standing of the arbitrators and the business tone of the proceedings are in such contrast to litigation that a fair settlement is invariably reached, and there has never been difficulty over decisions.

In a certain dispute both parties were represented by attorneys. One of the principals was an attorney. Each side called two attorneys to testify in certain matters. Thus there were seven lawyers in the room. In submitting his case one of the lawyers indulged in a few biting court-room personalities. He was stopped by the chairman and reminded that, as all present were business men, court-room tactics would have no influence in making up their minds. The offending lawyer apologized, whereupon his opponent, against whom the abuse had been directed, suggested that it be stricken from the record.

"No, let it stand, for it cannot be stricken from our memories," decided the chairman. "But to balance the record I will give you one minute to indulge in language just as strong. Now go to it!"

The privilege was not used.

Illinois also has arbitration laws and machinery of the same character, but other states have not yet evolved them. The American Bar Association made a contribution toward the prevention of unnecessary litigation by drawing up a uniform sales law some years ago. This was designed to bring buying and selling more generally upon a contract basis and reduce the vast number of unenforceable transactions in everyday American business. The statute has been passed by only a few states, however.

Arbitration stops at state lines as well as international boundaries. The most serious and complicated disputes rising out of the world-wide wave of cancellations last year are international. For example, there are many cancellation disputes between English sellers and American buyers. England has probably gone further than any other country in working out uniform arbitration methods. It is customary there to arbitrate in the locality where the contract was closed. That would take most of the disputes with American buyers to London, Manchester, Birmingham and other English cities. Commercial organizations in those centers have been urging American commercial organizations to help them secure arbitration on the English basis, but it has been pointed out that arbitration is still so new in this country, and so lacking in uniformity, that it would be better to submit the cases here. On the same principle, there are many disputes arising from cancellations by importers of American merchandise in other countries. The most serious cancellations in the cotton trade have been those in foreign ports.

The Webb Law, under which corporations may be formed by Americans for the sale of their goods abroad, operating without the limitations of our antitrust laws, has caused an unforeseen difficulty in settling disputes between American sellers and foreign buyers. In the effort to keep export business separate from domestic business this law stipulates than no goods exported, or listed as export goods, whether they leave the United States or not, can subsequently be sold here. Thus, should a cotton manufacturer ship a consignment of calico to one of his foreign customers and the latter refuse to accept it, though his best course might be to bring the stuff back home for sale to one of his customers here, he cannot legally do so if his sales are made through one of the Webb Law corporations. Some of these corporations which had made an excellent start in foreign sales for manufacturers unable to maintain their own selling organizations abroad are in consequence badly crippled. The chief Webb Law sales corporation in the textile industry, for example, had heavy cancellations abroad, and has been practically driven out of business. There is nothing in the law to prevent an individual business house, with its own sales organization abroad, bringing back canceled goods for sale at home. Thus the small manufacturer belonging to a Webb Law corporation, with cancellations abroad, is placed at a grave disadvantage in competition with a large competitor handling his own export business.

International Currency

The credit men, through their association, have evolved an idea for which the precise slogan has not yet been found. "Clean buying" partially expresses it. They believe that in the new era of business which we are entering, with speculation, profiteering and easy business gone, purchases can be more closely adjusted to demand and turnover. The buying of merchandise for speculative purposes is not clean buying, nor is the placing of duplicate and pyramided orders or the buying of datings and terms instead of goods and values. Behind better legal methods and trading, such as contracts and arbitration, there should be a better business spirit.

In the end, a sale is based on ethics, for even the most rigid legal safeguards will not hold either the buyer or seller who lacks commercial honor. If a buyer refuses goods even on contract the seller can sue for a compensation, but no court would compel a buyer to accept the goods. So in the end it all comes down to better business conscience. "There is only one international currency that passes everywhere at all times without exchange," says Mr. Bernheimer. "That is commercial honor."

One of Uncle Sam's trade commissioners arriving from England recently spoke of resentment against American buyers who had canceled orders for English goods, and expressed the opinion that English business men have higher business morals than ourselves. He added, however, that this is more a matter of long experience in world trade than of ethics. Also that it was comparatively new—chiefly within the past fifteen years that British merchants have learned that commercial honor pays.

Cancellations and all the difficulties connected with them will disappear as soon as prices again become stable. The moment buyers feel certain that the decline has stopped and that merchandise ordered today can be sold at a reasonable profit when they get it a month or six months hence they will place new orders and revive old ones on the new price basis. Commodities which are in dispute, lying in warehouses and customhouses, will be cleared away by new bargains, adjustments, arbitrations, resales. The present evils of cancellations will disappear, but unless the general business conscience is improved, industry and trade will be left open to the same troubles. It will need only another abnormal period of overproduction or scarcity to set the whole vicious cycle in motion again.

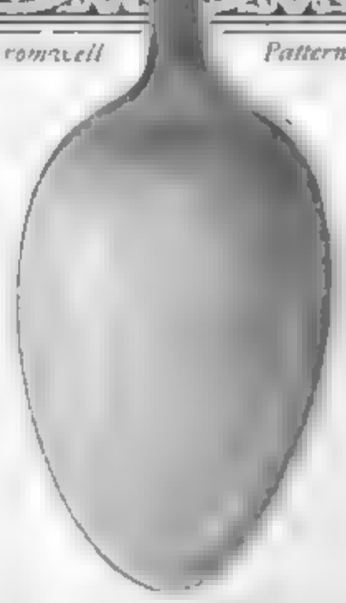
1847 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERWARE

THE soft sheen of silverware stirs within each one of us the desire for ownership. This feeling has been all the stronger ever since the decorative value of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverware was increased by making it possible to obtain Coffee and Tea Sets, Vegetable and Meat Dishes, and the other large pieces, in the same patterns as the Spoons, Forks and Knives. And what a joy to add new pieces to one's silver service, from time to time—some of them, perhaps, gifts received on successive anniversaries.

THE FAMILY PLATE FOR SEVENTY YEARS

Sold by leading dealers. Write for folder "C-90", illustrating other patterns, to the International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

Cromwell Pattern



Teaspoons at $4.00 a half dozen. Other pieces at proportionate prices.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

6,000,000 Deaths Caused by Rats

This was the toll of bubonic plague in India in ten years. Rats spread it.

The same kind of rats are overrunning the United States. There are as many rats as people, government experts say.

Rats also carry germs of cancer, leprosy, and other deadly diseases. They destroy food and property worth $365,000,000 every year in this country.

Stamp out this "alien enemy".

RAT CORN

25c 50c $1.00

Quickly kills Rats, Mice, Gophers, Squirrels, Prairie Dogs. Cause no odor. Money back guarantee stamped on every package.

TO THE PUBLIC: We suggest you make sure our guarantee sticker is on package.

Red Wing Powder

in the "Round Bellows Box with Red and Yellow Label"

10c 25c

Kills flies, mosquitoes, moths, bedbugs, fleas, roaches, waterbugs, ants, red ants, lice, chicken lice, certain plant lice.

Keeps its strength. Won't harm humans or animals.

Be sure you get the Round Bellows Box with Red and Yellow Label.

For Sale at Drug, Seed, Hardware, Grocery and General Stores Everywhere.

Salesmen and Agents Wanted

BOTANICAL MFG. CO., INC.
Philadelphia U. S. A.

AMERICA IN THE CONGO

(Continued from Page 13)

German overseas enterprise is even more meddlesome. It has always been the first aid to pernicious penetration. Even French capital is flavored with imperialism, despite the fact that it is the product of a democracy. Our dollars are not hitched to the star of empire. We have no dreams of world conquest. It is the safest, politically, to deal with, and Leopold recognized this fact.

In the second place, he did not want anything to interfere with his Congo rubber industry. Now we get to the real reason, perhaps, why he sent for Ryan. In conjunction with the late Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, Ryan had developed the rubber industry in Mexico by extracting rubber from the guayule shrub, which grows wild in the desert. Leopold knew this—he had a way of finding out about things—and he sought to kill two birds with one stone. He wanted this Mexican process and at the same time he needed capital for the Congo. In any event, Ryan went to see him, and the Forminière was born.

There is no need of rehearsing here the concrete details of this enterprise. All we want are the essential facts. Leopold realized that the Forminière was the last business venture of his life, and he projected it on a kingly scale. It was the final chance for huge grants, and the result was that the Forminière received the mining and mineral rights to more than 7,000,000 acres, and other concessions for agriculture aggregating 2,500,000 acres in addition.

Belgium's Famous Bank

The original capital was only 3,000,000 francs, but this has been increased from time to time until it is now more than 10,000,000 francs. The striking feature of the organization was the provision inserted by Leopold that made Belgium a partner. One-half the shares were assigned to the crown. The other half was divided into two parts. One of these parts was subscribed by the king and the Société Générale of Belgium, and the other was taken in its entirety by Ryan. Subsequently Ryan took in as associates Daniel Guggenheim, Senator Aldrich and Harry Payne Whitney. When Leopold died his share went to his heirs. Upon the death of Aldrich his interest was acquired by Ryan, who is the principal American owner. No shares have ever been sold. The company therefore remains a close corporation in every respect, and as such is perhaps unique among kindred enterprises.

At this point the question naturally arises—what is the Société Générale? To ask it in Belgium would be on a par with inquiring the name of the king. Its bank notes are in circulation everywhere, and it is known to the humblest peasant.

The Société Générale was organized in 1822 and is therefore one of the oldest, if not the oldest, joint-stock bank of the Continent. The general plan of the famous Deutsche Bank of Berlin, which planted the German commercial flag everywhere and provided a large part of the bone and sinew of the whole Teutonic world-wide exploitation campaign, was based upon it. With finance, as with merchandising, the German is a prize imitator.

The Société Générale, however, is much more than a bank. It is the dynamo that drives Belgian enterprise throughout the globe. We in America pride ourselves on the fact that huge combinations of capital geared up to industry are a specialty entirely our own. We are much mistaken. Little Belgium has in the Société an agency for development unique among financial institutions. Its imposing marble palace on the Rue Royale—the Germans turned it into a hospital during the war—is the nerve center of a corporate life that has no geographical lines. With a capital of 62,000,000 francs it has piled up reserves of more than 400,000,000 francs. In addition to branches called filial banks throughout Belgium, it also controls the powerful Banque pour l'Etranger, which is established in London, Paris, New York, Cairo and the Far East.

One distinctive feature of the Société Générale is its close alliance with the government. It is a sort of semiofficial national treasury, and performs for Belgium many of the functions that the Bank of England exercises for the United Kingdom. But it has infinitely more vigor and push than the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street in London. Its leading officials are required to appear on all imposing public occasions, such as coronations and the opening of Parliament. The Belgian Government always applies to the Société Générale whenever any national financial enterprise is to be inaugurated, and counts upon it to take the initial steps. Thus it became the backbone of Leopold's ramified projects, and it was natural that he should invoke its assistance in the organization of the Forminière.

Long before the Forminière came into being the Société Générale was the chief financial factor in the Congo. With the exception of the Huileries du Congo Belge, which is British, it either dominates or has large holdings in every one of the sixteen other major corporations doing business in the colony, whose combined total capitalization is more than 200,000,000 francs. This means that it controls railway and river transport, and the cotton, gold, rubber, ivory and diamond output.

The custodians of this financial power are the money kings of Belgium. Chief among them is Jean Jadot, governor of the Société Générale—the institution still designates its head by this ancient title—and president of the Forminière. In him and his colleagues you find those elements of self-made success so dear to the heart of the human-interest historian. It would be difficult to find anywhere a more picturesque group of men than those who, through their association with King Leopold and the Société, have developed the Congo and so many other enterprises.

Jadot occupies to-day the same position in Belgium that the late J. P. Morgan held in his prime in America. He is the foremost capitalist. Across the broad, flat-topped desk of his office in that marble palace in the Rue Royale the tides of Belgian finance ebb and flow. Just as Morgan's name made an underwriting in New York, so does Jadot's put the stamp of authority on it in Brussels. Morgan inherited a great name and a fortune. Jadot made his name and his millions.

When you analyze the lives of American multimillionaires you find a curious repetition of history. Men like John D. Rockefeller, Henry H. Rogers, Thomas F. Ryan and Russell Sage began as grocery clerks in small towns. Something in the atmosphere created by spice and sugar must have developed the money-making germ. With the plutocrats of Belgium it was different. Practically all of them, and especially those who have ruled the financial institutions, began as explorers or engineers. This shows the intimate connection that exists between Belgium and her overseas interests.

The Rise of Jean Jadot

Jadot is a good illustration. At twenty he graduated as engineer from Louvain University. At thirty-five he had directed the construction of the tramways of Cairo and of the Lower Egyptian Railways. He was now caught up in Leopold's great dream of Belgian expansion. The moment that monarch obtained the concession for constructing the twelve-hundred-mile railway from Peking to Hankow he sent Jadot out to China to take charge. Within eight years he completed this task in the face of almost insuperable difficulties, including a Boxer uprising which cost the lives of some of his colleagues and tested his every resource.

In 1905 he entered the Société Générale. At once he became fired with Leopold's enthusiasm for the Congo and the necessity for making it an outlet for Belgium. Jadot was instrumental in organizing the Union Minière, which is lord of the Katanga, as you may recall, and was also the compelling force behind the building of the Katanga Railway. In 1912 he became vice governor of the Société, and the following year assumed the governorship. In addition to being president of the Forminière, he is head of the Union Minière and of the new railroad which is to connect the Katanga with the Lower Congo.

When you meet Jadot you are face to face with a human organization tingling with nervous vitality. He reminds me more of E. H. Harriman than of any other American that I have met, and like Harriman he seems to be incessantly bound up to the telephone. He is keen, quick and forceful, and talks as rapidly as he thinks. Almost slight of body, he at first gives the impression of being a student, for his eyes are deep and thoughtful. There is nothing meditative in his manner, however, for he is a livewire in the fullest American sense. Every time I talked with him I went away with a new wonder at his stock of world information. Men of the Jadot type never climb to the heights they attain without a reason. In his case it is first and foremost an accurate knowledge of every undertaking. He never goes into a project without first knowing all about it—a helpful rule, by the way, that the average person may well observe in the employment of his money.

If Jadot is a livewire, then his colleague, Emile Francqui, is a whole battery. Here you touch the most romantic and many-sided career in all Belgian financial history. It reads like a melodrama and is packed with action and adventure. I could almost write a book about any one of its many stirring phases.

At fourteen Francqui was a penniless orphan. He worked his way through a regimental school and at twenty was commissioned a sublieutenant. It was 1885, and the Congo Free State had just been launched. He had studied engineering, and was sent out at once to Boma to join the Topographic Brigade. During this first stay in the Congo he was in charge of a boatload of men engaged in wharf construction. The captain of a British gunboat hailed him and demanded that he stop.

Francqui replied: "If you try to stop me I will lash my boat to yours and destroy it with dynamite."

He had no further trouble.

A One-Word Vocabulary

After three years' service in the Congo he returned to Brussels and became the military instructor of Prince Albert, now king of the Belgians. The African fever was in his veins. He heard that a mission was about to depart for Zanzibar and East Africa. A knowledge of English was a necessary part of the equipment of the chief officer. Francqui wanted this job, but he did not know a syllable of English. He went to a friend and confided his ambition.

"Are you willing to take a chance with one word?" asked his colleague.

"I am," answered the young officer.

He thereupon acquired the word "yes," his friend's injunction being: "If you say yes to every question you can probably carry it off."

Francqui thereupon went to the Foreign Office, and was immediately asked in English: "Can you speak English?"

"Yes," was his immediate retort.

"Are you willing to undertake the hazards of this journey to Zanzibar?" queried the interrogator.

"Yes," came the reply.

Luck was with Francqui, for, as his good angel had prophesied, his one word of English met every requirement, and he got the assignment. Since that time, I might add, he has acquired a fluent command of the English language. I cite this story to show that Francqui has always been willing to take a chance and lead a forlorn hope.

It was in the early nineties that his exploits made his name one of the greatest in African conquest and exploration. He went out to the Congo as second in command of what was known as the Bia Expedition, sent to explore the Katanga and adjacent territory. After two years of incessant campaigning the expedition fell into hard lines. Captain Bia succumbed to smallpox and the column encountered every conceivable hardship. Men died by the score, and there was no food. Francqui took charge, and by his indomitable will held the force together, starving and suffering with his men. During this experience he traveled more than five thousand miles on foot, and through a region where no other white man had ever gone before. He explored the Luapula, the headwaters of the Congo, and opened up a whole new world to civilization. No other single Congo expedition, save that of Stanley, made such an important contribution to the history of the colony.

Most men would have been satisfied to rest with this achievement. With Francqui

(Continued on Page 40)

WE believe the Hupmobile is as distinguished and desirable now, on the score of fine appearance, as it has always been from the standpoint of fine performance.

There is a plate glass window in the rear curtain. Doors have more convenient outside handles.

Other new details are the windshield cleaner and the moto-meter—items of peculiar utility. And you will welcome the re-appearance of the familiar Hupmobile rear lamp.

There is no question that these elements add much to a value that has long been noteworthy among motor cars.

For Odd Jobs Around Home

You'll find one of those Utility Packages of "3 M" sand paper a mighty useful thing to keep on hand. (Especially if your family includes a manual training student.)

Twenty sheets in a package, trimmed to 4½x5 inches, easy to handle and economical. Grits are the five most practical grades, fine to coarse.

Before applying paint, varnish or enamel, always sandpaper the surface to be coated. This will prevent blistering, peeling, chipping or cracking.

Buy sand paper when you buy paint. Your paint and hardware merchant has it.

Made by
Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co.
Saint Paul, Minnesota

"Prepare the Surface"
with

3-M SAND PAPER

IN HANDY 10¢ PACKAGES for HOUSEHOLD USE

15¢ in Canada

LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY STAND AT YOUR DEALERS

(Continued from Page 38)

it simply marked a milepost in his life. In 1896, when he resigned from the army, Leopold had fixed his eyes on China as a scene of operations, and he sent Francqui there to clinch the Peking-Hankow concession, which he did. In the course of these negotiations he met Jadot, who was later to become his associate both in the Société Générale and in the Forminière.

In 1901 Francqui again went to China, this time as agent of the Compagnie d'Orient, which coveted the coal mines of Kai-ping, which were supposed to be among the richest in the world. The British and Germans also desired this valuable property, which had been operated for some years by a Chinese company. As usual, Francqui got what he went after, and took possession of the property. The crude Chinese method of mining had greatly impaired the workings, and they had to be entirely reconstructed. Among the engineers employed was an alert, smooth-faced, keen-minded young American named Herbert C. Hoover.

Upon his return to Brussels, Francqui allied himself with Colonel Thys, another one of the outstanding Congo pioneers, who was head of the Banque d'Outremer, the great rival of the Société Générale. After he had mastered the intricacies of banking he became a director of the Société, and with Jadot forged to the front in finance. If Jadot stood as the Morgan, then Francqui became the Stillman of the Belgian money world.

Mr. Hoover Turns Up Again

Then came the World War and the German avalanche which overwhelmed Belgium. Her banks were converted into hospitals; her industry lay prostrate; her people faced starvation. Some vital agency was necessary to centralize relief at home in the same way that the Commission for Relief in Belgium—the historic C. R. B.—crystallized it abroad.

The Comité Nationale was formed by Belgians to feed and clothe the native population, and it became the disbursing agent for the C. R. B. Francqui was chosen head of this body, and directed it until the armistice. It took toll of all his energy, diplomacy and instinct for organization. Needless to say, it was one of the most difficult of all relief missions in the war. Francqui was a loyal Belgian, and he was surrounded by the suspicious and domineering German conquerors. Yet they trusted him, and his word in Belgium for more than four years was absolute law. He was, in truth, a benevolent dictator.

His war life illustrates one of the quaint pranks that Fate often plays. As soon as the C. R. B. was organized in London Francqui hastened over to England to confer with the American organizers. To his surprise and delight he encountered in its master spirit and chairman the smooth-faced young engineer whom he had met out in the Kai-ping coal mines years before. It was the first time that he and Hoover had seen each other since their encounter in China. They now worked shoulder to shoulder in the monster mercy of all history.

Francqui is blunt, silent, aggressive. When Belgium wants something done she instinctively turns to him. Last year, after the delay in fixing the German reparation had embarrassed the country and liquid cash was imperative, he left Brussels on three days' notice, and within a fortnight from the time he reached New York had negotiated a $50,000,000 national loan. He is as potent in official life as in finance, for as Special Minister of State without portfolio he is a real power behind a real throne.

Although Francqui is a director in the Société Générale, he is also what we would call chairman of the Board of the Banque d'Outremer. This shows that the well-known institution of community of interests is not confined to the United States. With Jadot, he represents the Société in the Forminière board. I have used these two men to illustrate the type represented by the Belgian financial kings. I could cite various others. They include Alexander Delcommune, famous as Congo fighter and explorer, who is one of the leading lights of the Banque d'Outremer; Edmond Solvay, the industrial magnate; and Edward Bunge, the Antwerp merchant prince. Almost without exception, they and their colleagues have either lived in the Congo or have been guided in their fortunes by it.

You have now had the historical approach, with all personal side lights, to the hour when America actually invaded the Congo.

As soon as Leopold and Ryan finally got together the king said: "The Congo must have American engineers. They are the best in the world."

Thus it came about that Central Africa, just like South Africa, came under the galvanizing hand of the Yankee technical expert. At Kimberley and Johannesburg, however, the task was comparatively easy. The mines were accessible and the country was known. With Central Africa it was a far different and more difficult proposition. The land was wild, hostile natives abounded on all sides, and going in was like firing a shot in the dark.

The American invasion was in two sections. One was the group of engineers headed by Sydney H. Ball and R. D. L. Mohun, known as the Ball-Mohun Expedition, which conducted the geological investigation. The other was in charge of S. P. Verner, an American who had done considerable pioneering in the Congo, and devoted itself entirely to rubber. The latter venture was under the auspices of the American Congo Company, which expected to employ the Mexican process in the Congo. After several years the attempt was abandoned, although the company still exists.

I will briefly narrate its experience to show that the product which loosed the storm around King Leopold's head and which was for years synonymous with the name of the Congo, has practically ceased to be an important commercial commodity, so far as the colony is concerned. The reason is obvious. In Leopold's day nine-tenths of the world's supply of rubber was wild, and came from Brazil and the Congo. It cost about fifty cents a pound to gather, and sold for a dollar. To-day, more than ninety per cent of the rubber supply is grown on plantations in the Dutch East Indies, the Malay States and the Straits Settlements, where it costs about twenty cents a pound to gather, and despite the big slump in price since the war is profitable. In the Congo there is still wild rubber, but labor is scarce, while in the East millions of coolies are available. This tells the whole rubber story.

The Ball-Mohun Expedition was more successful than its mate, for it opened up a whole new mineral empire and laid the foundation of the Little America that you shall soon see. Besides Ball and Mohun, it included Millard K. Shaler, afterwards one of Hoover's right-hand men in the relief of Belgium; Roland B. Oliver, C. A. and A. E. H. Reid, Arthur F. Smith, D. E. Andrews and A. R. Pope. Mohun, who had been engaged on account of his knowledge of the country, had been American consul at Zanzibar and at Boma, and first left diplomacy to fight the Arab slave traders in the interior. He figured as one of Richard Harding Davis' Soldiers of Fortune, and was in every sense a unique personality.

Hazards of Pioneering

You get some idea of the hazards that confronted the American pioneers when I say that when they set forth for the Kasai region, which is the southwestern part of the Congo, late in 1907, they were accompanied by a battalion of native troops under Belgian officers. Often they had to fight their way before they could take specimens. As recently as 1915 one of the Forminière prospectors, E. G. Decker, was killed by the fierce Batshoks, the most belligerent of the Upper Kasai tribes. The Ball-Mohun group, which was the first of many, remained in the field more than three years and covered a wide area.

Up to this time gold was the only valuable mineral that had been discovered in the Congo, and the Americans naturally went after it. Much to their surprise, they found diamonds, and thereby opened up a whole new source of wealth for the colony. The first diamond was found at Mai Munene, which means Big Water, a considerable waterfall discovered by Livingstone. This region, which is watered by the Kasai River, became the center of what is now known as the Congo Diamond Fields, and remains the stronghold of American engineering and enterprise in Central Africa. On a wooded height not far from the headwaters of the Kasai these pathfinding Americans established a post called Tshikapa, the name of a small river near by. It is the capital of Little America in the jungle, and therefore became the objective of the second stage of my Congo journey.

In the preceding article I left off at Kinshassa, having come all the way from the Rhodesian border, by way of Stanleyville, down the Congo River. I found that I had to retrace my way up the Congo again as far as Kwamouth, where the Kasai empties into the Congo. Kinshassa is nearly a thousand miles from Tshikapa. To get there you must proceed up the Kasai to a post called Dima, change boats and continue to Joko Punda, where the jungle highways begin.

Up to this time I had enjoyed the best facilities that the Congo could supply in the way of transport, because the Congo River boats are fairly large and modern. Now I faced a trip that would not only try patience, but had every element of the unknown, which in the Congo means the uncomfortable. Fortunately the Lusanga, one of the Huileries du Congo Belge steamers, was about to start for the Kwilu River, which branches off from the Kasai, and the company was kind enough to order it to take me to Dima, which was off the prescribed itinerary of the vessel.

On a brilliant morning at the end of June I set forth. Nelson was still my faithful servant, and his smile and teeth shone as resplendently as ever. The only change in him was that his appetite for *chikwanga*, the principal native food, made of manioc root, had visibly decreased. Somebody had told him at Kinshassa that the Kasai country teemed with cannibals. Being one of the world's champion eaters, he shrank from being eaten himself. I promised him an extra allowance of food and a khaki uniform that I had worn in the war, and he agreed to take a chance.

Overdressed Ladies

Right here let me give an evidence of the Congo native's astounding quickness to grasp things. I do not refer to his light-fingered propensities, however. When we got to Kinshassa, Nelson knew scarcely a word of the local dialect. When we left a week later he could jabber intelligently with any savage he met. On the four weeks' trip from Elizabethville he had picked up enough French to make himself understood. The Central African native has an aptitude for languages that far surpasses that of the average white man.

I was the only passenger on the Lusanga, which had been reconstructed for Lord Leverhulme's trip through the Congo in 1914. I occupied the suite installed for him, and it was my last taste of luxury for many a day. The captain was a retired lieutenant in the British Royal Navy—his name was Carrie—and the chief engineer was a Scotchman. The Congo River seemed like an old comrade as we steamed up toward Kwamouth. The moment that we turned into the Kasai I found that conditions were different from what they were on the main river. There was an abundance of fuel both for man and boat. The daily goat steak of the Congo was relieved by duck and fish. The Kasai region is thickly populated, and I saw a new type of native, lighter in color than elsewhere, and more keen and intelligent.

The women of the Kasai are probably the most attractive in the Congo. This applies particularly to the Batetelas, who are of light brown color. From childhood the females of this tribe have a sense of modesty that is in sharp contrast with the nudity that prevails elsewhere throughout the country. They swathe their bodies from neck to ankle with gayly colored calico, or Americano, as it is called. I am often asked if the scant attire in Central Africa shocked me. I always reply by saying that the contemporary feminine fashion of near-undress in America and Europe made me feel that some of the chocolate-hued ladies of the jungle were almost overclothed.

The fourth day of my trip was also our own American glorious Fourth. Captain Carrie and I celebrated by toasting the British and American navies, and it was not in Kasai water. This day also witnessed a somewhat remarkable revelation of the fact that world economic unrest has penetrated to the very heart of the primitive regions. While the wood boys were getting fuel at a native post Carrie and I went ashore to take a walk and visit a chief who had once been in Belgium. When we

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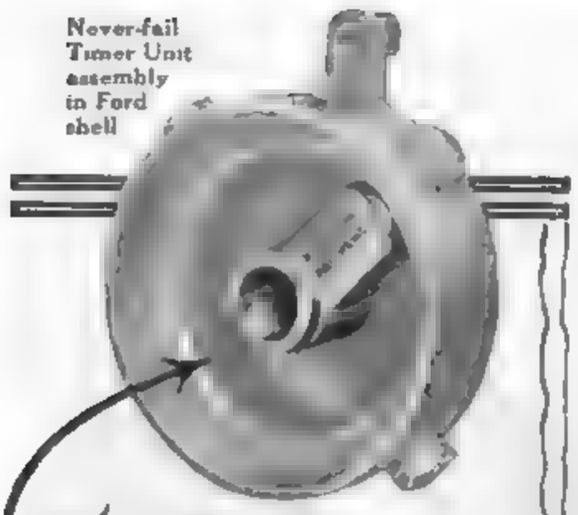

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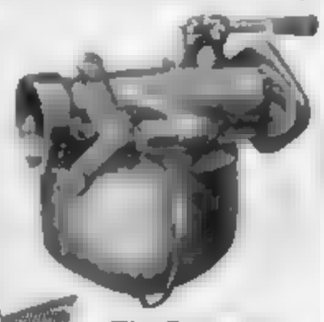

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got back to the boat we found that all the natives had suspended work and were listening to an impassioned speech by one of the black wheelmen. All these boats have native pilots. This boy, who only wore a loin cloth, was urging his fellows not to work so hard. Among other things, he said:

"The white man eats big food and takes a big sleep in the middle of the day, and you ought to do the same thing. The company that owns this boat has much money, and you should all be getting more wages."

Carrie stopped the harangue and the men went back to work. This illuminating episode is just one of the many evidences of industrial insurgency that I found in Africa from the moment I struck Capetown. In the Rand gold-mining district, for example, the natives have been organized by British agitators, and it probably will not be long before Central Africa has the I. W. W. in its midst! Certainly the I Won't Works already exist in large numbers.

This was only one of the many surprises that the Congo native disclosed. Another was the existence of powerful secret societies which have codes, grips and passwords. Some antedate the white man, indulge in human sacrifice, and have branches in a dozen sections. Although Central Africa is a land where the husband can stray from home at will, the lodge night is thus available as an excuse for domestic indiscretion.

African Secret Societies

The most terrible of these orders is the Society of the Leopard, formed to provide a novel and devilish method of wiping out enemies. The members wear leopard skins and throttle their foes with a glove to which steel blades are affixed. The victim appears to have been killed by the animal that cannot change its spots. To make the illusion complete, the ground where the victim has lain is marked with a stick whose end resembles the feet of the leopard.

The leopard skin, by the way, has a curious significance in the Congo. For occasions where the white man takes an oath on the Bible, the savage steps over one of these skins to swear fealty. If two chiefs have had a quarrel, and make up, they tear a skin in two and throw the pieces into the river to show that the feud is rent asunder.

Another secret society in the Congo is the Lubuki, whose initiation makes riding the goat seem like a childish amusement. The candidate is tied to a tree and a nest of black ants is distributed over his body. He is released only after he is nearly stung to death. A repetition of this jungle third degree is threatened for violation of any of the secrets of the order, the main purpose of which is to graft on nonmembers for food and other necessities.

In civilized life the members of a fraternal society are summoned to a meeting by telephone or letter. In the Congo they are hailed by the tom-tom, which is the wireless of the woods. These huge drums have an uncanny carrying power. The beats are like the dots and dashes of telegraphy. All the native news of Central Africa is transmitted from village to village in this way.

I could continue this narrative of native habits and customs indefinitely, but we must get back to the Lusanga. On board was a real character. He was Peter the capita. In the Congo every group of native workmen is in charge of a capita, who would be designated a foreman in America. Life and varied experience had battered Peter sadly. He spoke English, French, German, Portuguese and half a dozen of the Congo dialects. He learned German while a member of an African dancing team that performed at the Winter Garden in Berlin. His German almost had a Potsdam flavor. He told me that he had danced before the former Kaiser and had met many members of the Teutonic nobility. Yet the thing that stood out most vividly in his memory was the taste of German beer. He sighed for it daily.

Six days after leaving Kinshassa I reluctantly bade farewell to Peter and the Lusanga at Dima. Here I had the first piece of hard luck on the whole trip. The little steamer that was to take me up the Kasai River to Joko Punda had departed five days before, and I was forced to wait until she returned. Fifteen years ago Dima was the wildest kind of jungle. I found it a model tropical post, with dozens of brick houses, a shipyard and machine shops, avenues of palm trees and a model farm. It is the headquarters of the Kasai Company in the Congo.

I had a brick bungalow to myself and ate with the managing director. There was only one English-speaking person within a radius of one hundred miles. I had read all my English books, and the result was that I spent a year every day of the thirteen that I had to remain there. I vented my impatience in walking, for I covered at least fifteen miles through the jungle every day. This proceeding filled both the Belgians and the natives with astonishment. The latter particularly could not understand why a man walked about the country aimlessly. Usually a native will only walk when he can move in the direction of food or sleep. On these solitary trips I went through a country that still abounds in buffalo and elephants. It is one thing to see a big tusker doing his tricks in a circus tent, but quite another to hear him floundering through the woods, tearing off huge branches of trees as he moves along with what seems to be an incredible speed for so heavy an animal. These Congo elephants ordinarily will not bother you if you do not disturb them.

There came the glad Sunday when I heard the whistle of the steamboat. I dashed down to the beach, and there was the little forty-ton Madeleine. I welcomed her as a long-lost friend, and this she proved to be. The second day afterwards I went aboard and began a diverting chapter of my experience. The Madeleine is a type of the veteran Congo boat. In the old days the Belgian pioneers fought natives from its narrow deck. Despite incessant combat with sand banks, snags and swift currents—all these obstructions abound in the Kasai River—she was still staunch. In command was the only Belgian captain that I had in the Congo, and he had been plying these waters for twenty years, with only one holiday in Europe during that time.

Now began a journey that did not lack adventure. It was the end of the dry season and the Kasai was lower than ever before. The channel was almost a continuous sand bank. We rested on one of them for a whole day. I was now well into the domain of the hippopotamus. I am not exaggerating when I say that the Kasai is almost alive with them. You can shoot one of these monsters from the bridge of the river boats almost as easily as you could pick off a sparrow from the limb of a park tree. I got tired of watching them. The flesh of the hippopotamus is unfit for white consumption, but the natives regard it as a luxury. The white man who kills a hippo is immediately acclaimed a hero. One reason is that with spears the black finds it difficult to get the best of one of these animals.

The High Cost of Marriage

Our first stop was at a Lutheran mission set in the midst of a populous village. As we approached I saw the American flag hanging over the door of the most pretentious mud-and-grass house. When I went ashore I found that the missionaries—a man and his wife—were both American citizens. The husband was a Swede who had gone out to Kansas in his boyhood to work on a farm. There he married a Kansas girl, who now speaks English with a Swedish accent. After spreading the gospel in China and elsewhere, they settled down in this lonely spot on the Kasai River.

I was immediately impressed with the difference between the Congo River and the Kasai. The Congo is serene, brooding, majestic, almost overwhelming in its immensity, and fringed with an endless verdure. The Kasai, although 1500 miles in length, is narrower and more pugnacious. Its brown banks and grim, flanking mountains offer a welcome change from the eternal green of the great river that gives the colony its name.

I also got another change. Two days after I left Dima we were blanketed with heavy fog every morning and the air was raw and chill. On the Kasai boats you can get every experience of transatlantic travel, with the sole exception of seasickness.

As I proceeded up the Kasai I found continued evidence of the advance in price of every food commodity. The omnipresent chicken that fetched a franc in 1914 now brings from five to ten. My old mainstay, the goat, had risen from ten to thirty francs, and he was as tough as ever, despite the rise. But foodstuffs are only a small part of these Congo economic troubles.

We in America have suffered for some time under the burden of our inseparable companion—the high cost of living. It is slight compared with the high cost of loving in the Congo. Here you touch a real hardship. Before the war a first-class wife—all wives are bought—sold for fifty francs. To-day the market price for a choice spouse is two hundred francs, and it takes hard digging for the black man to scrape up this almost prohibitive amount. Thus the high cost of matrimony enters the list of universal distractions.

Exactly twelve days after we pulled out of Dima the captain told me that we were nearing Joko Punda. The river had become swifter and deeper, for we were approaching Wissmann Falls, the end of navigation for some distance. On account of the lack of certain communication save by runner in this part of Africa—the traveler can always beat a wireless message out there—I was unable to send any warning of my coming, and I wondered whom and what I should find there. I had the strongest possible letters to all the Forminière officials, but these pieces of paper could not get me on to Tshikapa. I needed something that moved on wheels. I was greatly relieved, therefore, when we came in sight of the post to see two unmistakable American figures standing on the bank. What cheered me further were two American jitneys parked near by.

The two Americans proved to be G. D. Moody and J. E. Robison. The former is assistant chief engineer of the Forminière in the field and the latter is in charge of the motor transport. They gave me a genuine American welcome, and that night I dined in Robison's grass-and-mud house off American food that had traveled nearly 15,000 miles, and heard the first unadulterated Yankee conversation that had fallen on my ears since I left Elizabethville two months before.

Yankee Hot Cakes and Jitneys

When I said that I wanted to push on to Tshikapa at once, Moody said: "We will leave at five in the morning in one of the jitneys and be in Tshikapa to-morrow night."

Moody was an incorrigible optimist, as I was soon to discover.

At dawn the next morning, after a breakfast of hot cakes—they were like home from home—we left. Nelson was in a great state of excitement, because he had never ridden in an automobile before. He was destined not to enjoy that rare privilege very long. The rough highway, hewed by American engineers through the thick woods, was a foot deep in sand, and before we had proceeded a hundred yards the car got stuck and all hands save Moody got out to push it on. Moody was the chauffeur and had to remain at the wheel. Draped in fog, the jungle about me had an almost eerie look. But æsthetic and emotional observations had to give way to practicality. Laboriously the jitney snorted through the sand and bumped over tree stumps. After a strenuous hour, when we had reached the open country, the machine gave a groan and died on the spot. We were on a broad plain on the outskirts of a village, under a broiling sun.

The African pickaninny has just as much curiosity as his American brother, and in ten minutes the whole juvenile population was assembled around us. Soon the grown ups joined the crowd. Naked women examined the tires as if they were articles of food, and black warriors stalked about with the same sort of I-told-you-so expression that you find in the face of the average American watching a motor-car breakdown. Human nature is the same the world over. The automobile is a novelty in these parts, and when the Forminière employed the first ones the natives actually thought it was an animal that would finally get tired and quit. Mine stopped without getting tired!

For six hours Moody labored under the car while I sat in the glaring sun alongside the road and cursed fate. Nelson spent his time eating all the available food in sight.

Finally, at three o'clock Moody gave up and said: "We'll have to make the rest of this trip in a teapoy."

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Mints
Chewing Gum

Beech-Nut Pork and Beans

(Continued from Page 42)

A teapoy is a hammock slung on a pole carried on the shoulders of natives. We sent a runner in to Robison, who came out with two teapoys and a squad of forty blacks to transport us. The teapoy boy, as he is called, is as much a part of the African scheme of life as a driver or a chauffeur is in America. He must be big, strong and sound of wind, because he is required to go at a run all the time. For any considerable journey each teapoy has a squad of eight men, who alternate on the run without losing a step. They always sing as they go.

I had never ridden in a teapoy before, and I now began a continuous trip in one which lasted eight hours. Night fell almost before we got started, and it was a strange sensation to go sailing through the silent black woods and the excited villages, where thousands of naked persons of all sizes turned out to see the show. After two hours I began to feel as if I had been tossed up for a week in an army blanket. My wrist watch that I had carried throughout the war, and which had withstood the fiercest shell shocks and bombardments, was jolted to a standstill. After the fourth hour I became accustomed to the movement, and even went to sleep for a while. Midnight brought us to Kabambare and the banks of the Kasai, where I found food and sanctuary at a Forminière post. Here the thousands of tons of freight that come up the river from Dima by steamer, which are carried by motor trucks, ox teams and on the heads of natives to this point, are placed on whaleboats and sent up the river to Tshikapa.

Before going to bed I sent a runner to Tshikapa to notify Donald Doyle, managing engineer of the Forminière in the field, that I was coming, and to send a motor car out to meet me. I promised this runner much *matabeesh*, which is the African word for a tip, if he would run the whole way. The distance through the jungle was exactly seventy-two miles, and he covered this—as I discovered when I reached Tshikapa—in exactly twenty-six hours, a remarkable feat. The *matabeesh* I bestowed, by the way, was three francs—about eighteen cents—and the native regarded it as a princely gift, because it amounted to nearly half a month's wages.

By this time my confidence in the African jitney was somewhat shaken. A new motor boat had just been received at Kabambare, and I thought I would take a chance with it and start up the Kasai the next day. Moody, assisted by several other engineers, started to get it in shape. At noon of the second day, when we were about to start, the engine went on a sympathetic strike with the jitney, and once more I was halted.

Travel by Teapoy

I said to Moody: "I am going to Tshikapa without any further delay if I have to walk the whole way."

This was not necessary, for thanks to the Forminière organization, which always has hundreds of native porters at Kabambare, I was able to organize a caravan in two hours.

After lunch we set forth with a complete outfit of tents, bedding and cooks. The black personnel was forty porters and a picked squad of thirty-five teapoy boys to carry Moody and myself. Usually these caravans have a flag. I had none, so the teapoy capita fished out a big red bandanna handkerchief, which he tied to a stick. With the crimson banner flying and the teapoy carriers singing and playing rude native instruments, we started off at a trot. I felt like an explorer going into the unknown places. It was the real thing in jungle experience.

From two o'clock until sunset we trotted through the wilds, which were almost thrillingly beautiful. In Africa there is no twilight, and darkness swoops down like a hawk. All afternoon the teapoy men, after their fashion, carried on what was literally a running cross fire of questions among themselves. They usually boast of their strength and their appetite, and always discuss the white man they are carrying and his characteristics. I heard much muttering of Mafutta Mingi, my Congo name, which means much fat, and I knew long before we stopped that my weight was not a pleasant topic.

I slept that night in a native house on the outskirts of a village, while a big camp fire blazed outside. The last white man to occupy this domicile was Louis Franck, the Belgian Minister of Colonies, who had gone up to the Forminière diamond fields a few weeks before. He used the same jitney that I had started in, and it also broke down with him. Moody was his chauffeur. They had to make their way on foot to this village. Moody told the chief that he had the real Bula Matari, which means Big Chief in the Congo, with him. The chief solemnly looked at Franck and said: "He is no Bula Matari because he does not wear any medals." Most high Belgian officials wear orders, and the native dotes on shiny ornaments. The old savage refused to sell the travelers any food, and the minister had to share the beans of the negro boys who accompanied him.

Daybreak saw us on the move. For hours we swung through an equatorial forest which made one think of the beginnings of the world, when the big trees were king. The vastness and silence were only comparable to the brooding mystery of the jungle nights. You have no feel of fear, but oddly enough a strange sense of security. I realized as never before the truth that lay behind one of Stanley's convictions. He once said: "No luxury of civilization can be equal to the relief from the tyranny of custom. The wilds of a great city are greater than the excruciating tyranny of a small village. The heart of Africa is infinitely preferable to the heart of the world's largest city. If the way were easier, millions would fly to it."

What Tshikapa Reads

Despite this enthralling environment, I kept wondering if that runner had reached Doyle and if a car had been sent out. At noon we emerged from the forest into a clearing. Suddenly Moody said, "I hear an automobile engine." A moment later I saw a small car burst through the trees far ahead, and I knew that relief was at hand. Dr. John Dunn, the physician at Tshikapa, had started at dawn to meet me, and my teapoy adventures for the moment were ended. Doctor Livingstone at Ujiji had no larger feeling of relief at the sight of Stanley than I felt when I shook the hand of this bronzed Middle Western medico.

I got into Dunn's car, and without any further mishap we reached Tshikapa late that afternoon. The whole American colony, which included the women and children, some of the latter born in the Congo, turned themselves into a reception committee. The one staple English reading fare out there is THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and they seemed glad to greet a living link with it. This reminds me that at an isolated Belgian post, far up the Congo River, I found a battered copy of THE POST two years old that had been carried in a caravan all the way from the headwaters of the Nile.

Tshikapa, which means belt, is a Little America in every sense. It commands the junction of the Tshikapa and Kasai rivers. There are dozens of substantial brick dwellings, offices, warehouses, machine shops and hospitals. For a hundred miles, to the Angola border and far beyond, the Yankee has cut motor roads and set up civilization generally. You see American neatness and thoroughness on all sides, even in the immense native villages, where thousands of the mine workers live. Instead of having compounds, the company encourages the blacks to establish their own settlements and live their own lives. It makes them more contented, and therefore more efficient, and it establishes a colony of permanent workers. When the native is confined to a compound he gets restless and wants to go back home. The Americans are helping to solve the Congo labor problem.

At Tshikapa you hear good old United States spoken with every dialectic flavor, from New England hardness to Texas drawl. In charge was Doyle, a veteran of the Congo, who has a charming English wife. The wife of one of the American mine managers had become a mother a few days before, and I was taken hotfoot over to see this latest baby.

I spent a week traveling with Doyle in a motor car through the Congo diamond fields, which practically begin at the front door of Tshikapa. The first bonanza mine in the area was within sight of Doyle's house.

Most of these mines are in charge of American engineers, who have been in the field for years and have their families with them. On Thanksgiving, Fourth of July

-and in Mexico

Stephen Bonsal

represents the

PUBLIC LEDGER

Foreign News Service

With new American and Mexican presidents and congresses in power, now begins a most important period in our relations with Mexico—certainly the most vital period since Porfirio Diaz fled.

Stephen Bonsal knows Mexico.

He was present at the Madero revolution in 1910–11, visited that country on a special mission for our Department of State in 1915, and was advisor at the American-Mexican conference in 1916.

This special experience combined with Mr. Bonsal's wide knowledge of world affairs, gained in his career of 35 years as diplomat and war correspondent, eminently fits him to observe and interpret Mexican events.

PUBLIC LEDGER

PHILADELPHIA

At your club *At hotel news stands*

Find out whether there is a newspaper in your city which publishes the Public Ledger Foreign News Service, carrying Mr. Bonsal's dispatches.

Why—

The Principle

Every motorist has noticed that his car has more power and runs smoother on a damp day than at any other time. This is due to the moisture which is drawn into the motor

Water (H_2O) under certain conditions decomposes into its gases—hydrogen and oxygen

In the case above described the hydrogen gas *burns*, increasing the power, while the oxygen gas not only aids combustion but unites with the carbon in the gasoline vapor, passes off through the exhaust as a gas and keeps the spark plugs clean.

How the Automatic Does It

The small amount of moisture on a damp day or cool evening helps—but the Automatic Steam Carburetor is ***guaranteed*** to increase the mileage you get from your gasoline and also to minimize all carbon deposits. The usual saving in gasoline is from 20% to 40%. It is a scientific little device, used in connection with your gasoline carburetor, that should be placed on every automobile, truck or tractor.

Gets Every Ounce of Power Out of Gasoline

The Automatic Steam Carburetor manufactures live, hot steam, which is injected into the gasoline manifold, in the proper proportion for every speed, automatically

It has received the endorsement of many universities, government officials, business institutions and motor experts, in addition to thousands of car owners.

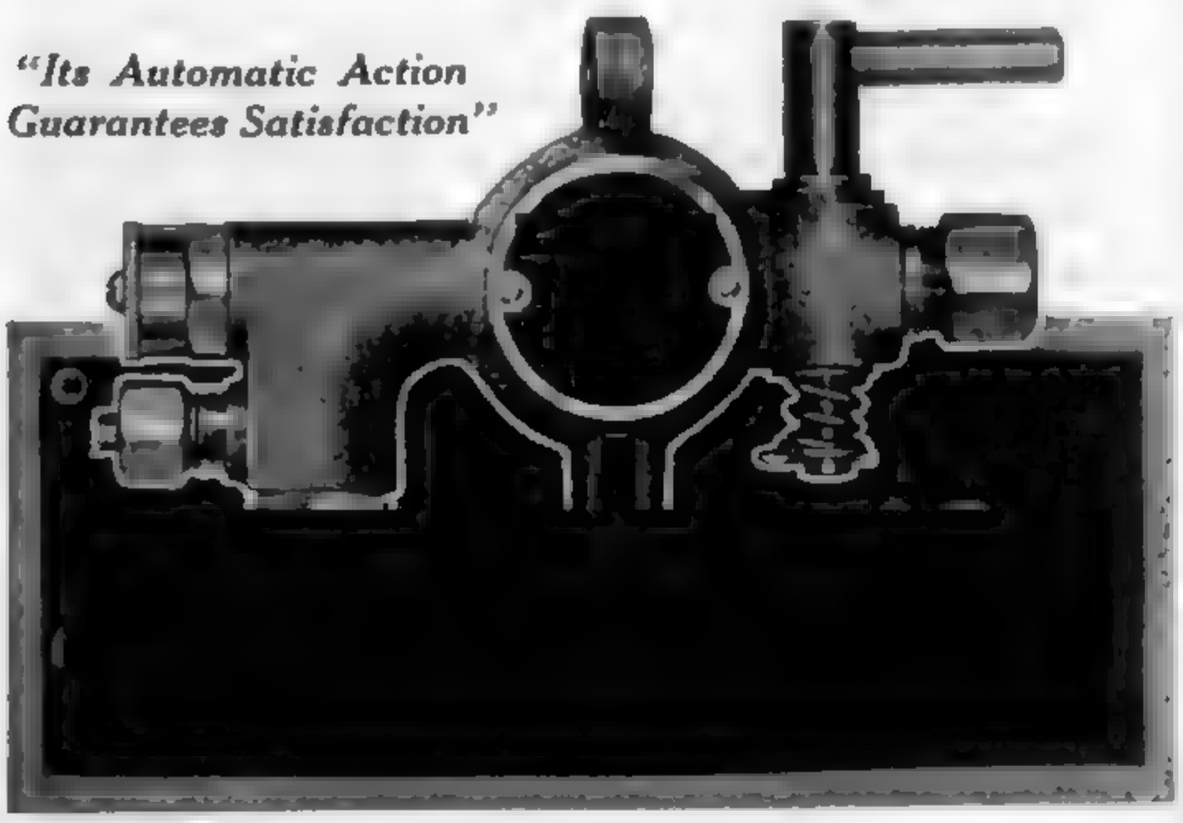
You cannot afford to be without one on your car. Write today for illustrated folder giving description and results of official tests on many makes of cars.

Auto Owners: If you cannot get one from your dealer, write us and we will see that you are supplied

Dealers: We help you make sales by referring inquiries from advertising to our agents. Write or wire for exclusive agency in your locality.

Automatic Steam Carburetor Co., *Mfrs.*
1241 So. Michigan Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

"Its Automatic Action Guarantees Satisfaction"



and Christmas there is always a big American rally, which includes a dance and a vaudeville show at Tshikapa, where the Stars and Stripes are unfurled and the old days in the States recalled. It is real community life in the wilds.

I was struck with the big difference between the Congo diamond fields and those at Kimberley. In South Africa the mines are great gaping gashes in the earth, thousands of feet wide and thousands deep. They are all so-called pipes formed by volcanic eruption. These pipes are the real source of the diamonds. The precious blue ground which contains the stones is mined by tens of thousands of natives and is spread out on immense floors to decompose under sun and rain. Afterwards it is broken in huge crushers and goes through a series of mechanical transformations. It is an elaborate process.

The Congo mines are alluvial, and every creek and river bed is therefore a potential diamond mine. The only labor necessary is to remove the upper layer of earth in the creek beds, dig up the gravel, shake it out, and you have the concentrate from which a naked savage can pick the precious stones. They are precisely like the mines of German Southwest Africa. So far no pipes have been discovered in the Kasai Basin. One reason possibly is that this diamond-bearing area of nearly 8000 square miles has scarcely been scraped by the prospector.

Where Loose Diamonds are Safe

Now for a real human-interest detail. At Kimberley the Zulus and Kafirs know the value of the diamond, and there was formerly considerable and costly filching. All the workers are segregated in barbed-wire compounds and under constant surveillance. At the end of their period of service they are kept in custody for two weeks in order to make certain that they have not swallowed any stones. The Congo natives do not know what a diamond really is. The majority believe that it is simply a piece of glass employed in the making of bottles, and there are a good many bottles of various kinds in the colony. Hence no watch is kept on the hundreds of Balubas who are mainly employed in the task of picking out the glittering jewels. During the past five years, when the product in the Congo fields has grown to 250,000 carats a year in small stones, not a single carat has been stolen. The same situation obtains in the Angola fields near by, where the output is one-half of this.

As I looked at these mines with their thousands of grinning blacks, and heard the rattle of gravel in the shakers, my mind went back to Kimberley and the immense part that its treasure house played in shaping the economic destiny of South Africa. Long before the gold rush opened up the Rand the diamond mines had given the entire southern section of the continent a rebirth of prosperity. Will the Congo mines perform the same service for the Congo?

In Angola the Forminière has created a replica of the Congo enterprise, the only difference being that it is under the Portuguese flag instead of the Belgian. Tshikapa has its double in Dundu, and Glenn H. Newport, who was with Decker when he was killed, is the managing engineer. The diamond mines are worked just like those in the Kasai region.

I had originally planned to go on to Angola and leave Africa at St. Paul de Loanda in Portuguese West Africa, where Ryan and his Belgian associates have acquired the new oil wells and set up still another important outpost of our overseas venturing. But so much time had been consumed in reaching Tshikapa that I determined to return to Kinshassa, go on to Matadi and catch the boat for Europe at the end of August.

There were two ways of getting back to Kabambare: one by automobile through the jungle and the other by boat down the Kasai. Between Kabambare and Joko Punda there is practically no navigation on account of the succession of dangerous rapids. Since my faith in the jitney was still impaired I chose the river route, and it gave me the most stirring, perhaps, of all my African experiences. The motor boats at Tshikapa were out of commission, so I started at daybreak in a whaleboat manned by forty naked native paddlers.

The fog still hung over the countryside, and the scene as we got under way was like a Rackham drawing of goblins and ghosts. I sat forward in the boat, with the ranks of singing, paddling blacks behind me. From the moment we started, and until I landed, the boys kept up an incessant chanting. One of their number sat forward and pounded the iron gunwale with a heavy stick. When he stopped pounding the paddlers ceased their efforts. It is a curious fact that the only way to make the Congo native work is to provide him with noise. That is why the teapoy men always carry their native musical instruments and strum them as they run.

All day we traveled down the river through schools of hippopotamuses, some of them near enough for me to throw a stone into the cavernous mouths. The boat capita told me that we would get to Kabambare by sundown. Like the average New York restaurant waiter he merely said what he thought his listener wanted to hear. I fervently hoped he was right, because we not only had a series of rapids to shoot upriver, but at Kabambare is a seething whirlpool that has engulfed hundreds of natives and their boats. At sunset we had only passed through the first of the troubled zones. Nightfall without a moon found me still moving, and with the swirling eddy far ahead.

I can frankly say that I never felt such apprehension as on the face of those surging waters, with black night and the impenetrable jungle about me. The weird singing of the paddlers only heightened the suspense. I thought that every tight place would be my last. Finally, at eight o'clock, and after it seemed that I had spent years on the trip, we bumped up against the shore of Kabambare within a hundred feet of the fatal spot.

The faithful Moody, who preceded me, had revived life in the Jonah jitney. At dawn the next day we started at full speed, and reached Joko Punda by noon. The Madeleine was waiting for me with steam up, for I had sent a runner ahead. I had ordered Nelson back from Kabambare, because plenty of servants were available there. He spent his week of idleness at Joko Punda in exploring every food known to the country. At one o'clock I was off on the first real stage of my homeward journey. The swift current made the downward trip much faster than the upward, and I was not sorry.

Guests From Cleveland

As we neared Basongo the captain came to me and said: "I see two Americans standing on the bank. Shall I take them aboard?"

Almost before I could say that I would be delighted we were within hailing distance of the post. An American voice with a Cleveland, Ohio, accent called out to me and asked my name. When I told him, he said: "I'll give you three copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST if you will take us down to Dima. We have been stranded here for nearly three weeks, and want to go home."

I yelled back that they were more than welcome, for I not only wanted to help out a pair of countrymen in distress, but I desired some companionship on the boat. They were Charles H. Davis and Henry Fairbairn, both Forminière engineers, who had made their way overland from the Angola diamond fields. Only one down-bound Belgian boat had passed since their arrival, and it was so crowded with Belgian officials on their way to Matadi to catch the August steamer for Europe that there was no accommodation for them. While we talked they were joined by a companion in misfortune, an American missionary, Doctor Cleveland, who was attached to the admirable American Presbyterian Mission at Luebo, far up the Luebo River. He had come to Basongo on the little missionary steamer, and sent it back expecting to take the Belgian state boat. Like the engineers he could get no passage.

Davis showed his appreciation of my rescue of the party by immediately handing over the three copies of THE POST, which were more than seven months old and which had beguiled his long nights in the field. Cleveland did his bit in the way of gratitude by providing me with hot griddle cakes every morning. He had some American corn meal, and had taught his native servant how to produce the real article.

At Dima I had the final heart throb of the trip. I had arranged to take the Fumu N'Tangu, a sister ship of the Madeleine,

(Concluded on Page 48)

PACKARD

THE PACKARD CAR IS THE FOCUS OF PACKARD SKILL AND PACKARD PURPOSE

THE OWNER of a Packard Car commands something more than agreeable conveyance: an action that is prime and quiet, a control that is as velvet to the touch. In his service, functions a mechanism so delicately and yet so ruggedly constructed, that though his ear scarcely can hear its movement, not his sternest usage can bully it into weakness. The Packard Car is the focus of Packard skill and Packard purpose, matured and made expert over twenty years.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT

The Packard Twin-Six Touring
$6000 *at Detroit*

The Packard Single-Six Touring
$2975 *at Detroit*

Ask the man who owns one

(Concluded from Page 46)

from this point to Kinshassa. When I arrived I found that she was stuck on a sand bank one hundred miles down the river. My whole race against time to catch the August steamer would have been futile if I could not push on to Kinshassa at once. Happily, the Yser, the state boat that had left Davis, Fairbairn and Cleveland high and dry at Basongo, had put in at Dima the day before to repair a broken paddle wheel, and was about to start. I beat the Madeleine's gangplank to the shore and tore over to the captain of the Yser.

When I told him I had to go to Kinshassa, he said: "I cannot take you. I only have accommodations for eight people, and am carrying forty."

I flashed my credentials on him and he yielded. I got the sofa, or rather the bench called a sofa, in his cabin.

Kinshassa looked good to me when we arrived four days later, but I did not tarry long. The next morning I boarded a special car on the historic narrow-gauge railway that runs from Stanley Pool to Matadi. Perhaps no road in the world took such heavy toll of human life in construction. It is two hundred and fifty miles in length, and every kilometer cost a white life and every meter a black one. You can see the unending procession of gravestones along the right of way. Yet it was a good human investment. In the old days, when all merchandise and machinery had to be carried on the heads of natives on the trail that the steel rails now mark, ten thousand natives died every year.

Late in the afternoon of the second day the train emerged from a curve in the mountains, and Matadi, where navigation on the Congo is resumed, at last lay before me. The name means stone. The little town, so dramatically associated with Stanley's first struggles in the Congo—it was here that he got the name of Bula Matari—the Rock Breaker—is literally one rock, and in the wet season is rated as the hottest place in the universe.

But what interested me most was the big white steamer, the Anversville, that lay alongside the pier. She was the first liner that I had seen since I left Capetown more than four months before. I changed from the discomfort of the river boat to the luxury of the ocean vessel and started for Europe.

At Boma, the capital of the Congo, which is about fifty miles down the river, we picked up the Belgian Minister of the Colonies, the governor-general of the Congo, and a bunch of vice governors and other functionaries, all homeward bound. By the time we reached the mouth of the Congo—it is twenty miles wide here—we were a real ark of government.

At Banana Point I looked my last on the Congo River, but for more than sixty miles out at sea the sullen brown current vies with the green and blue of the ocean swell. It lingers like the tenacious spell of all Africa. The Congo is merely a phase of the larger lure.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with South Africa and the Congo.

JOHN HENRY AND THE RESTLESS SEX

(Continued from Page 11)

"Poor old girl!" said Tom Cooper uncomfortably. "Just about done up. Three nursemaids in the past month—two utterly incompetent slatterns and one trained children's nurse, as autocratic as the Kaiser used to be. You've no idea—wouldn't allow us in the nursery! What's the world coming to anyhow?"

"We'd better be getting along," suggested John Henry.

"Oh, must you hurry? Well, of course——" He went to the foot of the stairs. "Mabel, they're going!" he called. But Mabel heard nothing above the din.

"Please don't disturb her," Myra said.

"No, better not," Cooper agreed. He saw them to the door. "I hope to get down to the office Monday," he said with a glance over his shoulder toward the stairs that was eloquent in meaning.

For a time the two young people walked along in silence.

"Poor Mabel!" said Myra presently.

"My mother," said John Henry slowly, "had six children. But I never heard her talk about that tied-down feeling."

"No?" The girl smiled up at him. "Your mother was a dear, I'm sure, but the world has changed since her day. Woman's horizon has broadened. She wants to be something more than a mere household drudge. She wants to be independent—now and then, at any rate. She's had a taste of freedom, and she's found she likes it."

"I suppose it's the war," mused John Henry. "Poor Tom! Wants to know what the world's coming to. Who can tell him? Women are all upset—restless. I notice it everywhere I go. By the way, you'd probably have that tied-down feeling yourself if you—if some man ——"

"I'm sure I should," smiled Myra. "I adore the office."

They walked on.

"Tied down!" murmured John Henry. "Want to get away now and then. No one to leave with the children." He stopped suddenly. "By Gad, why couldn't somebody capitalize that restlessness? Be a pioneer, I mean. Find a way out—do the human race a favor—and incidentally make a lot of money. Why couldn't I?"

"Hire out as a nursemaid, you mean?" asked Myra.

"Not exactly," he laughed, and resumed the walk. "Though I do like children—always have. But here I've been looking for an opportunity, and an idea begins to stir. This city is full of women with that tied-down feeling. If I could do something to help them I'd be a hero."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it!" he answered blithely. They had reached her door. "All I've got to do is think of some plan—some scheme ——"

"That's all!" she said sarcastically.

"Easiest thing in the world," he assured her.

For once he was glad to leave her. He wanted to be alone. He went on his way down the street, fiercely thinking.

II

ALL that evening John Henry paced the floor of his room. He was deep in the throes of a big idea. But was it a big idea? He couldn't decide. Would it lead him on to fortune—or to the door of a home for the unsettled of mind? At times it seemed practicable, magnificent. At others it struck him as utterly silly.

He unlocked his trunk and took from a tin box at the bottom four Liberty Bonds, each for five hundred dollars. He turned to the bond quotations in the evening paper. About seventeen hundred there. In his savings account two hundred and sixteen more. Should he risk it all on one desperate throw?

The first few days of the following week at the office he seemed feverish, distraught. Frequently he rushed out for conferences and these were really important conferences, for he had decided on the throw.

It was Thursday, however, before he took anyone into his confidence. Then, descending on Mr. Camby late in the afternoon, he announced his resignation from the Phœnix forces, to take effect on Saturday. Camby seemed genuinely distressed.

"Someone else giving you more money?" he asked.

"No, sir," said John Henry. "I'm going into business for myself."

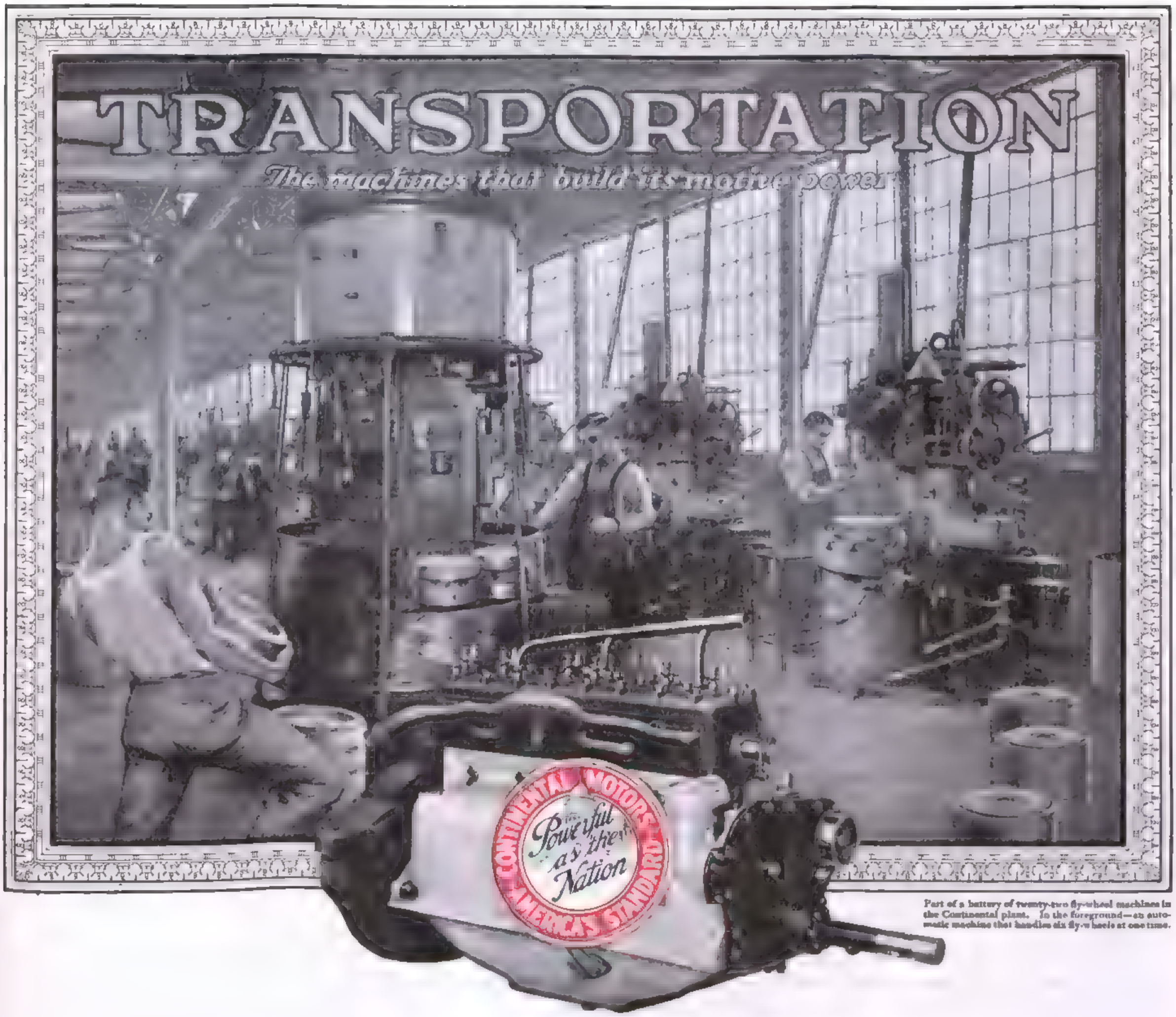
"I don't want you to misunderstand me," Camby replied, "but I think you're making a mistake. You lack experience. It may not seem so to you, but running an advertising agency requires a lot of executive brains, special knowledge ——"

"I'm not starting a rival agency," interrupted John Henry.

"No? Then—h'm may I ask—that is, if you want to tell me ——"

"The business I am about to set up," said John Henry, a bit uncertainly, "is a rather peculiar one. It may not hit you very hard at first glance. But—I've thought it over very carefully, and it strikes me it will fill a long-felt want. I'll be jollied at the start, but in time I'll make good. I think so anyhow. I'm risking all my savings on it."

(Continued on Page 51)



Part of a battery of twenty-two fly-wheel machines in the Continental plant. In the foreground—an automatic machine that handles six fly-wheels at one time.

What is your definition of LUXURY? Is it possible that it covers a product that today is serving thirty millions of people—that represents their private rapid transit systems in the transaction of their business and social affairs? Does it include an agency that is bringing the boon of country living to the city worker, placing the city within easy reaching distance of the farmer and welding the country in general into a better, more compact unit. ¶ The automobile is as essential a part of present day standards of living as the telephone or the telegraph. Its efficiency as a transportation factor has been established. Its efficiency as a mechanical unit will be maintained by the foresight of the men behind it—such foresight for instance, as that which has prompted manufacturers of hundreds of thousands of cars to adopt the higher priced Continental Motor in order that the car buyer may obtain the highest possible degree of power dependability. ¶ The foremost motor manufacturing plant in the industry is concentrating on the production of Continental Motors today—motors that in every way are worthy of the best traditions of the Continental Red Seal.

CONTINENTAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Offices: Detroit, U. S. A. *Largest Exclusive Motor Manufacturers in the World* Factories: Detroit and Muskegon

Continental Motors

STANDARD POWER FOR TRUCKS, AUTOMOBILES AND TRACTORS

To Ancient Fairs *the* Masters Bore *the* Products *of their* Genius

TO the great fairs in the cities of old Italy journeyed the masters of the ancient guilds of craftsmen from all Europe, there to display the products of their genius.

About the watchmakers' booths the nobility from European courts brushed shoulders, to view and eagerly to barter for the masterpieces of these guild artisans. There the lords of old bought precious treasures for their ladies. No modest sums were given in exchange for the products of the more noted guildsmen, for the fame of their fine craftsmanship had traveled far.

To the men of today who seek a gift of truest sentiment, the Gruen Guild of Watchmakers brings its treasures—rare masterpieces wrought in green and white and yellow gold, in platinum and diamonds.

Gruen Watches are made by a modern guild of watchmakers—many of them the descendants of the old guild masters, all of them actuated by the same ideals, the same love of fine craftsmanship, as obtained among the old-time guildsmen.

Where the spirit of fine craftsmanship still endures

In the Gruen workshop at Madre-Biel, Switzerland, the Gruen Watches are conceived. There, with the aid of American machinery, master craftsmen fashion the movements to the exacting standards of the guild. On Time Hill, Cincinnati, is the American workshop. Here the beautiful hand-wrought cases are made, the movements fitted into them, and then given their final adjustments and tests for accuracy.

See these new models

In the accompanying panel will be found worthy evidence of the superiority of Gruen craftsmanship—wristlets hand-wrought with delicate traceries of unsurpassed beauty. To her who likes the quiet simplicity of a round watch, Gruen offers model 31 wrought in green gold and enriched with the daintiest of ornament. Exceptional in style, model 32 in green gold retains that air of unaffected grace which makes it the perfect wristlet for every occasion. Model 33 in white gold reflects all the exquisite beauty of chased platinum at the more moderate cost of gold.

At the sign of the Gruen Guild

Gruen Watches are sold only by chartered agencies, among the best jewelry stores in each locality. Look for the Gruen Service Emblem. Here you will find these charming Gruen models and other Gruen Guild Watches for men and women, at prices from $25.00 to $750.00; with diamonds up to $3700.00.

A book of Etchings and Photographic Plates showing Gruen Guild Watches for men and women will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, U.S.A.
Canadian Branch, Toronto
Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874

GRUEN Guild Watches

Including the original and genuine "VERITHIN" model

(Continued from Page 48)

"Yes, yes!" Mr. Camby was acutely curious. "What are you talking about?"

John Henry took a roll of paper from his inner coat pocket and spread it out before his chief.

"Here," he announced, "is the advance proof of my first advertisement, to run in the papers next Monday morning. Please read it over and tell me what you think of it."

Mr. Camby complied eagerly. On the blurred paper he discovered this:

THE CHILDREN'S INN

A New Idea—But This is a New World

Mr. John Henry Jackson announces the opening, on Monday, the first, of his Inn for Children at 2075 Euclid Avenue, within easy reach of the shopping and theatrical district. House renovated and refurnished throughout. Meals prepared by an expert dietitian. Your little ones under the care of a staff of trained yet kindly nurses from the time they register until they check out. Better care than at home.

IS THE LITTLE WOMAN RESTLESS?

DOES SHE COMPLAIN ABOUT THAT TIED-DOWN FEELING?

WHY NOT TAKE HER ON A SECOND HONEY-MOON?

The children? Leave them with us. Daily bulletins on health and conduct furnished absent parents by wire at our expense. We will take the little darlings off your hands for an hour, a day, a week, a year—while you are shopping or at a matinée; or overnight, while you are at dinner and the theater. Never a moment's justified worry for the most devoted mother. Rates are reasonable, and may be had on application. American plan, with bath at the hands of experienced nurse.

THE CHILDREN'S INN

John Henry Jackson, Manager

YOU HAVE THE BABY—WE DO THE REST!

"It's a little long," apologized John Henry as he perceived the popping eyes of Mr. Camby reading the last line, "but I had so much to say. Once I've established the idea I can make 'em more snappy."

"My boy," said Mr. Camby, staring at him, "you're crazy—as crazy as a loon!"

"That's your first reaction, of course," smiled John Henry. "I'm a pioneer. I'm opening a new field. Men who do that must expect to be called insane. But think it over! Haven't I a real basis for this thing? Aren't the women more restless to-day than ever before in history? Don't they suffer more acutely from that tied-down feeling?"

"They seem to," sighed Mr. Camby. "My son's wife—er—my own wife, for that matter ——"

"There you are!" cried John Henry. "Mr. Camby, once this idea gets started it'll be a riot. That's why I'm hoping to patent the name, along with a little drawing for a trade-mark. Before I get through I'll have a Children's Inn in every city in the Middle West. I'll go East ——"

Mr. Camby shook his head.

"Somehow," he said, "I feel you're going about it the wrong way. Now that line, 'Better care than at home.' Women will resent it."

"I'll cut it out," said John Henry, drawing his pencil through it.

"And—er—oh, well, the whole tone of it! I—I don't know. I can't make up my mind whether you're a smart boy or a dog-gone fool."

"I hope I'm a smart boy," said John Henry feelingly. "If I'm not, poof go the savings of a young life! You've no idea the expense! Three hundred a month I'm paying for the old Judge Carter house. And coal! It chills me to think of it! The cook is an expert all right—an expert at high finance. And I have to pay Miss Brooks fifty a week. She's the trained nurse—used to have charge of a children's hospital. That space at the top is reserved for her picture. It'll give people confidence. She looks mighty competent in her uniform."

Again Mr. Camby shook his head.

"You need a woman's opinion on this," he said. "Have you showed it to Miss Dalton? There's a fine womanly little girl."

"I'm going out and show it to her now," John Henry replied.

"Yes, you'd better. And tell me what she says."

It was after hours and, except for Myra Dalton, the office was deserted. John Henry sat down beside her.

"Myra," he said, "I've got it!"

"Got what?"

"That idea I promised you I'd have." He laid his advertising proofs before her. "Read that!"

She read. Her cheeks flushed and an angry light came into her eyes.

"Well?" asked John Henry as she finished.

"You're crazy—absolutely crazy!" she informed him.

"Yes, but ——"

"This—this is an insult—an insult to all women! Just because the women of to-day have a broader vision than women used to have, because they want to get more out of life than drudgery—slavery to some man—you have the effrontery to call them restless!"

"But—I only want to help them."

"Help them!" She took up her hat and pinned it on. "Do you suppose any mother worthy of the name would trust her precious baby to you—you and some prim, heartless trained nurse? A baby's place is at home."

"Alone?"

"A fine opinion you've got of women! I'm glad to find it out."

"I'm sorry. This is a serious matter for me. Everything I have in the world is at stake."

"I'm sorry, too, because you're going to lose it." She snatched up her coat and, lest he seek to help her with it, she carried it with her out of the room.

John Henry sat down at his desk. Already the clouds were gathering about his great venture. Was he crazy after all? Myra's attitude amazed him—flying off like that. And he had been going to take her with him to a department store in search of toys for the big play room on the third floor of the Children's Inn!

Mr. Camby emerged from the inner room on his way home.

"Ah—er—what did Miss Dalton say?" he inquired.

"She seemed annoyed," John Henry admitted.

"Precisely," said Mr. Camby. "My boy, it's not too late to turn back. Stay on with us. You seem to have ideas, but you need a balance wheel."

"Thank you, Mr. Camby," said John Henry. "But I'm going to show Miss Dalton. I'm going to show you too."

"All right, my boy," agreed Mr. Camby with amazing friendliness. "But if anything happens your job will still be here."

"Mighty good of you," murmured John Henry.

"Not at all. You've got ideas." And Mr. Camby went out.

John Henry gloomily donned his overcoat and sought the department store, where he was astounded by the price of toys.

The next morning, his last but one with the Phœnix people, he arrived early at the office. Myra Dalton was already there, clearing her desk in happy anticipation of a day's action. When she saw John Henry she came to him at once.

"Good morning," he said stiffly.

"Good morning." She smiled, and it was impossible for him to remain haughty and aloof. "I want to apologize for what I said yesterday," she went on. "I can't imagine why I flew off like that."

"Doesn't matter," said John Henry.

"Oh, yes, it does!" Her face was serious. "I worried about it nearly all night. I realized everything you have at stake, and what a good sport you are to risk all you have on an idea, and I felt that the least you had a right to expect from your friends was sympathy and understanding. Can you forgive me?"

"Without a struggle," smiled John Henry.

"That's sweet of you. Tell me what I can do to help."

"You might come up with me and look the inn over this evening," John Henry suggested. "Probably I've forgotten a lot of things that a woman would think of at once."

That night at dusk, when he had shown her all over his establishment, they came out and stood together on the veranda of the old Carter mansion. Below them twinkled the lights of the city John Henry hoped to convert to a new idea.

"I think it's darling," Myra said. "I'm sure it will be a big success."

"It's got to be," he told her. "It will be a hard pull at first, but I'll just keep hammering away, and in time I'll put it over. You must know, without my telling you, why I'm so anxious to make good."

"I don't believe I do."

HEINZ Apple Butter

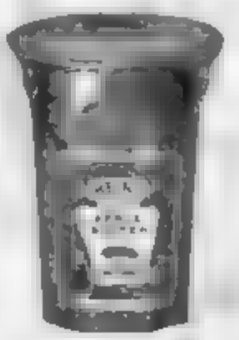
Remember, when you were a youngster, how good it tasted—that good old apple butter? Always on the table at meal time! Always a jar on the pantry shelf for between meals! You just heaped it on slices of bread—and loved it!

And remember all the good things Mother made with it—those goody-tarts, and cake and jelly roll fillings—the delicious omelettes—the dainty desserts with whipped cream on top?

The real liking for good apple butter will live forever—and you will never taste any quite so good as Heinz Apple Butter. Made in the spotless Heinz kitchens where only the best materials are used, Heinz Apple Butter is good and pure—as you may well know.

Some of the 57

Vinegars
Spaghetti
Baked Beans
Tomato Ketchup



All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

Many a president, general manager, plant engineer and shop foreman who once overlooked dollar-wasting trucking methods while saving production pennies, now is urging the increased use of Stuebing Lift Trucks.

Stuebing Lift Trucks do away with needless rehandling of materials and thus save from 60 to 80% of the labor required with ordinary trucks. They are built with capacities of from ½ to 8 tons, and fit in with any product and production schedule.

Such representative industries as Goodyear, Western Electric, International Harvester, Bush Terminal and Cadillac—companies who buy their shop transport equipment on demonstrated merit only—today are working fleets of up to 175 Stuebing Lift Trucks.

At Cincinnati Milling Machine Co one man rolls a Stuebing Lift Truck under a loaded platform, lifts it with an easy pull on the steering lever, quickly moves it to any location and lowers it safely to the floor

THE STUEBING TRUCK COMPANY
Cincinnati, Ohio

StueBing
LIFT TRUCK
SYSTEMS

"Myra! No, I won't say it—yet. But you wish me luck, don't you?"

"With all my heart!" she said softly.

"Better than a full-page ad," John Henry answered.

JOHN HENRY'S first announcement in the newspapers appeared as scheduled on the following Monday morning. It was greeted by a laugh of derision that ran from one end of the city to the other. Men stopped him on the street with what they considered witty comment. Old friends called him up to jibe at him.

"That's all right," he reflected. "Just hammer away—that's the secret. Tell 'em about it daily. The joke will wear off in time. Then the big moment when some woman, somewhere, simply has to find a place to leave the kids. She remembers the Children's Inn. The ball starts rolling." And he signed contracts for daily space in all the papers.

But it was rather disheartening—the reluctance of the ball to start. A week passed—two weeks. The register at the inn was still untouched by an entry. John Henry sat in his office, a very worried young man. He announced a reception day for mothers on which they might examine the facilities of his establishment. One would have thought there were no mothers in the town. John Henry began to doubt the power of the press—and then the pulling qualities of his advertising copy.

One day he met Tom Cooper on the street. Cooper asked him how the inn was going.

"Well, it's slow starting," admitted John Henry. "By the way, I expected to entertain your offspring long before this. Have you got a nursemaid, or doesn't Mabel feel tied down any more?"

"It's a funny thing," said Cooper. "I thought you'd got hold of a big idea—I really did. Several times I've suggested leaving the kids with you. But somehow—well, old man, I'm afraid your idea doesn't make much of a hit with the women."

John Henry's heart sank.

"Why not?" he asked. "Tom, you're a good advertising man—what's wrong with me?"

"Well, it's just a case of feminine psychology," Cooper answered. "Women may be restless, they may suffer from that tied-down feeling, but it makes 'em furious to have a mere man come along and talk about it. Right there, it seems to me, is the weak point in your armor. The only reaction your advertising has stirred up among the women is one of acute annoyance. They seem to think you're finding fault with them as mothers. And the idea appears to be that any woman who'd trust her children to you would be disgraced for life."

"Then I'm finished!" said John Henry. "I might as well close up shop."

"I'm telling you," Cooper said, "because it's possible you may be able to save yourself yet. I mean by taking an entirely new tack."

"For instance," suggested John Henry.

"Good Lord, I don't know! Who am I to tell you how to win the ladies? They're a mystery to me. Well, good luck."

"Ha, ha! Thanks," replied John Henry, and went sadly on his way.

To Myra Dalton, whom he saw frequently, he never admitted the imminence of his defeat. Things were going as well as he could expect, he said. He did not confess that he was sitting alone in his great house, save for the expert dietitian and the rather stern trained nurse, waiting for a business that declined to begin to commence. If Myra suspected she said nothing.

He had thought that his money would carry him along for two months at least, but the cost of getting started had been beyond his most generous estimates. On November thirtieth, the close of his first month, he sat in his office staring at a bank balance of two hundred and seventy-three dollars. To-morrow three hundred dollars would be due for rent.

Rising, he walked on tiptoe to the door and closed it tight. Then he reached for his telephone, called the Phoenix agency and asked for Mr. Camby. Miss Dalton answered. Trying to disguise his voice, John Henry demanded her chief.

"This is Jackson talking," he said, when he heard Mr. Camby, in a snappy, business-like mood, on the other end. "I called up to ask if you don't want to buy a half interest in the Children's Inn. Let you in on the ground floor—twenty-five hundred."

"Twenty-five hundred!" Camby repeated. "What are your profits so far?"

"Profits? Why -er—we're just getting started -"

"I don't want to be unkind, John Henry," said Camby, "but you're never going to get started. Your wild venture is a flivver—everybody knows that. Of course I'm not one to say I told you so."

"Of course not!"

"But you were all wrong from the start. I felt it. I said so, you may remember. Now close up and come back to your job."

"No, thanks. I'll stick it out a little longer."

"You're crazy!" snapped Mr. Camby, and hung up.

Stick it out? How? Again John Henry studied his bank balance. His venture was a failure—everybody knew it. He shut his lips tightly and began to construct an extra-large spread for the next morning's papers.

That advertisement brought his first response. A frivolous-looking woman appeared the next noon with two remarkably unattractive children, whom she desired to leave while she attended a bridge. John Henry was elated. But when, later in the day, she had collected her offspring and left with John Henry a soiled, unpleasant dollar bill, he knew that the ball had begun to roll too late. He was done for, finished!

He sat for a long time in his office facing facts. The rent was due. He couldn't pay it. The Children's Inn was doomed. One last long laugh at his expense and it would be a memory. Why hadn't he been warned by Myra's reception of his big idea? Why hadn't he listened to Camby? Too late now!

Well, he wouldn't go back to the Phœnix office. He would leave the city, strike out for himself somewhere else. Here the joke would stick to him all his life. If he had succeeded—ah, what a difference! Then he would have been a smart young fellow, a hustler, a man with big ideas. But his world had no use for the failure.

He closed his bank book and walked gloomily into the front hall. His employees must be given their notice of dismissal. Probably they would demand two weeks' pay. That would be pleasant!

Aimlessly he walked to a window and looked out. A plump, smiling little old lady was coming up the walk of the Children's Inn. John Henry met her at the door. She beamed at him genially through her spectacles.

"Can I see Mr. Jackson, the manager?" she said.

"You're looking at him," John Henry answered. In spite of his serious mood, he smiled. "Won't you come in and sit down?"

She perched on the edge of a chair.

"Might as well git acquainted," she said. "I'm Grandma Biddle—live down in Berea. Leastways, I did until a while ago, when I let my children drag me to the city. Ever been in Berea?"

"I'm afraid not."

"It's jest a little town—sort of homy—everybody knows everybody else. But lawsy, so much more friendly than a big city like this! I was born in Berea, and I married there. All my ten children was born there, too, an' the eight that lived I brought up in Berea. Turned out a credit to me, every last one of 'em. But they're married now—married and gone—and I'm lonesome. Of course there's the grandchildren, but trained nurses are terrible official."

"I see," smiled John Henry.

"No, I'm afraid you don't. I'm so long getting to it. I guess you understand, though. I love children—I want 'em round me. Seems like I ain't really happy unless I got one of 'em in my lap. An' when I read your advertisement, 'That's the place for me,' I says. 'That Children's Inn—it's a beautiful name.' I just pictured 'em to myself running about this place, getting into mischief—the little darlings! I guess you see what I mean—I want a job here. Scrubbing floors, anything, jest so you let me pet the children. I'd work for almost nothing."

John Henry was touched.

"I'm sorry," he said gently. "You've come to the wrong place. The Children's Inn is a failure. I'm closing up in a day or so. We've had only two guests since we opened."

"You poor child!" said the old lady. She beamed her pity. "You know, I was afraid of it. The advertisement was wrong somehow."

(Continued on Page 54)

MAXWELL

THE good Maxwell is built for practical-minded men and women. Its primary purpose is to save time and money. It encourages activity and discourages indulgence and laziness. It pays as it goes by keeping down the day-by-day costs of operation.

The Good Maxwell

MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY, INC.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

A Beautiful Home—
but *Look* at the Coal Window!

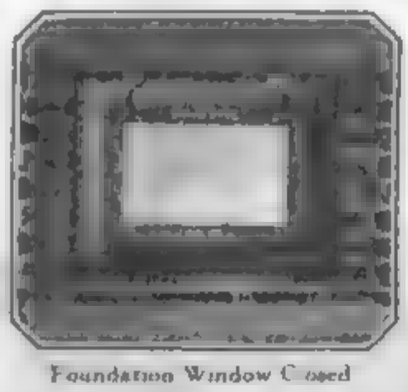
A BEAUTIFUL HOME disfigured by an ugly, unsightly coal window—battered and bruised every time coal was delivered! Ordinarily, in a home as good as this, there will be a MAJESTIC Coal Window—for architects *know* the value and advantages of it. But in countless other cases, this small detail is overlooked—with sad results—merely because no one happens to think of it.

Look at the coal window in *your* house! If it is an ordinary *frame* and *sash* window, the chances are it looks as bad as the one above. If it is a MAJESTIC Coal Window, this damage has been prevented—and you have a coal window in harmony with the appearance of your home.

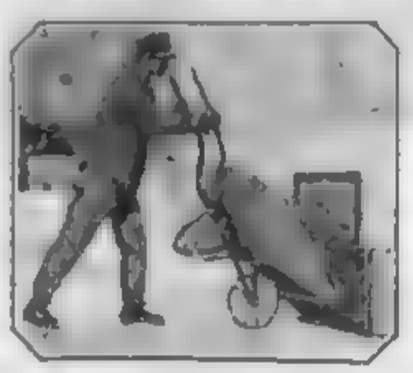
Majestic
Coal Window

1. Protects Against Damage 3 Lessens Depreciation
2 Enhances Property Value 4 Saves Money

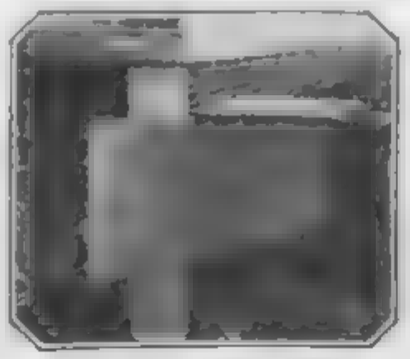
IF you are planning to build, don't fail to specify a MAJESTIC Coal Window. The additional cost is *so little* that when your building is finished you'll never know, from the standpoint of *cost*, whether you have a MAJESTIC Coal Window or not. But after your coal is put in—*you'll know the difference!*



Foundation Window Closed



Foundation Window In Use



Grade Line Chute Closed

The advantages are *so many*—and the cost *so small*—that every house or building should have a MAJESTIC Coal Window in the foundation. You can have one put in your present property *now*—and thus prevent completely any further damage or depreciation.

Grade Line Chutes

MAJESTIC Coal Chutes are made in styles and sizes for all types of houses and buildings. For example, the *Grade Line Chute* pictured below is for houses and buildings where there is little or no foundation above the ground. It is especially desirable in stores and office buildings.

MAJESTIC Coal Windows are recommended by architects and contractors everywhere. They are distributed by more than 3,000 hardware, builders' supply and lumber dealers. Write for your dealer's name and our building specialty catalog.

THE MAJESTIC CO., 311 Erie St., Huntington, Ind.

(Continued from Page 52)

"It must have been," John Henry admitted, and laughed bitterly.

Brilliant young advertising man, he was, when even Grandma Biddle could pick flaws in his copy!

"I'm afraid you jest rubbed the women the wrong way," the old lady continued. "They got the idea you was making fun of them. An' then that picture of a trained nurse—I hope you won't mind my talking this way—that's wrong too."

"It is?" asked John Henry with interest.

"Wrong as wrong," said Grandma Biddle gently. "A woman's reason ought to tell her a trained nurse is the proper person to leave her babies with. But land sakes, we ain't ruled by reason in this world! It's our emotions does it. An' the picture of that starched, prim, cross-looking woman—why, a mother would jest as soon leave her little one at a hospital for an operation as at your Children's Inn!"

"By Gad, I believe you're right!" John Henry cried.

"Do you think so?" the old lady asked. She fumbled in her voluminous skirt and found a pocket. Her plump little hand came out with a huge roll of bills. She held it out.

"Take this," she said.

"What is it?" asked the astonished John Henry.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," she replied. "The savings of a lifetime. Take it and let it buy an interest in this place. You and me together—we could make a go of it."

"Say, that's fine of you!" John Henry cried. "I—I appreciate it. But I wouldn't touch your money. No, sir! I've lost mine, but I'm not going to risk yours and probably lose that too."

"That's all right. My boys will take care of me."

"No, I couldn't. Not that I don't thank you—you're a dear, and no mistake." He stood staring at her. She had the most wonderful face, broad and kind and friendly. She had eyes that twinkled, and capable little hands, and a lap that was meant for climbing into. "I'll bet you make the most delicious cookies!" said John Henry suddenly.

"I used to when I had my own kitchen. My boys was so fond of them! I've got my receipt book—in my trunk," she finished wistfully.

For another long moment John Henry studied her face. And in that moment his brilliant scheme was born. He reached out for the money.

"I'll take it," he said. "It entitles you to a half interest in the inn. We'll put that down on paper later on. I just want to say that if we fail I'll pay it back to you, so much a week. But we won't fail, because you've solved my difficulties, Grandma Biddle—you certainly have!"

"That's fine!" said Grandma Biddle. "Just wait here till I get my hat and coat."

He went to a closet and put them on. Returning, he seized the old lady by the hand. "Come on, we're going downtown!" he cried.

"What for?" she asked.

"We're going down to have your picture taken," John Henry said.

Two days later John Henry sat in his office staring at his newest advertisement. At the top, in place of the trained nurse, was a portrait of Grandma Biddle, smile and spectacles and all. It was a face that inspired confidence, affection. It carried one back. One could fairly smell cookies baking! Underneath, John Henry followed his new hunch:

THE CHILDREN'S INN

GRANDMA BIDDLE, MANAGER

Grandma Biddle wishes to announce that she has taken over from Mr. John Henry Jackson the management of the Children's Inn, which will continue at the same address. Mr. Jackson may have been all right as a business manager, but land sakes, what should a man know about children! Grandma Biddle knows all about them. She brought up eight of her own, and she loves all children, everywhere. Seems like she isn't happy without a dozen of 'em in her lap.

MOTHERS, ARE YOU ALL TIRED OUT?

Grandma Biddle understands, as no man ever can or will, what hard work it is to keep a home going nowadays. Sometimes you feel completely done up. And no wonder! If a man had half your worries and responsibilities, he'd curl up and die! Bring your problems to Grandma Biddle. She'll be delighted to take the children off your hands now and then. They'll get the same love and care they would on a visit to their own grandmother's house. They'll learn to come back.

FRESH EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY—GRANDMA BIDDLE'S DELICIOUS COOKIES!

COME AND LEAVE THE CHILDREN IN GRANDMA BIDDLE'S LAP

THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL THE TOTS IN TOWN!

John Henry leaped to his feet and feverishly walked the floor.

"By the Lord Harry," he cried, "I think I've hit it now!"

IV

WHERE is the man who can chart and explain the psychology of the mob? In the days that followed John Henry was vouchsafed a faint glimmer of understanding that was to make him a better advertising man thenceforth. He discovered that by completely eliminating himself from public connection with the inn and substituting Grandma Biddle he had performed a master stroke.

From the first women had resented John Henry. They had visualized him as a flippant young man making light of their problems. When he talked about their restlessness, their hunger for freedom, they felt that, intentionally or not, he was ridiculing them.

But Grandma Biddle! Grandma showed daily in the advertisements new understanding of woman's tasks and worries. She was so sympathetic! Most important of all, her picture remained in the reader's mind long after the newspaper was cast aside. She had such a friendly face, filled with a desire to help, eloquent with compassion!

It was that picture did the trick. Grandma Biddle became in the public mind a real personality, the ideal guardian for the children of harassed mothers who simply must have, now and then, the diversion of a shopping tour, a bridge, a matinée or a dance at the country club.

Almost from the appearance of the first advertisement announcing the change of management little guests began to appear at the inn. Grandma received them at the door with a welcoming smile that was balm to an anxious mother's heart. John Henry and the trained nurse remained discreetly in the background. The latter, haughty at being supplanted by an unscientific old lady, had given notice, but John Henry was not worried. He knew it would be easy to replace her. Only Grandma Biddle was essential to success.

During the week preceding Christmas, when frantic women were combing the department stores, the business of the inn touched capacity. Strangely enough, there was no after-the-holidays lull. Tom and Mabel Cooper brought their pair of whirlwind terrors in for a two weeks' stay. They were going to New York, they announced, on what they proposed to make an annual honeymoon.

"Well, John Henry," Cooper said, "you've put it over. I knew you could if you just hit the right note. But where in the world did you find Grandma Biddle?"

"The Lord sent her to me," smiled John Henry.

"Lucky lad!" said Cooper.

When John Henry met Myra Dalton, as he frequently did, she did not need to ask how his venture was going. Its success was written in his face. She grew sweeter with every passing day, he told himself, and eagerly studied his profits, longing for the moment when he should be her equal at the bank and could ask her to give up that weekly pay envelope and accept him in its place.

He never realized so completely his success as the day he met Mr. Camby at the luncheon hour in the leading hotel. Mr. Camby seized his hand with vigor, and his admiration was not concealed.

"Congratulations!" he cried. "You've made good, and no mistake! But then I always said you would."

"So you did," laughed John Henry. "By the way, we entertained a couple of your grandchildren the other day."

"I know you did, and they've been teasing ever since to come back. My wife is actually jealous of Grandma Biddle. She tried to bake some cookies herself, but they didn't come through very well."

"Really?"

"In a way," said Mr. Camby, "I'm sorry you've put the inn over. I was sort

(Continued on Page 56)

Hudson Super-Six $2400

You Rank Hudson With the Few Really Great Cars. But Do You Realize How Much Less It Costs Than They?

Instinctively you group Hudson with the few cars that all men acknowledge truly great.

But do you compare its price with theirs?

That contrast is the emphasis of Hudson value.

Hudson does nôt expect undivided acknowledgment in leadership. Though in the regard of more than 100,000 owners it holds that position without dispute. Five years as the world's largest selling fine car proves this no transient favoritism, but a time-seasoned judgment.

Today's Market Shows Its Price Advantage

Is not even greater appreciation assured to Hudson value now that price is again so important an issue? Hudson owners proudly maintain greater expenditure for any car is not justified.

Remember, that heretofore, among fine cars, price was not a decisive factor with a large number of buyers. Hudson won its leadership because of its performance and reliability —not because it was least expensive of the really great cars. That is a judgment on which all may unite. It is proved by official records.

Today's market cannot fail to emphasize the Hudson price advantage. Men are examining more critically. They are buying with much more vigilance of value received for dollars spent. They will not sacrifice quality, fine performance or their accustomed car comfort and distinction to save money.

But neither are they longer in a mood to imagine advantages merely because a car is priced high.

So Hudson Welcomes This Competitive Market

Regardless of your ability to buy any car you choose, consider if you can find justification of price in a costlier car than Hudson. Compare every quality. You will admit many superiorities in the Super-Six that no other car equals.

Years of service in a multiplied ownership take strictest account of a car's right to leadership. Men measure its true place from the vantage of daily intimacy and use.

In the light of this owner constancy, and of the innumerable Hudson proofs that have never been rivalled, does not the Hudson price advantage give it unusual interest in today's competitive market?

Because of curtailed production, many foresee an early shortage of wanted cars. In view of Hudson's advantage in quality and price, it would seem advisable to place your order at once.

7 Passenger Phaeton . . $2400 *4 Passenger Phaeton . . $2400* *Sedan . . $3400* *Coupé . . $3275*
Cabriolet . . $3000 *Touring Limousine . . $3625* *Limousine . . $4000*
F. O. B. DETROIT

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(5014)

HARVEY GIBSON
president, Liberty National Bank, New York, writes for March SYSTEM

Have you "forgotten" how to make money?

IT is clear to one banker what is wrong with many businesses today—they've forgotten the elementary rules of the game. "That's the cause of half of the refinancing," says Harvey Gibson; "that's why, with orders few and prices dropping, so many men lose their heads." In March SYSTEM Gibson brings out these easily overlooked policies so essential to steady profits for any business, large or small.

Where to cut costs! No great problem if you practise the first of Gibson's rules. You do not have to slash blindly and perhaps cripple the very operation that will restore good business. Outgo exceeding income! Gibson's second policy prepares for this in advance. By interesting examples he suggests how to insure against emergencies; how to know what are proper expenses and what are not; which moves, in times like these, will put a business ahead of competition for years to come.

SYSTEM tells what to do today in business—policies and principles; then how to carry policies out—plans and methods. Two hundred thousand business men use SYSTEM every month to exchange their best ideas. In the March issue are 26 timely experience-articles. You get them all for a quarter.

ON ALL NEWSSTANDS

SYSTEM
The Magazine of Business

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(Continued from Page 54)

of hoping we'd get you back some day. No hope of that, I suppose?"

"Well, hardly," John Henry told him.

"No, I suppose not." Mr. Camby seemed crestfallen. "Well, all the luck in the world, my boy."

He went on his way. John Henry smiled at his broad back. Camby was a worshiper of success.

If he had failed there would have been none of this warm eagerness to have him return to the Phœnix agency. And how close he had been to failing!

But he was far from it now. The January business at the inn was splendid. John Henry had an opportunity to acquire a secondhand automobile, and he took a step he had been contemplating for some time. It was not always convenient for parents to escort their little ones to the door of the inn.

Then, too, there was the problem of getting the older guests to and from school. So these lines were added to the advertising.

OUR MOTOR BUS GOES INTO COMMISSION ON MONDAY
DRIVEN BY A CAREFUL, COMPETENT MAN
CHILDREN CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED

On the first of March John Henry sat in his office computing his February profits. He had cleared more than six hundred dollars, and this in the shortest month of the year! Half to Grandma Biddle, half to himself—and what did that mean? It meant that, financially, he was Myra Dalton's equal at last; that he could go to her and ask her to give up her job for John Henry Jackson!

He called her up and invited her to dinner. She graciously accepted. This was the moment of John Henry's triumph, and he was enjoying it to the full. As an afterthought, he wrote a check for half the profits and, hunting up Grandma Biddle, laid it before her.

"What's all this?" she asked, studying it through her spectacles.

"Your profits for last month—that's all it is. Of course we ought to hold 'em to the end of the year, but I thought perhaps you'd feel safer ——"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Grandma Biddle, handing back the check. "I don't want it! The salary you pay me is enough. And besides ——"

She stopped and looked at him queerly.

"What?"

"I never was much of a fibber," went on the old lady. "But then—it wasn't a fib, as I remember. I said the money was the savings of a lifetime, but I didn't say whose lifetime."

"You mean that twenty-five hundred wasn't yours?"

"Land sakes, of course it wasn't mine!"

"Then whose was it?"

"You got to find that out yourself. I've said too much already. I'm afraid she won't like it."

"She!" John Henry went back to his desk and for a long time sat lost in thought. "She?" Who was his silent partner in this enterprise? For the first time he realized how pat, how opportune, was Grandma Biddle's appearance with twenty-five hundred dollars on the day after he had called up Mr. Camby and offered him a half interest in the Children's Inn for precisely that sum.

Camby hadn't sent her. Some mysterious she—John Henry's heart sank. Loving a business woman was a good deal of an undertaking.

He tore up the check made out to Grandma Biddle and wrote another. Fifteen minutes later he strode into the office of the Phœnix Advertising Agency and up to Myra Dalton's desk. He laid the check before her.

"What's this?" she asked innocently.

"That," said John Henry, "represents your profits on the Children's Inn for the month of February. You're half owner, you know—or is it news to you?"

"Then Grandma Biddle's told!"

"Not precisely. She put me on the track, however, and I'm glad she did. It would have been too bad to let me go on thinking that my brains had put this thing over when all the time it was you."

"John Henry, don't be absurd! I did send Grandma Biddle to you—that's true. I used to know her down in Berea, and I thought of her merely as a means of getting my money to you—of helping you. I never dreamed that you could write such wonderful advertising around her, that you could change the whole course of your business from failure to success. It was your man's brains did that, John Henry—real advertising brains. Mr. Camby said so himself."

John Henry smiled.

"You're kidding me," he said. "But I sort of like it."

"Oh, no, I'm not!"

"Yes, you are. But it doesn't matter. What matters is that all the time I thought I was getting ahead of you you were pulling along right at my side, and I never knew it. But, by golly, I'm not licked yet!"

It was five o'clock; the office force was leaving.

"Will you wait here till I come back?"

John Henry's partner in the inn smiled and nodded.

"I'll wait," she said.

The door of Camby's office stood open, and John Henry passed on into the great man's room.

Mr. Camby was in the act of putting on his overcoat. He gave it one final shake about his portly form and came forward, all smiles.

"Hello, John Henry, this is an honor! How's the inn?"

"Booming as usual," said John Henry. "Mr. Camby, I'd like to ask your advice about something."

"Certainly, my boy, certainly!"

"The fact is," John Henry went on, "I'm not needed at the inn any more. The staff I have there can more than manage things. A little attention to advertising and accounts—say, an hour's work each evening or a full Saturday afternoon—will take care of my end of it. I feel in the way there during the day—just sit in my office and read newspapers. So I'm looking about for more worlds to conquer. I'm going to start other inns later, but the time isn't propitious. So I've been thinking of setting up for myself—an advertising agency, you know."

Mr. Camby came quickly over and laid a hand on John Henry's shoulder. He seemed hurt.

"My boy, why do that? You know we want you here. I'll start you at a hundred a week."

"Yes, but I rather like being my own master."

"Make it five hundred a month. And all the time you need for the inn you can take off, and welcome. Come, what do you say?"

"All right, I'll try it. When do I start?"

"Next Monday?"

"Suits me," smiled John Henry.

Mr. Camby took down his hat, and the two left the inner office together. John Henry stopped at Myra Dalton's desk. His hour of triumph had come! He waited until the door closed behind Mr. Camby. The two were alone.

"Well, Myra," said John Henry, "I'm coming here to work next Monday—at a big advance. Of course I'll still handle things at the inn. I can do that nights. This is a big moment for me. At last I'm making more money than you are, counting the inn and everything."

"Money!" she said. "What does money matter?"

"It matters a lot these days. Besides, I had my pride. I couldn't come to you and offer you a share in an income smaller than yours; but that's all fixed now, so I want to tell you that I—er—love you. When will you marry me, honey?"

He waited for her to stand up so he could take her in his arms. Instead she leaned over her desk and burst into bitter tears.

"Why, wha—what's the matter?" John Henry asked. Somehow the thing wasn't going right.

"Matter!" she sobbed. "Has any girl ever had such an unsatisfactory courtship? Money, money, money! Is there nothing else in the world any more? What do I care about money? You've never once told me I'm the dearest girl that ever lived. You've never once said you worship the very ground I walk on. My hair—boys have told me I have beautiful hair. Have you ever noticed it? Do you miss me when we're separated? Do you ——"

"But, Myra, I thought all that sort of thing had gone out of fashion!" John Henry cried. "You've always seemed so efficient, so businesslike ——"

"You poor blind thing! Can't you see, I'm really just an old-fashioned woman—and I want to be loved—I want to be loved by a human being—not by a business man."

"All right," said John Henry, "I can love you that way, too, if you prefer it."

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PAIGE

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

The Fastest Stock Car in the World

On January 21st, the Paige, Daytona Model, 6-66 broke every stock car record for speed when it covered a measured mile in 35.01 seconds—a speed of 102.8 miles an hour.

This marvelous feat was accomplished on the sand beach at Daytona, Florida, and both the time and stock car checking are officially attested by the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association.

Today, therefore, Paige stands as the unquestioned stock car champion of the World. And, what is even more, the entire line of Paige 6-66 models is revealed as the most important engineering development of the age.

Take just one demonstration in any 6-66 model and judge it from the standpoints of power, speed, acceleration, spring suspension and general motor efficiency.

Get the facts—actual lapsed time of the tests—and make a record on the demonstration card furnished by our dealer.

Then take a second demonstration in any other car, at any price, and compare the results. That is all we ask.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, *Michigan*

Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

Sleep in Faultless!
Greet each day with renewed vigor and ambition, and a spirit of eager anticipation!
Comfortable sleep is absolutely essential to physical well being.
Faultless nightwear above all is comfortable. It is made of soft, sleep-inducing materials — cut on body-conforming lines—roomy without being cumbersome.
Faultless is a skillful combination of Comfort and Style. Well finished garments of quality fabrics, attractively trimmed with silk frogs and pearl buttons, assure you perfect style.
Your guarantee of proper fit is the size mark woven into the Faultless neckband label.
Faultless pajamas may be had in a variety of materials. Warm, cozy flannelette, inviting lighter weight cotton fabrics, and charming colorful silk and silk mixtures.
1871 1921
Faultless
Pajamas & Night Shirts
"The Most Wear of a Nation!"

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"You! Don't be foolish, John Henry! You haven't got a spark of romance in you! Now, please go away!"

"Then you won't marry me?"

"Marry you! I'd as soon marry a certified check!"

"Oh!" said John Henry.

He looked so dazed and woebegone that she smiled up at him through her tears.

"On second thought," she said, "I'll give you a trial—a six months' trial. But you'll have to show speed as a lover you've never shown before. You must tell me daily that you can't live without me. You must say it as though you meant it. You must talk about the moon and the poets and my eyes like twin pools of light, and—and if you mention money once in that time I'll run away and you'll never see me again. Is it a go?"

"Anything you say, honey," replied John Henry humbly. "I have been a mighty poor excuse in the Romeo rôle, I know. Please don't put those silly spectacles on again—your eyes are wonderful. I was thinking of them only this afternoon, when I should have been figuring up—I mean, all at once I seemed to be looking into them, and it was thrilling! Now, we're going to dinner, and afterwards we'll walk home together—just you and I and the stars." He got down on his knees on the dusty floor.

"Walk over me," he said. "I deserve it. Darling, I've got to make you understand how much I care. Of all the girls since the world began, you are the sweetest, the most precious."

"Not so bad, for a beginner," smiled Myra Dalton. "But can you keep it up for six months?"

"Forever!" he cried.

Still on his knees, he seized her hand and kissed it. Mrs. Grogan, the cleaner, who entered at that moment to do the office, said afterwards that it was as good as the movies.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Welcomed to Our City

NOWADAYS when a movie star of positively first magnitude—Charlie, Doug or Mary—dashes eastward across the continent to get some New York clothes or a mess of blue-point oysters or what not the progress takes on the nature of a swing round the circle by a President. The movie stars say that the publicity men of the railroad company telegraph ahead to the towns along the line that the cinema celebrity is coming. The railroad men say that the star's publicity bureau also is not averse to wiring ahead to Ragweed Center and all points east the exact minute of the celluloid celebrity's arrival.

Regardless of who is responsible for keeping the news of the star's progress always several jumps ahead of the locomotive, the fact remains that a large part of the town's population is on the station platform at each stop, and the star must come out on the car steps and shake hands with all admirers not ground to death beneath the wheels. Business is business, even in the world of æsthetics.

"And when it comes to a change of engines"—Doug Fairbanks is speaking, himself, personally, in the flesh—"or there is a wait for any other reason in a town, the fool hullabaloo becomes a regular function.

"The biggest of these uproars happened in a town just west of the Mississippi when Mary and I were on our way to New York last summer to take a boat to England. When our train pulled into the station of the little town everybody was on hand except the bedridden. Then when it became known that on account of some trouble ahead of us on the line our train would have to remain at the station for three or four hours the town, I think, hurried home and came back with the bedridden also. At any rate in a short time the platform crowd included three persons, two women and a man, blanketed and stretched out on cots.

"The moving spirits of a local woman's organization grabbed Mary and hurried her away to be guest of honor at some sort of impromptu affair or other in their clubrooms. But the town didn't absolutely ignore me. After I had shaken hands with the contents of the town's directory at least twice and had been compelled to shin up to the roof of the station, stand on my head on the roof ridge—generally lavishing high art upon them freely, up to but not including the invitation of the station agent to strip to the waist and show the crowd what muscles I had, if any—then with much ceremony I was taken under the personal wing of the town's first citizen.

"From his dress I at first took him to be a clergyman. From his own lips, however, I soon learned that he owned the three-story department store in Main Street—including the annex, consisting of a furniture store and undertaking establishment—and ran the coal, wood, builders' supplies and feed emporium near the railroad tracks, and was president of the local institution known as the First National Bank of North America. To have a man like that give his afternoon to you was practically the same as having all commerce cease for the day.

"After the last of the handshaking the first citizen took my arm and announced that he would first take me to see someone, I gathered, named Otto. Otto, I supposed, was probably his small son. Instead he led me to a snappy touring car.

"'Here we are, Mr. Fairbanks. Step right into my Otto,' he said. He climbed into his Otto's tonneau with me, and then standing up and facing the crowd pressing against the off side of Otto he broke the big news of the day to me.

"'Mr. Fairbanks,' he said in a voice that carried to the people on the roofs across the street, 'I am first going to show you through our leading department store, our bank, churches and similar institutions of which our thriving town is justly proud. After that we'll take a run out in my Otto to see our country club. And finally'—and here he dropped his voice until only about nine-tenths of the multitude could hear him—'I'm going to welcome you right into my own home, and in spite of the—er—business you are in I'm going to introduce you to my mother, wife and datter.'"

He Voiced Her Thought

NOW that the Prince of Wales has rested somewhat from his American tour and has had time to digest his experiences among a free-born people, one can well credit some of the good-natured reminiscences and anecdotes of his trip which, so London says, the Prince is relating with gusto to his friends.

One of the most recent of these comments attributed to the English heir apparent had to do with the frequency with which Americans addressed him directly as "Prince," or even "Say, Prince."

"They Princed me so much," he is quoted as saying, "that after a little while I felt that instead of speaking I should bark."

And of all the remarks made to him by Americans the most amusing to him, he is further quoted as saying, occurred in the course of a function given in his honor during his brief visit to our Western coast. On that occasion the Prince told one of the matrons directing the affair that he would be delighted to meet a particularly attractive young lady, who for some time had been gazing his way from afar. The pretty girl was brought forward and presented to royalty.

"I confess, Miss Blank," the Prince said gallantly to the young lady, "that I have been watching you with interest all evening."

Explosively, fervently, the Western girl made reply.

"Prince," she said, "when it comes to watching, you sure got nothing on me!"

Refining the "Finest"

WHILE holding office as Commissioner of Accounts of New York City Raymond Fosdick got his first experience as an investigator of police conditions, an experience which prompted him to make a study of police conditions in many cities as soon as his term of office had expired.

Armed with a letter from "the best police commissioner New York ever had," Mr. Fosdick one day presented himself and his letter from Col. Arthur Woods before the new chief of police of a fair-sized Middle-West town.

The head of the local "finest," Mr. Fosdick found, was the ideal police chief of crook plays and cartoonists in the flesh—towering, broad of shoulder and fierce of features, heavy jowls of bluish tinge, walrus mustache and a voice like a distant thunderstorm that is suffering from bronchitis.

"Sort of associated with Arthur Woods, eh?" rumbled the big chief to young Mr. Fosdick. "Well, son, if you was mixed up with Woods in straightenin' out the New York force, like they say Woods done, I'm mighty glad you didn't get to lookin' into our local force here any sooner than now.

"So far, Mr. Fosdick, I been on this job as chief only about a month, and things here when I took hold was turrible. Turrible ain't the half of it, Mr. Fosdick! I'd certainly be ashamed if you was to see the force like it was the way I found it—and no excuse for the conditions either. I've cleaned up the whole mess without stirrin' from this desk."

"What was your problem, chief?" Mr. Fosdick asked hopefully. "And how did you tackle it?"

"Problem was the same as is always the problem in police matters, son. Politics—that was the problem. And so first off I get a report on every man on the force, and next few weeks I done nothin' but sit right here, cleanin' up, straightenin' out, like I hear you fellows done in the big town. Simplest thing in the world. I fired the wrong kind and kept the right kind, that's all. And now I got the force the way it had ought to been in the first place. To-day," bellowed the big chief with a triumphant bang of his fist on the desk, "this town's got a police force which they ain't a damn Republican left on it!"

As Per Instructions

ONE of the many trials that tend to make editors and publishers prematurely gray is embodied in the family friend or social acquaintance who confides that he—frequently she—has more or less clandestinely written ever so many stories. The inference is, of course, that the editor man may have the masterpieces for publication—and for a consideration. The least the unfortunate editor is asked to do is to look the efforts over and give a perfectly honest criticism.

There was the editor of a magazine published in New York who recently had unloaded upon him in this way three amateurish—very—stories written by the débutante daughter of one of the editor's oldest friends. Patiently the editor read through the three hopeless manuscripts to the bitter end. He tried to soften the blow of returning the yarns by inclosing a letter filled with helpful advice.

"And finally, Miss Blank," his letter concluded, "let me suggest that you try to make your stories move faster, especially in their earlier stages. In these stories which you have been good enough to show me you begin, always, with almost endless paragraphs describing the scenery, the sort of day the plot selected to start on. Too much about the sunlight. Too much weather. Try, either by incident or characterization, to get some pep, punch into your yarns right from the kick-off."

Back came one of the stories within a week. The new version now began, "The day on which the burglary, double murder and suicide were that night dawned sunnily."

Passing the Buck

AN EMINENT director of our theater leaned across the aisle of a darkened Broadway theater one morning in the course of the rehearsal of a new drama by Augustus Thomas and addressed the playwright.

"Gus," rumbled the producer in the commanding tones of one who wants what he wants when he wants it, "right here is the part of the act I was sayin' last night to you ought to be livened up. Stick some jazz in here. Right away I want you to put in at this point five or six wallopin' funny lines."

"Quite so," replied Mr. Thomas without enthusiasm. "For instance?"

Does Your Boy Have This Opportunity?

THE Bicycle Clubs all over this country are contributing more to the young manhood of America than almost anything else. They offer the cleanest, most invigorating form of sport and exercise. By their trips to places of historical and civic interest they offer a wealth of education.

Does your boy own a bicycle? Has he the opportunity to become a member of one of these clubs? Does he have the glorious chance to develop himself physically and mentally in the happy way a bicycle brings?

The cost of operating a bicycle is practically nothing. Its value to your boy cannot be measured by the small initial price. The clear, steady eye—active, alert mind and clean, healthy body of a bicycle boy or girl are beyond valuation.

Give your boy a bicycle. If there isn't a club in his neighborhood, inspire him to be the organizer. And you'll find a wonderful source of pleasure if you'll lead them on some trips yourself—riding your own bike with the best of them. See a bicycle dealer now and talk it over.

Ride a Bicycle

CYCLE TRADES OF AMERICA, *Inc., 35 Warren Street, New York City, U. S. A.*

A motor truck might be made that would be a "Chinese copy" of a Reo Speed Wagon so far as outward appearances were concerned. ¶ Every dimension and specification might duplicate that of a Reo. ¶ But it wouldn't be a Reo—nor would it compare in sturdiness, dependability, longevity and low upkeep with a Reo. ¶ Lacking that "Honesty of Purpose" which is the fundamental of the Reo Speed Wagon—it could not fulfill our promises, nor meet your expectations.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY ✦ LANSING, MICHIGAN

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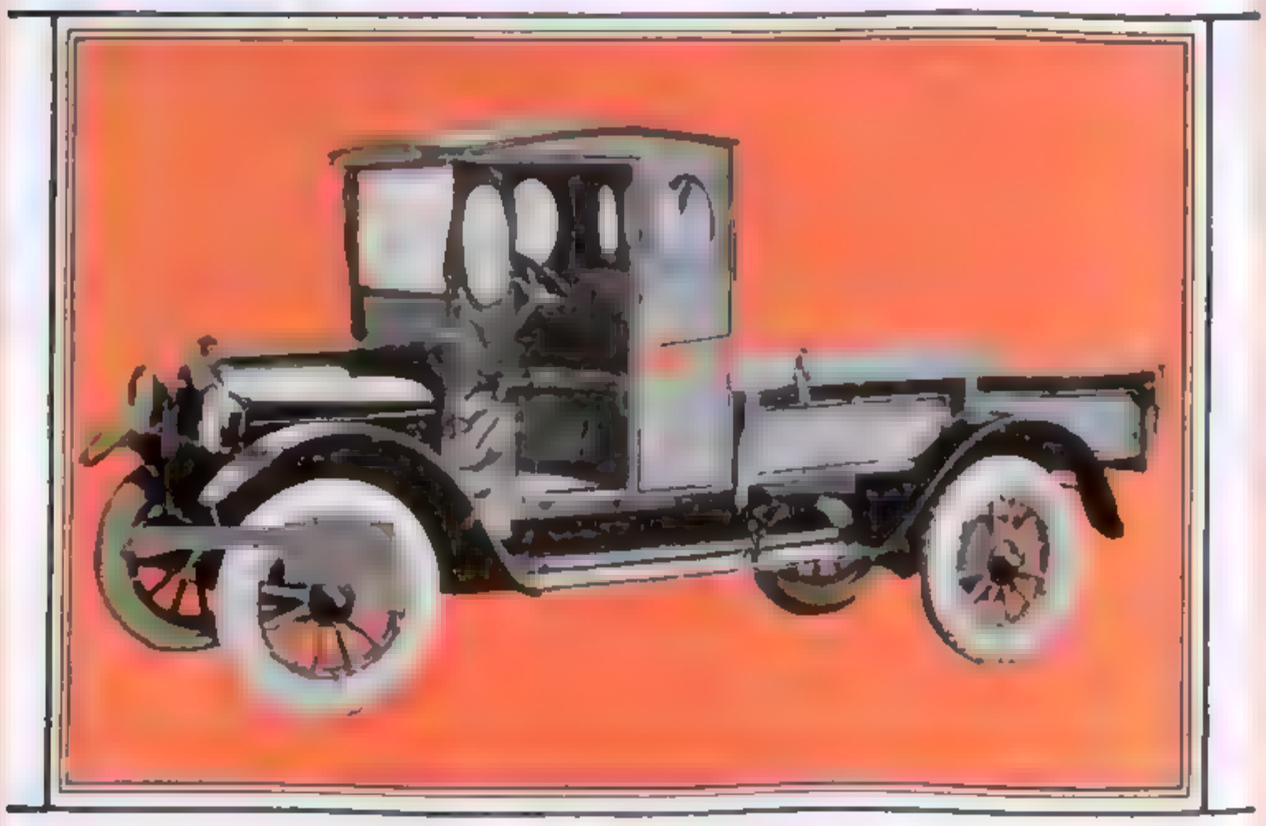


REO SPEED WAGON

TWO AND TWO

(Continued from Page 29)

All the way up the stairs, Skeet following, I was trying to swing my rather heavy wits round to take advantage of this new development. So far, Ina Vandeman's voice, imitated by Barbara Wallace, and recognized by Chung and Jim Edwards, possibly by Worth, had been my lead in this direction. If more than one woman spoke in that voice—where would it take me?

I'd got no adjustment before I was ushered into a large, dim room, and confronted by a figure in a reclining chair by the window. Here, in spite of years and illness, were the same good looks and thoroughbred courage that seemed to characterize the women of this family. Mrs. Thornhill greeted me in Ina Vandeman's very tones, a little high-pitched for real sweetness, full of a dominating quality, and she showed a composure I had not expected.

To Skeet, standing by, watching to see that her mother didn't overdo in talking to me, she said, "Dear, go downstairs. Jane's left her dinner on the range and gone to the grocery. You look after it while she's away."

When we were alone she lay back in her chair, eyes closed, or seemingly so, and made her statement. She'd been in her daughter's room only twice between the reception and that daughter's departure.

"But the room was full of other people." A glimmer between lashes. "I could give you the names of those others."

"Thank you," I said. "Mrs. Vandeman has already done that. I've seen them all."

"You've seen them—all?" A long, furtively drawn breath.

Then her eyes slowly opened and fixed themselves on me. Relief was there, yet something stricken, as they traveled over me from my gray thatch to my big feet.

"Now, Mrs. Thornhill," I said, "aside from those two visits to your daughter's room, where were you that evening?"

A slow flush crept into her thin cheeks. The unreadable eyes that were traveling over Jerry Boyne stopped suddenly and held him with a quiet stare.

"I understood it was my daughter's movements on that evening you wished to trace, Mr. Boyne," she said slowly. "It would be difficult to trace mine. Really I had so much on my hands with the reception and inefficient help ——" She broke off, her eyes never leaving my own, even as she added smoothly, "It would be very, very difficult."

There is an effect in class almost like the distinction of race. These women spoke a baffling language; their psychology was hard for me. If there was something hid up among them that ought to be uncovered by diplomacy and delicate indirection it would take a smarter man than the one who stood in my Number Tens to do it.

"Mrs. Thornhill," I said, "you did leave the house. You went to Mr. Gilbert's study. The shot that killed him left you a nervous wreck, so that you can't hear a tire blowout without reënacting in your mind the scene of that murder. You'll talk now."

"You think I will? Talk to you?"—very low and quiet, eyes once more closed.

"Why not? It's got to come; here in your own home, with me—or I'll have to put you where you'll be forced to answer questions."

"Oh, you threaten me, do you?" Her eyes flashed open and looked at me, hard as flint. "Very well. I'll answer no questions as to what happened on the evening of Thomas Gilbert's death, except in the presence of Worth Gilbert, his son."

My retirement down the Thornhill stairs, made with such dignity as I could muster, was in fact a panic flight. Halfway, Cora Thornhill all but finished me by looking out from the living room and calling in Ina Vandeman's voice, "Erne, show Mr. Boyne out, won't you?"

Ernestine completed the job when she answered—in Ina Vandeman's voice, also—"Yes, dear; I will."

It was only the scraps of me that she civilly swept through the front door. I stood on the porch and mopped my brow. Across there at the Gilbert place was Worth himself, charging round the grounds with Vandeman and a lot of other decorators, pruning shears in hand, going for a thicket of bamboos that shut off the vegetable garden. At one side Barbara stood alone, looking, it seemed to me, rather depressed. I made for her.

She met me with "I know what you've been doing. Skeet came to me about it while Ina was phoning home from the country club."

"Well—she should worry! I've just finished with her list. Got an unbreakable alibi."

"She would have." Barbara said listlessly. "She wasn't at the study that evening."

"Huh! I worked on your tip that she was."

Barbara had pulled off the little stitched hat she wore; yet the deep flush on her cheeks was neither from sun nor an afternoon's hard work. It and the quick straightening of her figure, the lift of her chin, had to do with me and my activities.

"Mr. Boyne"—the black eyes came round to me with a sparkle—"do you suspect me of trying to pay off a spite on Ina Vandeman?"

"Good Lord—no!" I exploded. "And, anyhow, I've just found that what you imitated and Chung recognized might as well have been the mother's voice as the daughter's."

"Yes," she assented. "Any one of the family—under stress of emotion." Then suddenly: "And why do I tell you that? You'll not get from it what I do. I ought never to have mixed up my kind of mental work with other people's. I'd promised my own soul that I would never make another deduction. Then Worth came and asked me—that night at Tait's. I might say now that I never will any more." She broke off, storm in her eyes and in her voice as she finished: "But I suppose if he wanted me to again—I'd make a little fool of myself for his amusement, just as I did this time and have done all these other times!"

"I'll not ask anything more of you, Barbara," I said to her hastily, confused and abashed before the glimpse she'd given me of her heart. "Except that I beg you to stay good friends with Cummings. That man hates Worth. If you turned him down now—say, for the ball, or anything like that—he'd be twice as hard for us to handle. Keep him a passive enemy instead of an active one, as long as he seems to find it necessary to hang round Santa Ysobel."

"You know what's holding Mr. Cummings here, don't you?" She glanced somberly past the bamboo gatherers to where we saw a gray corner of the study with its pink ivy-geranium blossoms atop. "Mr. Cummings is held here by two steel bolts—the bolts on those study doors. Until he finds how they can be moved through an inch of planking he'll not leave Santa Ysobel."

She'd put it in a nutshell. And I couldn't let him beat me to it. I'd got to get the jump on him.

XXIV

I HAD all set for next morning—my roadster at Capehart's for repair, old Bill tipped off that I didn't want anyone but Eddie Hughes to work on it; and, to add to my satisfaction, there arrived in my daily grist from the office the report that they had Skeels in jail at Tia Juana.

"Well, Jerry, old socks," Worth hailed my news as I followed out to his car, where he was starting for San Francisco, and going to drop me at the Capehart garage, "some luck! If Skeels is in jail at Tia Juana, and what I'm after to-day turns out right, we may have both ends of the string."

Pink and white were the miles of orchards surrounding Santa Ysobel, pink and white nearly all the dooryards, every tree its own little carnival of bloom with bees for guests. Already the streets were full of life, double the usual traffic. As we neared the Capehart cottage, on its quiet side street about half a block from the garage, there was Barbara under the apple boughs at the gate, talking to some man whose back was to us. She bowed; I answered with a wave toward the garage; but Worth scooted us past without, I thought, once glancing her way, sent the roadster across Main, where he should have stopped and let me out, went on and into the highway at a clip which rocked us.

"Was that Cummings?"—holding my hat on.

No answer that I could hear, while we made speed toward San Francisco. And still no word was spoken until we had outraged the sensibilities of all whose bad luck it was to meet us, those whom we passed going at a more reasonable pace, scared a team of work horses into the ditch, and settled down to a steady whiz.

We were getting away from Santa Ysobel a good deal farther and a good deal faster than I felt I could afford. I took a chance and remarked, to nobody in particular, and in a loud voice, "I asked Barbara not to make a break with Cummings; it would be awkward for us now if she did."

"Break?" Worth gave me back one of my words.

"Yes. I was afraid she might throw him down for the carnival ball."

Without comment or reply he slowed gently for the big turn where the Medlow road comes in, swept a handsome circle and headed back.

Then he remarked, "Thought I'd show you what the little boat could do under my management. Eddie had her in fair shape, but I've tuned her up a notch or two since."

I responded with proper enthusiasm, and would have been perfectly willing to be let out at Main Street. But he turned the corner there, ran on to the garage, jumped out and followed me in. Bill, selling some used tires to a customer in the office, nodded and let us go to where my machine stood. We heard voices back in the repair shop and a hum of swift whirring shafts and pulleys. Worth kept with me. It embarrassed me—made me nervous. It was as though he had some notion of my purpose there.

Hughes, at his lathe, caught sight of us and growled over his shoulder, "Yer machine's ready."

This wouldn't do. I stepped to the door, with "Fixed the radiator, did you?"

"Sure. Whaddye think?"

Hughes was at work on something for a girl; she perched at one end of his bench, swinging her feet. Worth, behind me, touched my shoulder, and I saw that the girl over there was Barbara Wallace. She looked up at us and smiled. The sun slanting through dirt-covered windows made color effects on her silken black hair. Eddie gave us another scowl and went on with his work.

"Hello, Bobs." Worth's greeting was casual. "Thought I'd stop and tell you I was on my way—you know." A glance of understanding passed between them. "Better come along?"

"I'd like to," she smiled. "You'll be back by dinnertime. If it wasn't the last day, and I hadn't promised ——"

Neither of them in any hurry.

"Hughes," I said, "there's another thing needs doing on that car of mine."

"Can't do nothing at all till I finish her job," he said.

"All right."

And I stepped through into the grassy back yard, put a smoke in my face, and began walking up and down, my glance, each time I turned, encountering that queer bunch inside: Worth, hands in pockets; the chauffeur he had discharged—and that I was waiting to get for murder—bending at his vise; Barbara's shining dark head close to the tousled unkemptness of his poll as she explained to him the pulley arrangement needed to raise and anchor the banner she and Skeet were painting.

Suddenly, at the far end of my beat, I was brought up by a little outcry and stir. As I wheeled toward the doorway I saw Bobs and Worth in it, apparently wrestling over something.

Laughing, crying, she hung to his wrist with one hand, the other covering one of her eyes.

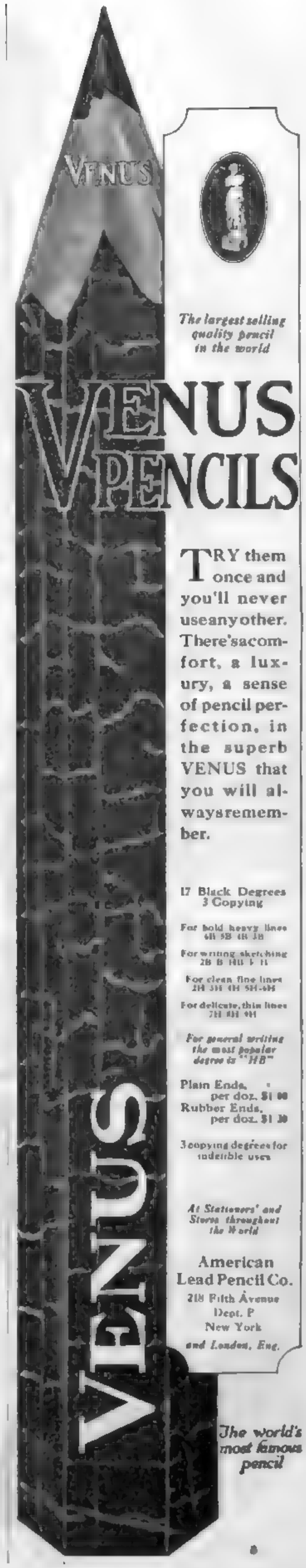
"Let me look!" he demanded. "I won't touch it if you don't want me to. You have got something in there, Bobs."

But when she reluctantly gave him his chance he treacherously went for her with a corner of his handkerchief in the traditional way, and she backed off, uttering a cry that fetched Hughes round from the lathe, roaring at Worth, above the noise of the machinery:

"What's the matter with her?"

"Steel splinter—in her eye," Worth shouted.

With a quick oath the belt pole was thrown to stop the lathe; down the length of the shop to the scrap heap of odds and ends at the rear Hughes raced, returning with a bit of metal in his hand. Barbara was backed against the bench, her eyes shut, and tears had begun to flow from under the lids.



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"Now, Miss Barbie," Hughes remonstrated. "You let me at that thing. This'll pull it out and never touch you." I saw it was a horseshoe magnet he carried.

"Do you think it will?"

"Sure," and Eddie approached the magnet to her face. "It won't hurt you a-tall. She'll begin to pull before she even touches. Now, steady. Want to come as near contact as I can. Don't jump. Hell!"

Barbara had sprung away from him. But for Worth's quick arm she would have been into the machines.

"No!" she said between locked teeth, tears on her cheeks. "I can't let him."

"Why, Barbara!" I said, astonished, and poor Eddie almost blubbered as he begged, "Aw, come on, Miss Barbie. It was my fault in the first place—leavin' that damned lathe run. Yuh got to let me ——"

"But if it doesn't work?"

"Sure it'll work. Would I offer to use it for you if I hadn't tried it out lots o' times—to pull splinters and ——"

"Give me that magnet." Worth reached the long arm of authority, got what he wanted, shouldered Hughes aside, and took hold of the girl with "Quit being a little fool, Barbara. That thing's only caught in your lashes now. Let it get in against the eyeball and you'll have trouble. Hold still."

The command was not needed. Without a word Barbara raised her face, put her hands behind her and waited.

Delicately Worth caught the dark fringe of the closed eye, turned back the lid so that he could see just what he was at, brought the horseshoe almost in touch, then drew it away—and there was the tiny steel splinter that could have cost her sight, clinging to the magnet's edge.

"Here you are," he smiled. "Wasn't that enough to call you names for?"

"You didn't call me names"—dabbing away with a small handkerchief. "You told me to quit being a little fool. Maybe I will. How would you like that?"

Apparently Hughes did not resent Barbara's refusing his help and accepting Worth's. He went back to his vise; the two others strolled together through the doorway into the garage, talking there for a moment in quick low tones; then Barbara returned to perch on the end of Eddie's bench, play with the magnet and watch him at work. I lit up again and stepped out.

I could see Barbara gather some nails, screws and loose pieces of iron, hold a bit of board over them, and trail the magnet back and forth along its top. Though a half inch of wood intervened, the metal trash on the bench followed the magnet to and fro. I got nothing out of that except that Barbara was still a child, playing like a child, till I looked up suddenly to find that she had ceased the play, brought her feet up to curl them under her in the familiar Buddha pose, while the busy hands were dropped and folded before her. Her rebellion of yesterday evening—and now her taking up the concentration unasked—she wouldn't want me to notice what she was doing; I ducked out of sight. I had walked up and down that yard a half dozen times more when over me with a rush came the significance of those moving bits of iron, trailing a magnet on the other side of a board. Three long steps took me to the door.

"Hughes," I shouted, "I'm taking my machine now. Be back directly."

The man grunted without turning round. I had forgotten Barbara, but as I was climbing into the roadster I heard her jump to the floor and start after me.

"Mr. Boyne! Wait! Mr. Boyne!"

I checked and sat grinning as she came up, the magnet in her hand. I reached for it.

"Give me that," I whispered. "Want to go along and see me use it?"

"No—no!"—in hushed protest. "You're making a mistake, Mr. Boyne."

"Mistake? I saw what you did in there. Said you never would again—then went right to it! You sure got something this time! Girl—girl! You've turned the trick!"

"Oh, no! You mustn't take it like that, Mr. Boyne. This is nothing—as it stands. Just a single unrelated fact that I used with others to concentrate on. Wait. Do wait—till Worth comes back, anyhow."

"All right." I felt that our voices were getting loud, that we'd talked here too long. No use flushing the game before I was loaded. "First thing to do is to verify this." I felt good all over.

"Yes, of course," she smiled faintly. "You would want to do that." And she climbed in beside me.

I drove so fast that Barbara had no chance to question me, though she did find openings for remonstrating at my speed. I dashed into the driveway of the Gilbert place and came to an abrupt stop at the doors of the garage. And right away I bumped up against my first check. I gripped the magnet, raced to the study door with it, she following more slowly to watch while I passed it along the wooden panel where the bolt ran on the other side; and nothing doing!

Again she followed as I ran round to the outside door, opened up and tried it on the bare bolt itself; no stir. While she sat in the desk chair at that central table, her elbows on its top, her hands lightly clasped, the chin dropped in interlaced fingers, following my movements with very little interest, I puffed and worked, opened a door and tried to move the bolt when it wasn't in the socket, and felt like cursing in disappointment.

"A little oil," I grumbled, more to myself than to her, and hurried to the garage workbench for the can that would certainly be there. It was, but I didn't touch it. What I did lean over and clutch from where they lay tossed in carelessly among rubbish and old spare parts were three more magnets exactly the same as the one we had brought from Capehart's. I sprinted back with them.

"Barbara," I called in an undertone, "come here! Look!"

Held side by side, the four, working as one, moved the bolts as well as fingers could have done, and through more than an inch of hardwood.

"Yes"—she looked at it—"but that doesn't prove Eddie Hughes the murderer."

"No?" Her opposition began to get on my nerves. "I'm afraid that'll be a matter for twelve good men and true to settle." She stood silent, and I added, "I know now whose shadow I saw on the broken panel of that door there, the first Sunday night."

"Oh, it was Eddie's," she agreed rather unexpectedly.

"And he came to steal the 1920 diary," I supplied.

"He came to get a drink from the cellaret, and a cigar from the case. That's the use he made of his power to move the bolts."

"Until the Saturday night when he killed his employer, the man he hated, and left things so the crime would pass as suicide. Barbara, are you just plain perverse?"

Instead of answering she went back to the table, got the contraption Hughes had made for her, and started as if to leave me. On the threshold she hesitated

"I don't suppose there's anything I can say or do to change your mind." Her tone was inert, drained. "I know that Eddie is innocent of this. But you don't want to listen to deductions."

"Later," I said to her briskly. "It'll keep. I've something to do now."

"What? You promised Worth to make no move against Eddie Hughes until you had his permission." She seemed to think that settled it. I let her keep the idea.

"Run along, Barbara," I said. "Get to your paint daubing. I'll forgive you everything for deducing—well, discovering, if you like that better—about these bolts and magnets."

Skeet burst from the kitchen door of the Thornhill house, caught sight of us, shouted something unintelligible, and came racing through the grounds toward Vandeman's.

"Been waiting for me long, angel?" she called, as Barbara moved up with a lagging step, then, waving two pairs of overalls, "Got pants for both of us, honey. The paints and brushes are over there. We'll make short work of that old banner now."

Promised Worth, had I? But the situation was changed since then. No man of sense could object to my moving on what I had now. I locked the study door, went back to my roadster and headed her uptown.

XXV

IT WAS a thankful if not a joyous Jerry Boyne who crossed the front pergola of the Vandeman bungalow that evening in the wake of Worth Gilbert, bound for an informal dinner. The tall unconscious lad who stepped ahead of me had been made safe in spite of himself. This weight off my mind, I felt kindly to the whole world, to the man under whose dining table we were to stretch our legs, whose embarrassing

(Continued on Page 64)

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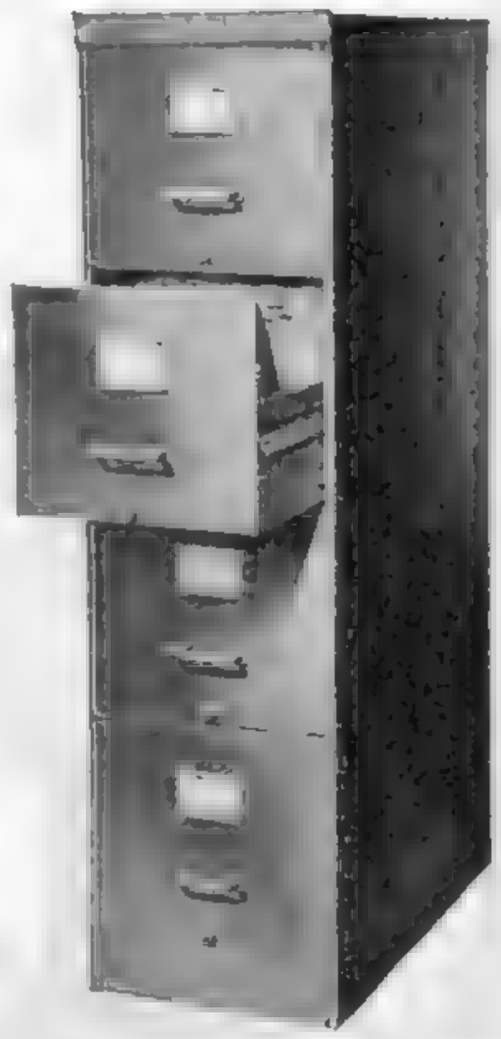

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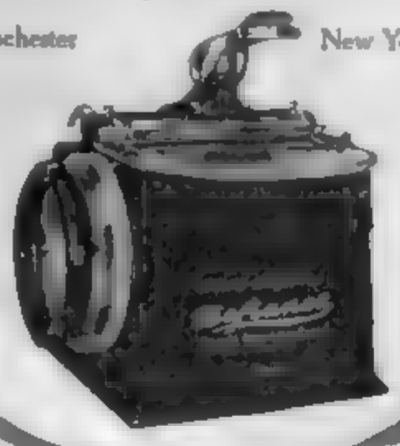

(Continued from Page 62)

private affairs I had uncovered. He'd taken it well—seconding his wife's dinner invitation, meeting my eye frankly whenever we encountered. My mood was expansive. When Vandeman himself opened the door to us, explaining that he was his own butler for the day, I saw him quite other than he had ever appeared to me.

For one thing, here in his own house—and this was the first time I had ever been in it—you got the man with his proper background, his suitable atmosphere. The handsome living room into which he took us showed many old pieces of mahogany and some of the finest Oriental stuff I ever saw; books in cases, sets of standard writers, such as people of culture bought thirty or forty years ago, some family pictures about. This was Vandeman; a lot behind such a fellow, after all, if he did seem rather a lightweight.

Ina joined us, very beautifully dressed. She also showed the ability to sink unpleasant considerations in the present moment of hospitality.

We lingered a moment chatting, then, "Shall we go and look at the artists working?" she suggested, and led the way.

We followed out to a flagged terrace at the rear. A dozen great muslin strips were tacked over the walls there, and two small figures, desperate, smudged, wearing the blue overalls Skeet Thornhill had waved at us, toiled manfully smearing the blossom-festival colors on in lettering and ornamental designs.

"Ina!" Skeet yawped at her sister. "Another low trick! Get yourself all dressed up like a sore thumb, and then show us off in this fix!"

Mutely Barbara revolved on the box she occupied. There was fire in her soft eyes; her color was high as her glance came to rest on Worth. "Fong Ling's nearly ready to serve dinner," said Ina calmly. "Stop fussing, and go wash up."

"Hello, Mr. Boyne!"

As Skeet passed she wiped a paw on a paint rag and offered it to me without another word. I got a grip and a look that told me there was no hangover with her from that scene yesterday in her mother's sick room. Vandeman was commenting on his depleted bamboo clumps.

"Mine suffered worse than yours, Worth. Fong Ling kicked like a bay steer about our taking so much. He's nursed the stuff for years like a fond mother. But we had to have it for that effect up round the orchestra stand."

"Then he's been with you a long time?" I caught at the chance for information on this chink—information that I'd found it impossible to get from the chink himself.

"Ever since I came in here. Chinamen, you know. Some loyalty! You can keep a good one for half a lifetime."

We strolled back to the living room; the girls were there before us, Skeet picking out bits of plum blossoms and bunches of cherry bloom from a great bowl on the mantel, and fastening them in Barbara's dark hair, wreath fashion.

"Best we could do at a splurge," she greeted us, "was to turn in our blouses at the neck."

"And what in the world are you doing to Barbara?" Mrs. Vandeman said sharply. "Let her alone, Skeet. You'll make her look ridiculous."

Skeet stuck out her tongue at her sister, and went calmly on, mumbling as she worked, "Hold 'till, 'ittle Barbie, child. Yook up at pretty mans and hold 'till."

Over the mantel in front of Barbara as she stood, her back to us all, hung an oil painting—one of those family groups—same old popper; same old mommer; and a fat baby in a white dress and blue sash. At that, it was good enough to show that the man had some resemblance to Vandeman as he leaned there on the mantel below it, rather encouraging Skeet's enterprise. From the other side I could see Barbara's glance go from man to picture.

"Doesn't it look like Van, Barbie?" Skeet kept up the conversation. "Got the same ring, and all. But it ain't Van. Him's the tootsie in there with the blue ribbon round his tummy."

"I say, Skeeter, lay off!" Vandeman looked self-consciously from the painted ring in the picture to the real ring on his own well-kept hand there on the mantel edge. "People aren't interested in family histories."

"I am," said Barbara unexpectedly.

As the gong sounded and we all began to move toward the dining room they were still on the subject and kept it up after we were seated.

Fong Ling served us. The bride had Worth on her right, and talked to him in lowered tones. Barbara, between Vandeman and me, continued to show an almost feverish attention to Vandeman. It was plain enough from where I sat that nothing Ina Vandeman could say gave the lad any less interest in his plate. But I suppose, with a girl, the mere fact of some other girl being allowed to show intentions counts.

Did the flapper get what was going on, as she looked proudly across at her handiwork and demanded of me, "Say, Mr. Boyne, you saw how Ina tried to do us dirt. And now, honest to goodness, hasn't Barbie with the plum blossoms got Ina and her artificial flowers skun a mile?"

I didn't wonder that young Mrs. Vandeman saved me the necessity of answering, by taking her up.

"Skeet, you're too outrageous!"

There she sat, quite a beauty in a very superior fashion; and Worth at her side was having his attention called to this dark young creature across the table, whose wonderful still fire, the white blossoms crowning her hair, might well have made even a lovelier than Ina Vandeman look insipid.

And Worth did take his time admiring her; I saw that; but all he found to say was "Bobs, I suppose Jerry's told you that he's treed Clayte at Tia Juana?"

"No," said Barbara, "he hasn't said a word. But I'm just as much surprised at Clayte's being caught as I was at Skeels' escaping capture."

"Say that over and say it slow." Vandeman was good natured. "Or, rather, put it in plain American, so we all can understand."

"Mr. Boyne knows what I mean." Barbara gave me a faint smile. "Mr. Boyne and I add up Skeels and Clayte, and get a different result, that's all."

"Bobs doesn't think that Skeels is Clayte, caught or uncaught," Worth said briefly, and went on eating his dinner. Apparently he didn't care a hang which way the fact turned out to be.

"Why don't you?" Vandeman gave passing attention.

She shook her head and put it, "Skeels, at liberty, was quite possibly Clayte; Skeels, captured, cannot be Clayte. Mr. Boyne, do you call that a paradox?"

"No—an unkind slam at a poor old man's ability in his profession. I started out to find a gang; but Clayte and Skeels are so exactly one, mentally, morally and physically, that I don't see why we should seek farther."

"Back up, Jerry!" Worth tossed it over at me. "Let Barbara"—he didn't often use the girl's full name that way—"give you a description of Clayte before you're so sure."

"How could I?" The girl's tone was defensive. "I never saw him."

"I want you"—Worth paid no attention to her objections—"to describe the man you thought you were asking for that day at the Gold Nugget, when Jerry butted in, and your ideas got lost in the excitement about Skeels. Deduce the description, I mean."

"Deduce it?" Barbara spoke stiffly, incredulously, her glance going from Worth to the well-gowned, well-groomed woman beside him. I remembered her moment of rebellion yesterday evening on the lawn, when she said so bitterly that if he asked it again she'd do it again, as she finished, "Deduce here?"

"Here and now." Worth's laconic answer sent the blood of healthy anger into her face, made her eyes shine.

And it brought from Ina Vandeman a petulant "Oh, Worth, please don't turn my dinner table into a side show."

"Ina, dear." Vandeman raised his brows at her, then, quite the cordial host urging a guest to display talent: "They say you're wonderful at that sort of thing, and I've never seen it."

Barbara was mad for fair.

"Oh, very well." She spoke pointedly to Vandeman, and left Worth out of it. "If you think you'd really enjoy seeing me make a side show of Ina's dinner table ——"

She stopped and waited. Vandeman played up to the situation as he saw it with one of his ready smiles. Worth threw no life line. Ina didn't think it worth while to apologize for her rudeness. Skeet was openly in a twitter of anticipation. There was nothing for me to do. A little commotion of skirts told us that she was drawing up her feet to sit cross-legged in her chair.

"She's going to! Oh, golly!" Skeet chortled. "Haven't seen Bobsy do one of those stunts since I was a che-ild!"

Arms down, hands clasped, eyes growing bigger, face paling into snow, we watched her. To all but Vandeman this was a more or less familiar performance. They took it rather as a matter of course. It was the Chinaman, coming in with the coffee tray, who seemed most strangely affected by it. He stopped where he was in the doorway, rigid, staring at our girl, though with a changeful light in his eye that seemed to me to shift between an unreasonable admiration and an unreasonable fear. Orientals are superstitious; but what could the fellow be afraid of in the beautiful young thing, Buddha posed, blossoms in her hair? The girl had gone into her stunt with a sort of angry energy. He seemed to clutch himself to stillness for the brief time that it held. Only in the moment that she relaxed, and we knew that Barbara had concentrated, Barbara was Barbara again, did he move quietly forward, a decent, competent servant, stepping round the table, placing our cups.

"Just two facts to go on," she said coldly. "My results will be pretty general."

"Nothing to go on in the way of a description of Clayte," I tried to help her out. "I'd call that one we had of him as near nothing as it well could be."

"Yes, the nothingness of it was one of my facts," she said, and stopped.

"Let's hear what you did get, Bobs," Worth prompted.

And Skeet giggled, half under her breath, "Speech! Speech!"

"At the Gold Nugget—whatever he called himself there—Edward Clayte was ten years younger than he had seemed at the bank; he appeared to weigh a dozen pounds more; threw out his chest, walked with his head up, and therefore would have been estimated quite a bit taller. This personality was an opposite of the other. Bank Clerk Clayte was demure, unobtrusive; this man wore loud patterns. The bank clerk was silent; this man talked to everyone round him, tilted his hat over one eye, smoked cigars just as those men were doing that day in the lobby; acted like them, was one of them. In the Gold Nugget, Clayte was a very average Gold Nugget guest—don't you see? Commonplace there, just as the other Clayte had been commonplace in a bank or an office."

Her voice ceased. On the silence it left Worth spoke up quietly.

"Bull's-eye as usual, Bobs. Every word you say is true. And at the Gold Nugget his name was Henry J. Brundage. He had Room Thirty on the top floor."

Skeet clapped her hands, jumped up and came round the table to kiss Barbara on the ear, and tell her she was the most wonderfulest girl in the world.

"Heh!" I flared at Worth. "Find that all out to-day in San Francisco?"

"No."

"Oh, it was the Brundage clew that took you south?"

"Yep. Left Louie on the job at the hotel while I was away. To-day I went after Brundage's automobile. Found he'd kept one in a garage on Jackson Street."

"It's gone, of course—and no trace," Barbara murmured.

"Gone since the day of the bank theft," Worth nodded. "He and the money went in it."

"Say"—I leaned over toward him—"wouldn't it have saved wear and tear if you'd told me at the first that you knew Skeels couldn't be Clayte?"

"Oh, but, Jerry, you were so sure! And Skeels wasn't possible for a minute—never in his little, piking, tin-horn life!"

I don't believe I had seen Worth so happy since he was a boy, playing detective. I glanced round and pulled myself up; we certainly weren't making ourselves very entertaining for the Vandemans. There they sat, at their own table, like handsome figureheads, smiling politely, pretending a decent interest.

"All this must be a bore to you people," I apologized.

"Not at all—not at all," Vandeman assured us.

"Well then, if you don't mind—Worth, I'll go and use Vandeman's phone; put my office wise to these Brundage clews of yours." I had by no means given up the belief that Skeels, in jail at Tia Juana, would still turn out to be one of the gang.

(Continued on Page 69)

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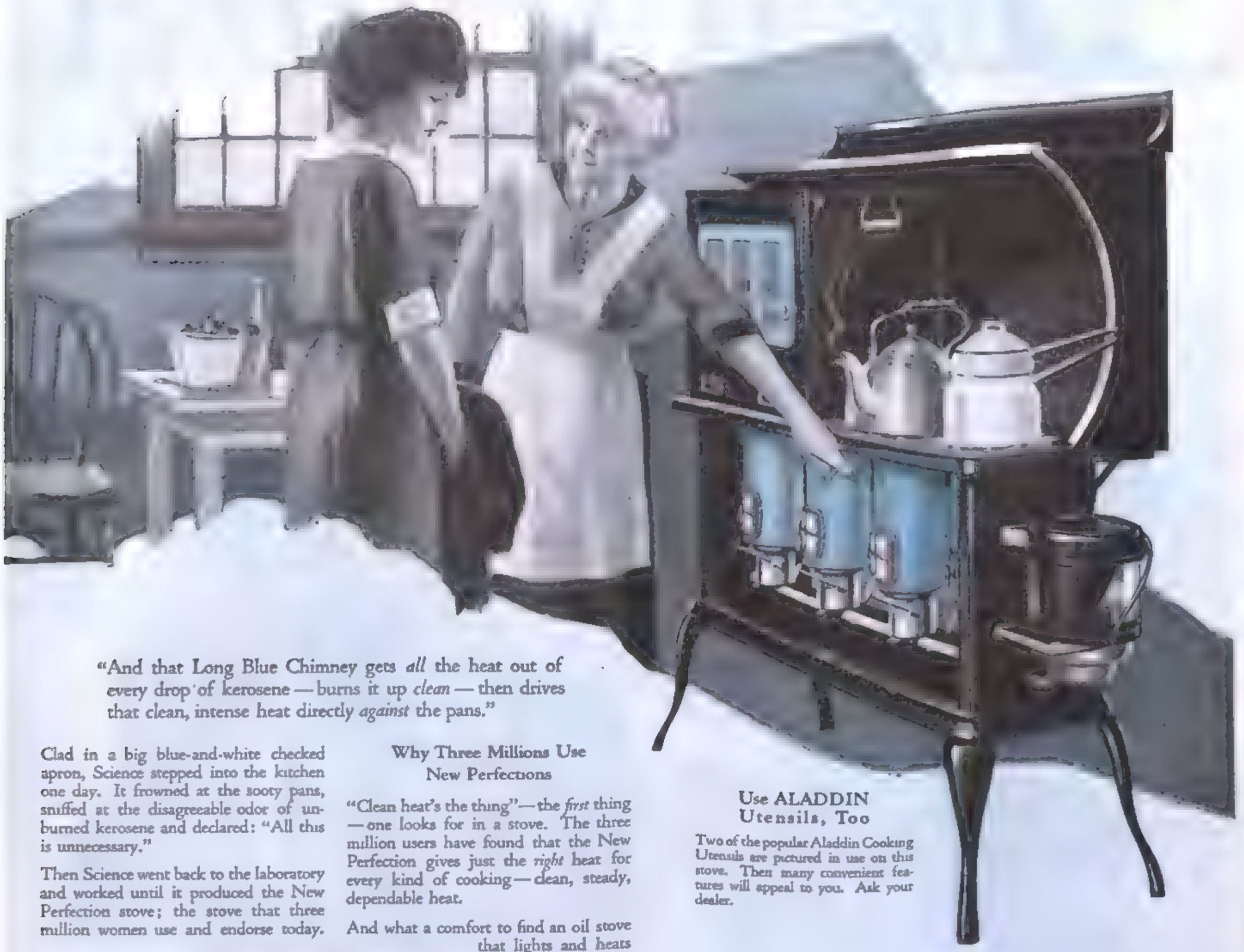
"But are your pans close enough to the fire?" "Yes, because it's *heat* that does the cooking"



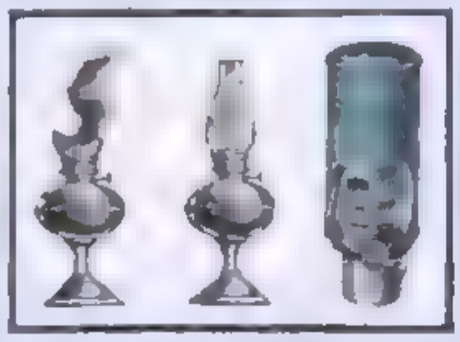
"And that Long Blue Chimney gets *all* the heat out of every drop of kerosene — burns it up *clean* — then drives that clean, intense heat directly *against* the pans."

Clad in a big blue-and-white checked apron, Science stepped into the kitchen one day. It frowned at the sooty pans, sniffed at the disagreeable odor of unburned kerosene and declared: "All this is unnecessary."

Then Science went back to the laboratory and worked until it produced the New Perfection stove; the stove that three million women use and endorse today.

The Long Blue Chimney

The Long Blue Chimney—the famous feature of the New Perfection — keeps the cooking pan away from the flame for very good reasons. The chimney provides just the space needed to allow *every drop* of the kerosene to burn up into *clean*, intense heat. None is wasted as soot or smoke. And picture the housewife's relief to be rid of these disagreeable things!



A long chimney on an oil stove is just as necessary for a clean, hot flame as a long glass lamp chimney is to secure a clean, bright light.

At the same time the Long Blue Chimney makes a strong draught—sends the heat, quivering-hot, up against the cooking pan. It hits the bottom of the cooking utensil with full force, and starts immediate operations upon the food inside.

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The Long Blue Chimney makes that *speedy, steady* flame possible. When the flame is once set, *it stays set* and goes steadily about its work—providing plenty of *clean* heat that cooks anything.

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(Continued from Page 64)

Worth nodded. No social scruples were his.

I had just got back to the table from my phoning when the doorbell rang; we saw the big Chinese slip noiselessly through the rear into the hall to answer it, coming back a moment later, announcing in his weighty, correct English, "Two gentlemen calling—to see Captain Gilbert."

"Ask for me?" Worth came to his feet in surprise. "Who told them I was here?"

"I do not know." The Chinaman spoke unnecessarily as Worth was crossing to the door. "I did not ask them that."

"Use the living room, Worth," Vandeman called after him. "We'll wait here."

With the closing of the door conversation languished. Even Skeet was quiet and seemed depressed. My ears were straining for any sound from in there. As I sat, hand dropped at my side, I suddenly felt, under shelter of the screening tablecloth, cold nervous fingers slipped into mine. Barbara wasn't looking at me, but I gave her a quick glance as I pressed her gripping small hand encouragingly.

She was turned toward Vandeman. Pale to the lips, her great eyes fixed on the eyes of our host, I saw with wonder how he slowly stirred a spoon about in his emptied coffee cup, and stared back at her with a face almost as colorless as her own. The bride glanced from one to the other of them and spoke sharply:

"What's the matter with you two? You're not uneasy about Worth's callers, are you?"

"No, no, no." Vandeman was the first one to come out of it, responding to her voice a good deal as if she dashed cold water in his face, his eyes breaking away from Barbara's, his lips parted in a nervous smile. He ran a hand through his hair—an inelegant gesture for him at table—and laughed a little.

"We ought to be in there," Barbara said to me, a curious stress in her voice.

"How funny you talk, Barbie!" Skeet quavered. "What do you think's wrong?"

And Ina spoke decidedly: "Worth is one person in the world who can certainly take care of himself, and would rather be let alone."

"If you think there is anything we should do ——" Vandeman began anxiously.

And Skeet took a look round at our faces and fairly wailed, "What is it? What's the matter? What do you think they're doing to Worth in there, Barbie?"

"I'd think they were arresting him," Barbara said in a low choked tone, "only they don't know ——"

"Arresting him!" I broke in on her, startled, getting halfway to my feet; then, as remembrance came to me, sinking back with "Certainly not. The murderer of Thomas Gilbert is already in the county jail. I arrested Eddie Hughes this morning."

"You arrested—Eddie Hughes!" It was a cry from Barbara. The cold little hand was jerked from mine. Twisting round in her chair she stared at me with a look that made me chill. "Then you've moved those two steel bolts—for Cummings!"

I jumped to my feet. On the instant the door opened, and in it stood Worth, steady enough, but his brown tanned face was strangely bleached.

"Jerry." He spoke briefly. "I want you. The sheriff's come for me."

XXVI

MIDNIGHT in the sheriff's office at San José. And I had to telephone Barbara. She'd be waiting up for my message. The minute I heard her voice on the wire I plunged in:

"Yes, yes, yes; done all I could. A horse can do no more. They've got Worth. I"—the words stuck in my throat; but they had to come out—"I left him in a cell."

A sound came over the wire; whether speech or not, it was something I couldn't get.

"He's taking it like a man and a soldier, girl," I hurried. "Not a word out of him about my having gone counter to his express orders, arrested Hughes, and pulled this thing over on us."

"Oh, Mr. Boyne! Of course he wouldn't blame you. Neither would I. You acted for what you thought was his good. The others ——?"

"Vandeman's already gone home. Tell you, he stood by well, Barbara—that tailor's dummy! Surprised me. No, no. Didn't let Jim Edwards come with us; so broken up I didn't want him along—only hurt our case over here, the way he is now."

"Your case?" she spoke out clearly. "What is the situation?"

"A murder charge against Worth on the secret files. Hughes is out—Cummings got him—took him, don't know where. Can't locate him."

"Do you need to?"

"Perhaps not, Barbara. What I do need is someone who saw Thomas Gilbert alive that night after Worth left to go back to San Francisco."

"And if you had that—someone?"

"If we could produce before Cummings one creditable witness to that it would mean an alibi. I'd have Worth out before morning."

"Then, Mr. Boyne, get to the Fremont House here as quickly as you can. Mr. Cummings is there. Get him out of bed if you have to. I'll bring the proof you need."

"But, child!" I began.

"Don't—waste—time—talking! How long will it take you to get here?"

"Half an hour."

"Oh! You may have to wait for me a little. But I'll surely come. Wait in Mr. Cummings' room."

Half-past twelve when I reached the Fremont House, to find it all alight, its lobby and corridors surging with the crowd of blossom-festival guests. Nobody much in the bar; soft drinks held little interest; but in the upper halls, on my way to Cummings' room, I passed more than one open door where the hip-pocket cargoes were unloading, and was even hailed by name, with invitations to come in and partake. Cummings was still up.

The first word he gave me was "Dykeman's here."

"Glad of it," I said. "Bring him in. I want you both."

It took a good deal of argument before he brought the Western Cereal man from the adjoining room, where he had evidently been just getting ready for bed. He came to the conference resentful as a soreheaded old bear.

"Maybe you think Worth Gilbert will sleep well to-night—in jail?" I stopped him and instantly differentiated the two men before me.

Cummings took it with an ugly little half smile. Dykeman rumpled his hair, and bolstered his anger by shouting at me: "This country'll go to the dogs if we make an exempt class of our returned soldiers. Break the laws—they'll have to take the consequences, just as a man that was too old or too sickly to fight would have to take 'em. If I'd done what Captain Gilbert's done—I wouldn't expect mercy."

"You mean, if you'd done what you say he's done," I countered. "Nothing proved yet."

"Nothing proved?" Dykeman huddled in his chair and shivered. Cummings shook out an overcoat and helped him into it. He settled back with a protesting air of being about to leave us, and finished squeakily, "Didn't need to prove that he had Clayte's suitcase."

"Good Lord, Mr. Dykeman! You're not lending yourself to accuse a man like Worth Gilbert of so grave a crime as murder just because you found his ideas irregular—maybe reckless—in a matter of money?"

"Don't answer, Dykeman!" Cummings jumped in. "Boyne's trying to get you to talk."

The old chap stared at me doubtfully, then broke loose with a snort:

"See here, Boyne, you can't get away from it; your man Gilbert has embarked on a criminal career; mixed up in the robbery of our bank, with Clayte to rob us; had our own attorney go through the form of raising money to buy us off from the pursuit of Clayte ——"

"How about me?" I stuck in the question as he paused for breath. "Do you think Worth Gilbert would put me on the track of a man he didn't want found?"

Cummings cut in ahead to answer for him:

"Just the point. You've not done any good at the inquiry; never will so long as you stand with Worth Gilbert. He needed a detective who would believe in him through thick and thin. And he found such a man in you."

I could not deny it when Dykeman yipped at me, "Ain't that true? If it was anybody else, wouldn't you see that connection? Captain Gilbert came here to Santa Ysobel that Saturday night as we've got witnesses to testify had a row with his father we've got witnesses for that, too—the word 'money' passed between them again and again in that quarrel—and then the young man had the nerve to walk into our bank on Monday morning with his father's entire holdings of our stock in Clayte's suitcase. Boyne, you're crazy!"

"Maybe not," I said, reckoning on something human in Dykeman to appeal to. "You see, I know where Worth got that suitcase. It came out of my office vault—evidence we'd gathered in the Clayte hunt. Getting it and using it that way was his idea of humor, I suppose."

"Sounds fishy." Dykeman made an uncomfortable shift in his chair. But Cummings came close, and standing, hands rammed down in the pockets of his coat, let me have it savagely.

"Evidence, Boyne, is the only thing that would give you a license to rout men out at this time of night—new evidence. Have you got it? If not ——"

"Wait." I preferred to stop him before he told me to get out. "Wait." I looked at my watch. In the silence we could hear the words of a yawp from one of the noisy rooms when a passer-by was hailed: "There they go! There—look at the chickens!"

A minute later a tap sounded on the door. Cummings stood by while I opened it to Barbara and a slender veiled woman, taller by half a head in spite of bent shoulders and the droop of weakness which made the girl's supporting arm apparently necessary.

At sight of them Dykeman had come to his feet, biting off an exclamation, looking vainly round the bare room for chairs, then suggesting, "Get some from my room, Boyne."

I went through the connecting door to fetch a couple. When I came back Barbara was still standing, but her companion had sunk into the seat the shivering, uncomfortable old man offered, and Cummings was bringing a glass of water for her. She sipped it, still under the shield of her veil. This was never Ina Vandeman. Could it be that Barbara had dragged Mrs. Thornhill from her bed? I saw Barbara bend and whisper reassuringly. Then the veil was swept back, it caught and carried the hat with it from Laura Bowman's shining, copper-colored hair, and the doctor's wife sat there, ghastly pale, evidently very weak, but more composed than I had ever seen her.

"I'm all right now." She spoke very low.

"Miss Wallace," Dykeman demanded harshly, "who is this—lady?"

"Mrs. Bowman." Barbara looked her employer very straight in the eye.

"Heh?" he barked. "Any relation to Doctor Bowman—any connection with him?"

"His wife." Cummings bent and mumbled to the older man for a moment.

"Laura," Barbara said gently, "this is Mr. Dykeman. You're to tell him and Mr. Cummings."

"Yes," breathed Mrs. Bowman, "I'll tell them. I'm ready to tell anybody. There's nothing in dodging, and hiding, and being afraid. I'm done with it. Now—what is it you want to know?"

Cummings' expression said plainer than words that they didn't want to know anything. They had their case fixed up and their man arrested, and they didn't wish to be disturbed.

She went on quickly, of herself, "I believe I was the last person who saw Mr. Gilbert alive. I must have been. I'd rushed over there, just as Ina told you, Mr. Boyne, between the reception and our getting off for San Francisco."

"All this concerns the early part of the evening," put in Cummings.

"Yes—but it concerns Worth too. He was there when I came in. It was very painful."

"The quarrel between Captain Gilbert and his father, d'ye mean?" Dykeman asked his first question. Mrs. Bowman nodded assent.

"Thomas went right on, before me, just as though I hadn't been there. Then, when it came my turn, he would have spoken out, before Worth, of—of my private affairs. That was his way. But I couldn't stand it. I went with Worth out to his machine. He had it in the back road. We talked there a little while, and Worth drove away, going fast, headed for San Francisco."

"And that was the last time you saw Thomas Gilbert alive?" Cummings summed up for her.

"I hadn't finished," she objected mildly. "After Worth was gone I went back into

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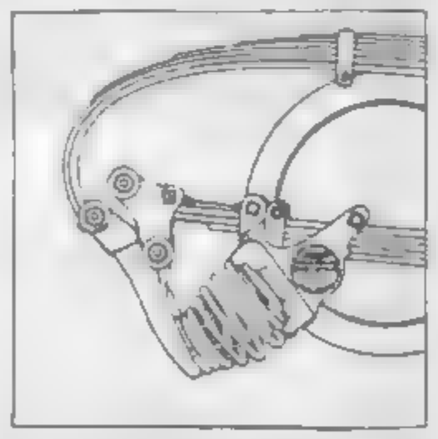

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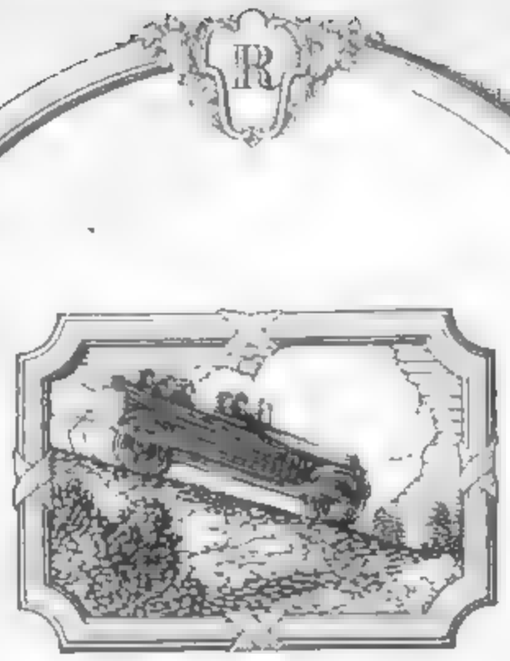

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the study and pleaded with Thomas for a long time. I pointed out to him that if I'd sinned I'd certainly suffered, and what I asked was no more than the right any human being has, even if they may be so unfortunate as to be born a woman."

Dykeman looked exquisitely miserable; but Cummings was only the lawyer getting rid of an unwanted witness as he warned her, "Not the slightest need to go into your personal matters, Mrs. Bowman. We know them already. We knew also of your visit to Mr. Gilbert's study that night, and that you didn't go there alone. Had the testimony been of any importance to us we'd have called in both you and James Edwards."

I could see that her deep concern for another steadied Laura Bowman.

"How do you know all this?" she demanded. "Who told you?"

"Your husband, Doctor Bowman."

Up came the red in her face; her eyes shone with anger.

"He did follow me, then? I thought I saw him creeping through the shrubbery on the lawn."

"He did follow you. He has told us of your being at the study—the two of you—when young Gilbert was there."

"See here, Cummings," I put in, "if Bowman was round the place, then he knows that Worth left before the crime was committed. Why hasn't he told you so?"

"He has," Cummings said neatly; and I felt as though something had slipped. Barbara kept a brave front, but Mrs. Bowman moaned audibly.

"And still you've charged Worth Gilbert? Why not Bowman himself? He was there. As much reason to suspect him as any of the others. Do you mean to tell me that you won't accept Mrs. Bowman's testimony—and Doctor Bowman's—as proving an alibi for Worth Gilbert? I'm ready to swear that he was at Tait's at five minutes past ten, was there continuously from that time until a little after midnight, when you yourself saw him there."

"A little past midnight!" Cummings repeated my words half derisively. "Not good enough, Boyne. We base our charge on the medical statement that Mr. Gilbert met his death in the small hours of Sunday morning."

I looked away from Barbara; I couldn't bear her eye. After a stunned silence I asked, "Whose? Who makes that statement?"

"His own physician. Doctor Bowman swears ——"

"He?" Mrs. Bowman half rose from her chair. "He'd swear to anything, I——"

"Don't say any more," Cummings cut her off.

And Dykeman mumbled, "Had the whole history of your marital infelicities all over the shop. Too bad such things had to be dragged in. Man seems to be a worthy person ——"

"Doctor Bowman told me positively," I broke in, "on the Sunday night the body was found, that death must have occurred before midnight."

"Gave that as his opinion—his opinion—then," Cummings corrected me.

"Yes," I accepted the correction. "That was his opinion before he quarreled with Worth. Now he ——"

"Slandering Bowman won't get you anywhere, Boyne," Cummings said. "He wasn't here to testify at the inquest. Man alive, you know that nothing but sworn testimony counts."

"I wouldn't believe that man's oath," I said shortly.

"Think you'll find a jury will," smirked Cummings.

And Dykeman croaked in, "A mighty creditable witness—a mighty creditable witness!"

While these pleasant remarks flew back and forth, a thumping and bumping had made itself heard in the hall. Now something came against our door, as though a large bundle had been thrown at the panels. The knob rattled, jerked, was turned, and a man appeared on the threshold, swaying unsteadily.

Two others, who seemed to have been holding him back, let go all at once and he lurched a step into the room—Dr. Anthony Bowman.

A minute he stood blinking, staring, then he caught sight of his wife and bawled out, "She's here all right! Tol' you she was here. Can't fool me. Saw her go past in the hall."

I looked triumphantly at Dykeman and Cummings. Their star witness—drunk as a lord! So far he seemed to have sensed nothing in the room but his wife. Without turning he reached behind him and slammed the door in the faces of those who had brought him, then advanced weavingly on the woman, with, "Get up from there! Get your hat. I'll show you. You come 'long home with me! Ain't I your husband?"

"Doctor Bowman," peppery little old Dykeman spoke up from the depths of his chair, "your wife was brought here to a to a ——"

"Meeting," Cummings supplied hastily.

"Huh?" Bowman wheeled and saw us. "Why-ee! Di'n' know so many gen'lemen here."

"Yes." The lawyer put a hand on his shoulder. "Conference—over the evidence in the Gilbert case. No time like the present for you to say ——"

"Hol' on a minute." Bowman raised a hand with dignity.

"Cummings," said Dykeman disgustedly, "the man's drunk!"

"No, no"—owlishly—"'m not 'ntoxicated. Overcome with 'motion." He took a brace. "That woman there—'f I sh'd tell you—walk into hotel room, find her with three men! Three of 'em!"

He dropped heavily into the chair Cummings shoved up behind him, stared round, drooped a bit, pulled himself together and looked at us; then his head went forward on his neck, a long breath sounded.

"And you'll keep Worth Gilbert in jail, run the risk of a suit for false imprisonment—on that?" I wanted to know.

"And plenty more," the lawyer held steady, but I saw his uneasiness with every snore Bowman drew.

Barbara crossed to speak low and earnestly to Dykeman.

I heard most of his answer—shaken, but disposed to hang on.

"Girl like you is too much influenced by the man in the case. Hero worship—all that sort of thing. An outlaw is an outlaw. This isn't a personal matter. Mr. Cummings and I are merely doing our duty as good citizens."

At that I think it possible that Dykeman would have listened to reason; it was Cummings who broke in uncontrollably.

"Barbara Wallace, I was your father's friend. I'm yours—if you'll let me be. I can't stand by while you entangle yourself with a criminal like Worth Gilbert. For your sake, if for no other reason, I would be determined to show him up as what he is—a thief, and his father's murderer."

"Those were the last words you will ever say to me, Mr. Cummings, unless you should sometime be man enough to take back your aspersions and apologize for them," replied Barbara clearly.

He gave ground instantly. I had not thought that dry voice of his could contain what now came into it.

"Barbara, I didn't mean—you don't understand ——"

But without turning her head she said to me: "Mr. Boyne, will you take Laura and me home?" gathering up Mrs. Bowman's hat and veil, shaking the latter out, getting her charge ready as a mother might a child. "She's not going back to him—ever again." Her glance passed over the sleeping lump of a man in his chair. "Sarah'll make a place for her at our house to-night."

"See here"—Cummings got between us and the door—"I can't let you go like this. I feel ——"

"Mr. Dykeman"—Barbara turned quietly to her employer—"could we pass out through your room?"

"Certainly." The little man was brisk to make a way for us. "I want you to know, Miss Wallace, that I, too, feel—I, too, feel ——"

I don't know what it was that Dykeman felt, but Cummings felt my rude elbow in his chest as I pushed him unceremoniously aside, and opened the door he had blocked, remarking, "We go out as we came in. This way, Barbara."

It was as I parted with the two of them at the Capehart gate that I drew out and handed Mrs. Bowman a small piece of dull-blue silk, a round hole in it, such as a bullet or a cigarette might have made, with "I guess you'll just have to forgive me that."

"I don't need to forgive it." Her gaze swam. "I saw your mistake. But it was for Worth you were fighting, even then; he's been so dear to me always—I'd have to love anyone for anything he did for his sake."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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THE ETERNAL MASCULINE

(Continued from Page 15)

said and to give him the impression that you agreed with him especially in what he agreed in about himself. Augustus agreed in a great many things about himself. First of all, we agreed that he was a thorough gentleman, and when we agreed upon that Augustus was willing to agree that I was a thorough lady. And then we would agree that we each agreed with the other.

Augustus looked down on mankind. In a restaurant, for instance, he would be nice to the waiters so that he could feel that he had been nice in being nice to them. But he was nice only if everything went exactly as he wanted it to go; a single flaw—one undercooked potato or one suspicious-looking oyster—and Augustus became terribly indignant and threatened the restaurant that he would never return.

To the Restaurant Born

Augustus loved to dine; and I must admit that he knew how to do it. Even when I murmured, purely from philanthropic motives, that I was not hungry, Augustus ordered plenty of food. He always ordered the sort of thing that has to be brought in for approval before you are allowed to eat it. It was remarkable how quickly Augustus could tell whether or not a lobster was broiled to the psychological climax, or whether or not a steak had precisely the correct number of mushrooms in its sauce. The waiter would come prancing gayly up to Augustus, balancing superbly, as he came, the precious dish upon his palm. Swoop! The lid was lifted—and there was displayed to our dazzled eyes a lobster or a steak in all its pristine beauty! Augustus nodded his head gravely over the carcass and—swoop! Back would go the cover, and a few moments later we would be solemnly swallowing the coveted morsel. There are some men who are born to eat in a restaurant.

When I dined with Augustus we always looked about at the other people and Augustus remarked how very stupid everyone was—except ourselves—and Augustus explained that most people were really hopelessly boorish, although he had fought for democracy. When we were not talking about the stupidities of other people we talked about Augustus, or Augustus' doings, or Augustus' ideas. Augustus fought in the Y. M. C. A. during the war, and he loved to describe the battles that he saw. It seems that but for Augustus several of them would have been quite, quite lost. At Château-Thierry, for instance, Augustus rushed up to the front-line trenches at the critical moment bearing in his arms two sandwiches and a cup of coffee for the regiments. Of course that saved the day. Augustus said that the soldiers deserved a great deal of credit; but he said that without those two sandwiches and that cup of coffee no amount of bravery could have won that battle.

And Augustus suffered intensely during the war—mentally, you know. Augustus said that physical suffering cannot be compared with mental suffering—the latter is so much more intense! And Augustus said that every time a poor fellow was brought into the base hospital with one of his legs shot off, or his eyes blown out, he—Augustus—suffered agonies. I felt so sorry for Augustus, because there must have been a great many wounded soldiers. Just think how often Augustus must have suffered!

Augustus had very high ideals; this is where his disapproval of sensuosity comes in. Almost all his friends were divorced—but Augustus disapproved of his friends, he said, absolutely. And Augustus thought that the modern stage was degrading, but when he did go to the theater he preferred to see a musical comedy and to sit in the front row. Augustus said that he did this because it was better to stare vice openly in the face. Once when Augustus and I were staring vice openly in the face at the Follies one of the chorus ladies seemed to recognize Augustus. But Augustus pretended not to see. He told me afterward that she must have mistaken him for someone else.

Why Augustus Approved of Me

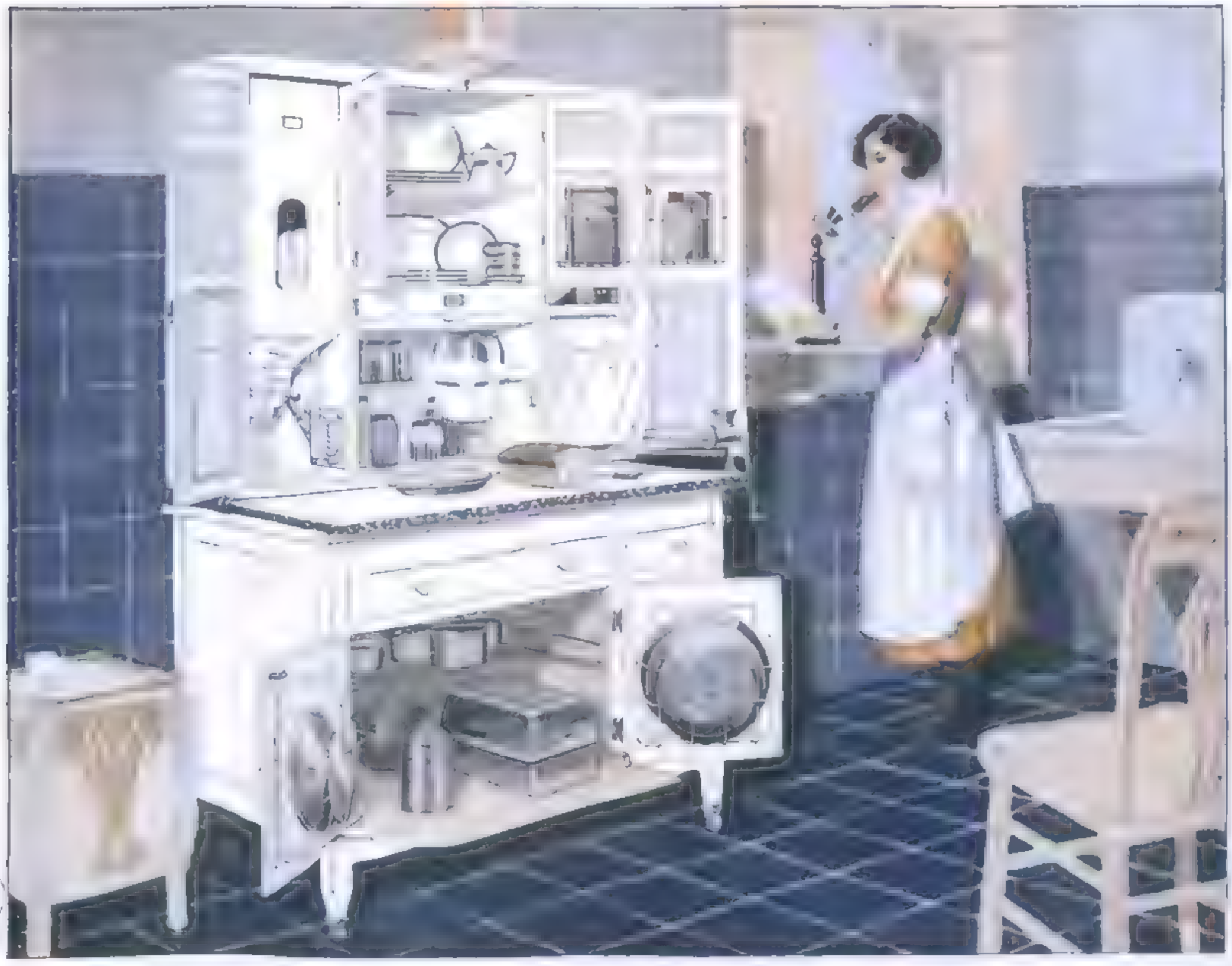
Augustus had very high ideals about love too. He used to tell them to me. He did not approve of the new woman. He said he approved of me because I wasn't new because he could see that I would maintain a happy home and enjoy the society of children, and insist upon the meals being properly cooked. Augustus said that this last was most important. And always when Augustus talked of love he would gaze at me wistfully, and I knew that he was wondering whether I really understood the soul of cookery.

Augustus said that we had a great many things in common, and I did not tell him that I suspected myself of being a new woman. I fancy that it was quite fortunate for Augustus that we did not marry.

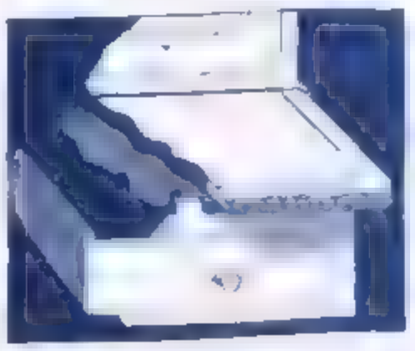
For a long time Augustus avoided the ultimate point, and when he did encounter it, it was under peculiar circumstances. We were motoring. When we motored we used to go out into the country, and Augustus would tell me everything over again. I got so that I knew pretty much what Augustus was going to say before he said it, for he never said anything new. And sometimes

(Continued on Page 76)

So I Cuddled Down in That Delicious Chair and Told Him That I Would Always Be a Sister to Him



"—and Betty, just think—a beautiful Sellers for our anniversary!"



Dust-Proof Base Top beneath the Sanitary Porceliron Work Table. Keeps lower compartments clean

Automatic Base Shelf Extender. When you open the door, the pots and pans are automatically brought within easy reach

It is the usual thing for women to grow enthusiastic over a Sellers Kitchen Cabinet—especially when it comes as a wedding anniversary gift from hubby.

The Sellers Mastercraft shown in the picture—with the *Fifteen Famous Features*—is becoming more popular each day, as its greater convenience is better understood. Women recognize in it the absolute pinnacle of cabinet convenience.

For twenty-eight years the great Sellers factories have worked toward one end only—to make the Sellers "The World's Most Convenient Kitchen Cabinet." Judge for yourself whether we have succeeded. Note, for example, the careful way the Sellers Mastercraft is made. This cabinet fits into any modern type kitchen. Note, too, the famous Automatic Lowering Flour Bin; the Automatic Base Shelf Extender; the Dust-Proof Base Top under the Porceliron Work Table; the Ant-Proof Casters; the Steam-Proof Finish; etc. These are improvements which women have long wanted. They mean *real* convenience. To furnish them costs us many thousands of dollars *extra* each year. You find them combined in no cabinet except the Sellers.

Go see this great kitchen cabinet at the local dealer's. Have him show you each remarkable feature. He will tell you that even with its many surprising improvements a Sellers costs no more than any good cabinet. And he will without doubt be glad to make terms to suit your income. If you do not know the local Sellers dealer, write us for his name. We will also send a *free* copy of the famous Sellers Book.

Famous Automatic Lowering Flour Bin—pronounced the most important improvement in kitchen cabinet design. Makes filling easy. Saves heavy lifting and treacherous climbing. A *Sellers* creation.

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Architect, builder and owner, all appreciate this high degree of satisfaction when they have used Vulcanite Roofings and actually see the result.

The artistic effect meets with unqualified commendation. There is a depth and richness of color that draws the attention first. Then the effect of solidity produced by the thickness of Vulcanite Shingles causes favorable comment, and finally its correctness from an architectural standpoint is the crowning point of favor.

While beauty is of extreme importance, *insuring the permanency of that beauty* is the greatest asset of Vulcanite. Long life is built into every shingle. Selected fabric felt, refined asphalt saturant and a final surface of natural and indestructible colored slate, red or green, represent the underlying reasons for this long life.

Vulcanite Self-Spacing Individual Shingles and Vulcanite Hexagon Slab Shingles are *exclusive* Vulcanite designs, both of which combine the qualities of beauty and durability to a very high degree. Both of these designs insure quick, accurate laying. They are economical. Both provide double thickness at every point. They are fire-resisting too.

Vulcanite Roofings are made in many types and styles to meet every roofing need. Ask your lumber or building material dealer for descriptive literature and samples or write to the nearest District Sales Office listed below.

THE BEAVER BOARD COMPANIES
Roofing Division
Administration Offices, Buffalo, N. Y.; Thorold, Ontario, Canada; London, England; *District Sales Offices* at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Atlanta, New Orleans, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas, Denver and San Francisco. *Sold by Lumber and Building Material Dealers Everywhere.*

A Vulcanite Style for Every Need

You should acquaint yourself with the complete line of Vulcanite Roofings. It is the one way you can be roof-sure. Each kind carries the familiar "Beaver Quality" trademark. Together they cover every roofing need.

Slate Surfaced Individual Shingles. Made in two styles, Self-Spacing and Standard. The Self-Spacing Shingle is an exclusive patent Vulcanite design which absolutely insures correct and uniform laying and double thickness at every point. There is no other shingle like it. By means of a narrow shoulder on the upper half of the shingle the spacing is controlled and the roof is made impervious to driving rains. The Standard is a straight individual type shingle. Both styles are made in red and green.

Slate Surfaced Slab Shingles. These two styles, the Hexagon Slab and the Four-in-One Slab, give great economy in laying, combined with extreme decorative qualities. The Hexagon Slab is another exclusive Vulcanite design which gives exceptional durability with a heavy-tile result and a double thickness at every point. Both styles made in red and green.

Smooth Surfaced Roll Roofings. "Vulcanoid" is the most popular of this complete line of smooth surfaced roll roofings. It provides a strong, rugged, fire-resisting surface for steep roofed factory and mill buildings, warehouses, sheds, etc. Equally satisfactory for farm buildings. Made in four weights.

Slate Surfaced Roll Roofings. Another good Vulcanite product for industrial, home and farm use. This type has the same enduring qualities as the smooth surfaced roll roofings with the addition of a crushed slate coating which gives greater beauty and increases fire resistance. Made in red or green and in two weights, Standard and Jumbo.

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You can't expect Beaver Quality results unless this trademark is on the roofing you buy.

FOR BETTER ROOFS

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prints anything that can be typewritten, handwritten, drawn or ruled—75 copies a minute. It prints form letters that exactly duplicate typewriter type, bulletins, ruled forms, price lists, menus and cards. Any office boy or stenographer can operate it. There is no typesetting—no cuts—no trouble—no delays.

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(Continued from Page 72)

when we were off the main road Augustus indulged a habit that he had acquired of driving the car with one arm and putting the other casually around the seat in which I was, as it were, expectantly ensconced. Then as we talked aimlessly on about Augustus, and Augustus' doings, and Augustus' ideas, that arm of Augustus' would slip gradually about my shoulders—quite casually, you know—and quite as though Augustus had forgotten that he had an arm at all, or, if he hadn't forgotten that he had one, at least as though he had completely forgotten where it was. I did not remind him.

But once when we were going along like this and Augustus was telling me over again his high ideals about love, another motor came quickly around a corner in front of us, and Augustus, not being able to remember as quickly, I suppose, where his other arm had been mislaid, found it necessary to steer our car into the ditch with his only remaining arm—and there we immediately stuck in two feet of mud while the other car flew merrily past us and impudently disappeared.

It was almost dusk and I had a dinner engagement that I did not want to miss; and besides, I had felt for the first time, that afternoon, a trifle fed up with Augustus' high ideals.

So I said rather peevishly, "Well, what are we going to do?"

The Episode of the Kiss

But Augustus didn't do anything. He just sat there smiling as though nothing had happened, and he did not even yet remember his left arm, which was still where it should not have been in the first place.

"Well," I repeated more emphatically, "what are we going to do?"

And I tried to squirm as far away as possible from Augustus. It was then that Augustus did a most amazing thing. He deliberately leaned down and kissed me! And as he did it he said, "This—this is what I'm going to do!"

Well, if it had happened at any other time I might not have minded so much—in fact, perhaps I might not have minded at all—but it seemed to me rather thoughtless of Augustus to have run the car into two feet of mud when I had a dinner engagement. I told him so. I told him, moreover, that I could never marry a man who had kissed me.

And when Augustus said "Why not?" I said, "Because a kiss should be the consummation, not the conception of love that is spiritual."

Wasn't that clever? Augustus was crushed.

And after a while a farmer came along in a flivver and pulled us out. All the way home Augustus kept saying that everybody kissed before they were even engaged, but I told him that it was sickening to hear such sentiments expressed by a man whom I had always credited with high ideals. I said that he had made *me* a disillusioned woman.

And Augustus said well, he guessed his ideals were high enough for plenty of women. He said he guessed he knew what he was talking about and that I was only a child, anyway, and that he had not realized, before, my extreme youth. And I said that probably nineteen did seem young when one got to be forty.

So Augustus let me out at my door and made me a deep sarcastic bow. And I nodded coldly to Augustus and looked over his head at the drain pipe on the roof. And Augustus said that he inferred this was the end. And I said that I inferred that it was. And we parted—probably forever.

By this time the too thin, too fat and too intelligent ladies who have perused these flagrant pages must be quite frantic with horror at my shameless conduct, and they will be pleased to hear me admit that even to the not too thin, not too fat and not too intelligent of our species beaus tend to pall. As I have always said—and have since learned that Schopenhauer agrees—happiness does not lie without us but is contained, as it were, within us—if you know what I mean. Thus beaus, though they may and probably do lie about us, certainly lie, nevertheless, inevitably without us—and therefore beaus cannot constitute our inner joy. My meaning here as those who think that they perceive it will readily grant is extremely elevated. Put more simply it is this: A beau, for the reason that he is a beau, is not less a bore—anyone will understand that.

Once you have proved to yourself and to everyone else that you can secure a beau whenever you desire the appendage you immediately cease to desire it. Charlie and Augustus certainly served, in my life, a very useful function; they served to reveal to me that company, if it is not congenial, is worse than no company at all. Other great thinkers have come to the same conclusion.

Oh, ye too fat, too thin and too intelligent maidens—rejoice! For ye there are no languishing, lucid and ludicrous lovers to telephone you at unearthly hours, deport you upon interminable theater parties, pester you with unfathomable notes, and generally aggravate the tenor of an otherwise bearable existence!

What can we who are neither too fat, too thin, nor too intelligent do? We have struggled to attain this our enviable (?) pinnacle of balance, and behold—our efforts have led us to the very apex of ennui! Oh, tragic truth! For the Charlies and the Augustuses in the world are multitudinous—and they are always with us. It is as though some heartless little demon took upon himself the joyful task of reversing, upon such young ladies, their own tactics—of forcing them to swallow—unhappy girls!—the pills they administered to others! No sooner do we dispose of our Charlies and our Augustuses and confront the world with a beatific and worldly-wise smile than there looms gigantic upon our lives the inevitable beau unsought! Ah, Charlies and Augustuses—how swiftly is your downfall avenged!

He loomed upon me—my own first unsought and unsuitable beau. There is something about me that draws unerringly to my side youths of tragic propensities. I am haunted by pallid lugubrious faces. Mournful eyes are fixed continually upon mine. There was a time when I felt that I should be the occasion of innumerable suicides.

Rupert was my first unsought and unsuitable beau, and he loomed at an unpropitious moment. But he was so arrestingly tragic. Charlie and Augustus had not gazed upon me with such profundity of woe as I perceived, with interest, I admit, in Rupert's smoldering orbs. And Rupert stammered. He stammered beautifully. When Rupert proposed the first time it was quite enchanting—for Rupert stammered so helplessly that I was obliged to come to his aid and supply words which I felt convinced that he was agonizing to utter. I made a long and charming proposal to myself, and when it was ended Rupert took fifteen minutes to assure me that it was exactly what he had meant to say.

Playing Up to Rupert

It was Rupert's mournfulness that for a time touched my heart—and my vanity. Here was one, I felt, who appreciated me as I deserved to be appreciated. He alone perceived to the full my entrancing qualities. If I smiled at Rupert his day was a success; if I frowned he became so abject and so intolerably, amusingly miserable that I could not bear to shatter, immediately, his dreams of happiness. The affections of Charlie and Augustus had been, I was beginning to suspect, but passing emotions; emotions in fact which, as far as I was concerned, seemed to have already passed. But Rupert was different. Here was one to whom I was the only being! The ineffable! The superb! The ultimate!

He became quite paralyzed in my presence—a condition which was flattering, no doubt, but hardly entertaining. Nevertheless, I endured Rupert for a long time. I endured him for a whole year—and Rupert continued to be paralyzed in my presence and to stutter helplessly when he spoke to me. We walked, we rode, we motored together—but never once did Rupert remember that, as it were, my feet were of clay. I was for him—as he frequently told me—a sort of superarchaic woman. He perceived in me, he said, the virtues of the women of all time; I was a kind of mystical incarnation of his admiration, and though it was in a sense agreeable to know myself considered such an epitome of goodness it was distinctly disagreeable to know that I was really no such thing.

Rupert made it quite clear that he loved me for what he had decided was in me—not under any considerations for what was, as a matter of fact, in that unfortunate predicament. Rupert loved a woman of his own imaginings, and I was the hook upon which he happened to hang his imaginations. He thought that he loved me—poor Rupert—I am certain that he thought so. But this woman that he loved was not I, it was another woman; a woman whom, I fear, he will never find.

Rupert's exalted opinion of me at last made me quite uncomfortable when I was with him. I was afraid to act naturally, and show my inferiority to this goddess for whom I was mistaken. If I smoked a cigarette Rupert stared at me in a stricken manner and I felt that I had opened the gates of Inferno and was indeed a lost woman. If I drank a cocktail I was conscious of Rupert's sad eyes focused accusingly upon me, and I knew that he was thinking, "What does she mean by upsetting my idea of her in such a way?"

On and Off the Pedestal

If I differed with him upon any subject Rupert became dreadfully, almost tearfully morose. When I think of him now I pity him. It must have been a terrific struggle, this of maintaining an ideal—of me! But why, oh, why will men—even in our pet, disillusioned twentieth century, which has, we insist, done away with pedestals—why will men continue to adore, in women, only their own illusions? Women do not want this adoration. Their plea is to be loved sanely, sincerely; to be loved for what they are, not for what the individual man wishes them to be. And this plea has been reiterated so often as to have become a platitude and—probably because it is a platitude—no one pays any attention to it. It is true that love, of its very nature, tends to idealize its object. But, men! Can you not idealize the good qualities which we do possess, and not seek to read into us those others which we do not—and probably never can—attain? Will you never be able to love us, as I think we are able to love you, in spite of our faults, in spite of our mistakes; love us, in a word, only for what we are? Oh, it is such an old plea—the world is weary of hearing it!

Rupert found me at first, no doubt, amenable to his doctrines. I absorbed his hints as to what he admired in woman, and attempted to construct my own personality along these elevated lines. But I was not equal to such engineering. There occurred one day a terrific wreck, out of which Rupert and I crawled abjectly in opposite directions. For some time preceding this glorious catastrophe I had felt the elevated lines tottering upon their weak supports. "Why," I had been asking myself, "do I spend all my days in contriving to be what I am not?" I did not love Rupert. Had I loved him I might have gone on contriving to accomplish the impossible; and the wreck would have been deferred—but never averted. We cannot shed our personalities as a snake its skin—no skin but our first will fit us.

Rupert and I had indeed felt mutually out of tune for some months. We rarely agreed upon anything; in fact a little imp had risen within me and spent all of his time in prompting me to adopt, almost mechanically, the opposite point of view from Rupert. Upon the most trivial matters we held long and desperate discussions. Did Rupert happen to mention that he considered somebody's dress decidedly ugly I felt it incumbent upon me to defend the garment fervently, and did Rupert happen to observe that he thought fried fish unappetizing I would launch into enthusiastic praise of all fish, fried, boiled, sizzled or burned.

Rupert must have found me in those days an extremely difficult ideal, but he bore with me patiently, poor man, always believing steadfastly that if I apparently thought a hideous gown beautiful I was suffering but a momentary illusion, and that if I seemed to like fried fish I would not indulge in it to the ruin of my digestion or my soul—or both.

But when I decided that I for one could not bear longer with Rupert—and told him so—he smiled me gently to scorn. If I did not seem to enjoy his company this was on my part, he thought, but another mistake. It was quite as inconceivable to him that I should be bored with him as that I should enjoy fried fish; in fact, I suppose it was rather more inconceivable.

"Why?" he said, gazing at me with those painfully mournful eyes, that had once stricken my heart with compassion.

(Concluded on Page 79)

Announcing

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-and at a lower average cost

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For the Royal is the lowest *cost-per-year* typewriter. It produces more—and *better*—letters each business day. It "stands up" under the most severe usage—Royal durability is world-famed. Its strength and long life are as dependable as its ease of operation.

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ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.
Royal Typewriter Building, 364-366 Broadway, N. Y.
Branches and Agencies the World Over

"Compare the Work"

(Concluded from Page 76)

"But why? A-Adele you-you are go-going to-to-to marry some-some-some——"

"Yes, sometime, I hope," I replied.

"No—I mean some-some-somebody?"

"If sometime, then certainly somebody."

"Well, A-Adele, don't you th-think you could-could-could ——"

"No, I don't," I said.

"But, A-Adele, you can't m-m-mind seeing me some-some-times. I'll never love any-any other w-w-woman, A-Adele. If you don't marry me I will-will-will ——"

"No, you won't," I said flatly.

"Yes, I w-w-will. Why won't you g-g-give me the chance to m-make you love me, A-Adele? I know I c-c-can ——"

"No," I repeated, stifling an insane desire to put my hand over his mouth. "No, Rupert, I know that I can never love you." And I felt perfectly capable of adding—although I didn't—"strange as it may seem."

"Well, A-Adele, you c-can't stop me from l-loving you, and you c-c-can't stop me from seeing you, A-Adele. You haven't any r-r-right to s-s-stop me."

"And pray, why not?" I inquired.

"Because you h-haven't—th-that's all. And I am g-going to make you l-love me, A-Adele!"

Good heavens! Would he never stop? Was it impossible for him to believe that there was actually one person who could not care for him? Did he really think that he could mold my desires to this extent?

When he left me that evening he had the audacity to remark: "You c-c-can't get away f-from me, A-Adele. I w-want you and I'm g-g-going to have you!"

I shut the door upon him with undue gentleness, because I felt an almost unrestrainable impulse to slam it in his face; and I ran up to my room and penned Rupert such a letter as might have disturbed the equanimity of a jellyfish.

The next morning at, it seemed to me, daybreak, I was summoned to the telephone. It was Rupert, but I could hear only a series of apoplectic ejaculations over the wire—and hung up. That afternoon Rupert appeared in person at the door and demanded to see me, but I refused. Thrice again he telephoned, and finally, two weeks later, I received a small, carefully wrapped bundle which turned out to be the letters I had written him in which he must have considered that I had perjured my soul.

I glanced through them wearily. No, this time I had not perjured it! Those letters were not to be compared with the masterful epistles that the unworthy Charlie had taken to—or, to be quite honest, that had been thrust upon—his bosom. I burnt them in calm exultation, and thereafter instantaneously forgot dear Rupert.

But since Rupert I have endured, I confess it, the attentions of other Ruperts, and other Charlies, and other Augustuses. They are all alike. They are all variations, you might say, on these three most universal and basic of themes—the susceptible, the snobbish and the supersensible. And now I think I shall conclude this edifying little discourse with a few don'ts.

First of all, to the susceptible:

Don't topple easily; or, if you must, pretend that you haven't.
Don't prattle.
Don't propose within ten miles of a wise man.

Secondly, to the snobbish:

Don't pity the masses.
Don't suffer mentally.
Don't be forty.

Lastly, to the supersensible:

Don't be desirable.
Don't be determined, and
Don't, don't, don't mope!

And now there remaineth these three—but it's hard to say which is worst.

SCOTLAND FOR SCOTCH

(Continued from Page 4)

indignantly, and award the palm for all-round tipsiness to Glasgow.

During the first sixteen weeks of 1920 the number of persons who were convicted of or who forfeited pledges in Glasgow for offenses involving drunkenness was 6077 males and 1344 females—or a total of 7421 hard-boiled souses in less than one-third of a year. This number is smaller than during a prewar year, because certain wartime restrictions still apply; but it is very much larger than in 1918 and 1919, when Scotland's liquor supply was greatly restricted at the source. For the corresponding period in 1918 there were only 1779 convicted drunks of both sexes in Glasgow, and in 1919 there were only 1426 of them during the first sixteen weeks of the year. Now that the wartime restrictions are being removed the drunk is coming into his own again with a loud, wet splash.

The first thirty-two weeks of 1920 showed 17,177 convictions for drunkenness in Glasgow, or one conviction for every twenty-three men more than twenty-one years of age. When a Glasgow citizen of the wet persuasion begins to wave his arms wildly and deny that Scotchmen are particularly heavy drinkers it is easy to give him the gentle razz by reminding him that Glasgow alone spends as much on drink every week as would build 180 cottages at £750 per cottage.

Cause for Arrest

It should be understood that the number of persons convicted for offenses involving drunkenness has no bearing at all on the number of persons who are drunk. I have never had any Scotchman explain to me what one must do in addition to being drunk in order to be arrested for drunkenness in Glasgow; but it is my impression that one can sop up all the whisky one may be able to hold and roll around in the streets and howl and yell and cuss and finally be dragged home by friends, and the police will look on with a benignant and imperturbable eye so long as one doesn't attempt to murder a policeman or set fire to a house or otherwise become rough.

On a Thursday night I walked through the crowded mobs of Argyle Street from one end to the other and back again. During the walk I saw only five policemen, four in pairs and one alone. There were literally hundreds of drunks. They weren't men that were slightly under the influence of liquor; they were in that condition which is vulgarly known as stewed to the ears. They were clinging to doorways and tumbling up against the passers-by and falling off the sidewalks into the gutters and supporting each other in abortive attempts to proceed in some definite direction which could neither be determined by a casual observer nor by a scientist equipped with instruments for plotting the curve of their footsteps. I saw two drunks, dragging between them a third drunker drunk, stagger crazily under the very nose of a lone policeman. He gazed at them broodingly, and as they staggered onward he wearily turned his eyes away in search of more interesting matters.

On another night I saw two men with monumental jags pitch out of a doorway just where Argyle Street runs under the Central Railway Station, and where the crowds are so thick between eight and ten o'clock every night that one must use force in order to get through. They were fighting industriously. They plunged off the curb, and their impetus carried them to the street-car tracks. The wheels of a double-deck tram passed a fraction of an inch from the head of one of them, and after it had passed a stranger rolled him back from the car tracks into the gutter.

I saw a man and a woman, fighting drunk, start slugging each other with their fists in the middle of Main Street in the Bridgeton section of Glasgow. The woman seemed to be getting the best of it, when another man came running up and hit her under the left ear, so that her attack, in a manner of speaking, broke down. I saw scores of drunken women, some of them with their babies wrapped in their shawls in the peculiarly Scotch manner, and a number of drunken girls about seventeen or eighteen years old. And out of all the nights that I walked the streets of Glasgow I saw not one arrest for drunkenness. Therefore I say that the number of persons convicted for drunkenness has no bearing on the number of persons who are drunk.

I have witnessed a large number of souse parties, ranging from the hectic celebrations in college towns after big football victories to the fireworks which resulted when 2000 soldiers were turned loose to lap up Japanese Scotch whisky in Hakodate, the fishing city of Northern Japan; but never have I seen more degrading, depressing, sickening drunkenness than I saw in one night in the city of Glasgow.

Glasgow's largest and most influential newspaper, shortly before the 1920 elections, stated editorially that for the people to vote to retain public houses "would mean that for at least three years more we should witness that excess of drunkenness on our streets which is an index to the misery of thousands of women and children and to an amount of self-inflicted inefficiency in industrial life which shames our boasted civilization."

This newspaper, by the way, was the only influential paper in all Scotland—and England, too, for that matter—which came out flatfooted in favor of prohibition. The English newspapers took it to task severely for its attitude; and one staunch and representative English journal referred frequently to the editorial stand of the Glasgow paper as "that unedifying spectacle" and spoke of the antiprohibitionists as "the forces of common sense and decency," and of the prohibitionists as "bigoted and wrong-headed people working in a bad cause."

The slums of Glasgow and Edinburgh, which produce by far the largest percentage of Scotch souses, are the equals of any slums in the world. The slum districts in many instances are composed of houses which were old when Mary Queen of Scots was complaining about the Scotch climate and getting ready to be beheaded. From the Old Town of Edinburgh down to the turreted walls of Holyrood Palace runs a straight, steep street about a third of a mile in length, known as the Canongate. The Canongate and the narrow alleyways and courtyards and holes in the wall which lead from it—alleys and holes known in Scotland as wynds and closes—make up the principal slum district of Edinburgh. The houses which abut on the Canongate and its dark offshoots are towering buildings of dingy gray stone, eight, ten, twelve and even fourteen stories high. These buildings are known as lands, and in the old days they were inhabited by Scotland's best. Poets, statesmen, scholars, clergymen, philosophers and belles of the Assembly Rooms passed each other daily on their narrow staircases.

From Grandeur to Squalor

Here lived the most powerful and famous of the Scotch nobility—the Duke of Queensberry, the Duke of Hamilton, the Marquess of Argyll, the Earls of Dalhousie, Moray, Breadalbane, Haddington, Panmure—the list is endless. John Knox's house adjoins it, and Blackfriars Street, formerly Blackfriars Wynd, on which were built the homes of cardinals, archbishops, princes—and above all the princely house of St. Clair, Earls of Orkney and Rosslyn. When Earl William headed this family, the Scotch records show, his lady never rode out of Blackfriars Wynd and down the Canongate but she was accompanied by two hundred belted knights; and when she came home late at night she didn't come home in the dark, for eighty pages, all of noble birth, held torches on either side. She was attended by seventy-five gentlewomen, of whom fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvets and silks.

To-day the lands of the Canongate are the abodes of misery. Six, eight, ten and even more people huddle in dark, squalid, filthy cubicles of rooms. The spare money of the families—or rather the money which should be spent on decent clothes and decent food—is spent on whisky. The children who dart in and out of the wynds and closes have neither shoes nor stockings in many instances, even in the raw and biting weather of a late Scotch autumn, and their clothes are of the meanest and sleaziest materials, and often ragged to boot.

Doctor Littlejohn, Medical Officer of Health for Edinburgh at a time when more than $5,000,000 was spent on housing and in clearing away the haunts of poverty and wretchedness, made the following statement:

"The greatest obstacle to the improvement of the homes of the working classes has been intemperance, leading to improvidence and poverty. Wherever a home is

(Continued on Page 82)

As used on Porch Floors

KOVERFLOR

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Floor Covering
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For Wood and Cement
Outside or Inside

YOU lay KOVERFLOR with a brush. It dries over night, providing a sanitary tile-like surface that is water-proof, weather-proof, alkali-proof, lime-proof, and impervious to the action of oil and grease.

KOVERFLOR is supplied in attractive solid colors for porch, kitchen, garage, factory, hospital, school, and all other wood or cement floor surfaces—also for steamship and boat decks.

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Be critical of batteries, particularly of the Exide. You have a right to expect more than the ordinary lasting-power from an Exide Battery. It was the first starting and lighting battery for automobiles, as it had been the pioneer in other fields long before there was such a thing as an automobile.

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In considering what battery will serve you best, bear this in mind: The Exide made for your car is the result of experience won in every field by the oldest and largest makers of storage batteries in the world.

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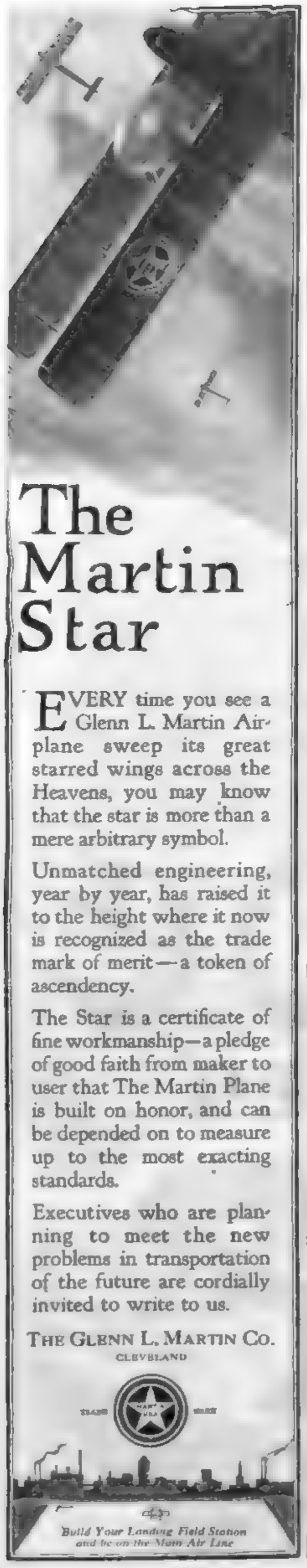
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Star
EVERY time you see a Glenn L. Martin Airplane sweep its great starred wings across the Heavens, you may know that the star is more than a mere arbitrary symbol.
Unmatched engineering, year by year, has raised it to the height where it now is recognized as the trade mark of merit—a token of ascendency.
The Star is a certificate of fine workmanship—a pledge of good faith from maker to user that The Martin Plane is built on honor, and can be depended on to measure up to the most exacting standards.
Executives who are planning to meet the new problems in transportation of the future are cordially invited to write to us.
THE GLENN L. MARTIN CO.
CLEVELAND
Build Your Landing Field Station and be on the Main Air Line

(Continued from Page 79)

found in a wretched condition, out of repair and unwholesome owing to squalor and filth, in ninety-nine out of a hundred the cause is the use of alcoholic liquors. Until the habits of the working classes undergo alteration it is impossible to expect that they will be decently housed. The temptations by which they are surrounded in the shape of spirit shops are such that good resolutions are easily broken down, and the efforts of social reformers are completely frustrated. Our great scheme of city improvement has been rendered almost nugatory, so far as the housing of the poorer classes is concerned, by the prevalence of intemperance."

The last time I passed Blackfriars Street, out of which used to ride the lady of the house of St. Clair with her two hundred belted knights, there were three Scotch women, drunk, staggering down it arm in arm through a cold rain.

One of the great causes of infant mortality in Scotland and England is what the British call overlaying. A mother, stupefied by liquor, rolls over on her baby in her sleep and the baby strangles. That is overlaying. In the last prewar year 1226 babies were killed by overlaying. America has never known this form of child killing; but it is common in Scotland.

The Fight for Local Option

The public houses of Scotland are more like the barrooms of America than the pubs of England. The women don't bulge up to the bar as they do in England, and in more refined drinking circles there is a pronounced belief that when a woman wants a drink she should get it as inconspicuously as possible. Consequently there is a back room in most Scotch pubs, and the women steer for the back rooms. In the slum districts, however—like the Canongate in Edinburgh, for example—the women go into the bar with the men. I dropped into one bar on the Canongate—in the pursuit of knowledge, of course—and when the barkeeper slipped me a jolt of Glenlivet he had to pass it over the heads of six lady patrons who were roasting the weakness of 80-per-cent-under-proof whisky with such venom that one might have thought they had to drink a gallon apiece in order to get a glow.

One marked difference between the bars of Scotland and the bars that America knew lies in the manner of dispensing whisky. In a Scotch bar one never sees a bottle—probably because the premises would soon be so cluttered up with bottles that there would be no room for anything else. In a Scotch bar all the whisky is draft whisky. The whisky casks usually stand high above the bar and are connected with the bar by pipes, so when a cluster of boon companions drifts in and calls for mugs of Scotch the barman simply turns a spigot and lets it run.

Once a man is soused and shows it the doors of all pubs are closed to him until he has lost his jag. The Scotch pubs, and the English pubs as well, are very strict on this point; for the publican who ignores it stands an excellent chance of losing his license. When, therefore, the old prune juice reaches a drinker's brain and he begins to make noisy announcement that he can lick each or all of his fellow drinkers he finds himself seized by the back of the collar and the slack of the pants and hurled out on the cold bricks with such force as to telescope or pulverize several of them.

I do not wish to convey the impression that everybody who walks the streets of Glasgow and Edinburgh and other Scotch cities on Saturday night is burdened with a skinful of hard liquor. The population of Glasgow, for example, is 1,000,000, and the percentage of that number which is drunk on any given night is small. Even on hogmanay, which is the Scotch name for New Year's Eve, when thousands of drunken citizens of Glasgow congregate in the Cross, where the Trongate and the Gallowgate converge, and pepper the statue of King William III with empty bottles, the percentage of drunks to the rest of the population is small. None the less, Glasgow has some of the wettest spots of any city in the world, and there are several other Scotch cities which crowd it close for premier honors.

Conditions of this sort are the ones that the people of Scotland fought in the elections of November, 1920, and the ones that they have been fighting since 1851, when the state of Maine passed the first local option law. In 1853 the people of England and Scotland began to fight for a local option law of their own, based on the Maine law, which should give them the right to express an opinion as to whether or not the community should be saddled with the public house. England is still fighting, and is almost as far from gaining her objective as she was in 1853. Scotland, however, was luckier. On August 13, 1913, the Temperance (Scotland) Act was passed into law by Parliament, after a fight on the part of the Scotch temperance workers which had lasted for sixty years. The liquor interests, however, fought nearly as hard; and before the act was passed they had slipped so many knives into it and forced so many compromises on the temperance advocates that it was one of the weakest, palest, sickliest temperance acts that ever caused a brewer to burst into hilarious and derisive laughter.

The act, for example, gave to the people of Scotland the right of local option at the end of seven years. Though the act became a law in August, 1913, the people of Scotland couldn't vote on the question involved in the law until November, 1920. Thus the brewers and the distillers and the public-house owners had seven years of grace in which to make their fortunes if they had not already done so, or to change their occupations if they were sufficiently foolish to think that the act would ever result in putting any barkeepers or distillers or brewers out of business.

The act provided that when voting time finally arrived no voting area could vote itself no-license by a bare majority. Unless 55 per cent of the voters voted for no-license the area remained wet. Moreover, the 55 per cent must represent at least 35 per cent of the total number of electors in the voting area. In other words, if a bare majority of a district voted to make the district dry the district remained wet in spite of their wishes. This very thing happened repeatedly in the November elections. If the wet and the dry issues of the election had been settled by a majority vote twice as many areas would have gone dry as actually went. In using the word "dry" I am using it in the Scotch sense, which allows more latitude than the American interpretation.

Provisions of the Act

The act also provided that towns with populations less than 25,000 should vote as a unit; but that larger towns should vote by wards, and that no ward should be affected by the votes in other wards. This situation can be better realized if one imagines New York voting for prohibition measures under such an act. If most of New York were to vote itself dry by large majorities, but if a few districts refused to do so, those few districts would be unaffected by the majority vote and would continue to dispense liquor as before. Not only would they dispense liquor as before but they would also dispense it to most of the rum hounds from all the districts which had gone dry. Now an optimistic prohibitionist may regard such a state of affairs as effectively prohibitive; but the most active bar flies of America would regard a city with one wet ward as a haven of refuge and a paradise of golden opportunity.

Finally the Temperance (Scotland) Act is so framed that when a voting area goes no-license the licensing of inns, hotels and restaurants for the sale of drink is not affected; and there are hundreds of thousands of people in America—those, by the way, who are raving the loudest against prohibition—who would consider that a city whose inns, hotels and restaurants could sell spirituous liquors was as wet as the Atlantic Ocean if not wetter.

This act, it must be understood, is not the act which the prohibitionists and the temperance workers wanted. They wanted a very much stronger act—one which would close the distilleries and hit the traveler and the wealthy citizen the same brutal wallop that it would hit the workingman. They couldn't get it, however. Even after the act had been passed into law in 1913 the liquor interests claimed that it was a dead law because of the handicaps which they had caused to be imposed on the temperance workers. It is not a dead law, though, and it has frightened the Scotch distillers and brewers and the liquor trade of the United Kingdom generally into a series of violent convulsions.

The so-called prohibition fight in Scotland—I say so-called because the fight has not been on prohibition as America understands it, but on the evils of the public house and the question of licensing or not licensing public houses—was waged on the dry side by the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association and by the National Citizens Council. The Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association is the association which struggled for sixty years to gain for the people of Scotland the right to vote on the sale of liquor in the districts in which they live. It is the organization which persuaded Pussyfoot Johnson to come to Scotland and help the dry campaign by telling Scotchmen about the good things that prohibition has done for America. The National Citizens Council is a comparatively new organization formed, according to its officials, "on the widest basis of citizenship for the purpose of educating the public as to its rights and duties with regard to the new act." Among the officials of the National Citizens Council are such representative Scotchmen as Lord Rowallan, a leading Scottish peer; Sir Joseph Maclay, the Shipping Controller; William Graham, a Labor member of Parliament from Edinburgh; Sir Samuel Chisholm, Lord Provost of Glasgow; Sir Edward Parrott, a member of Parliament from Edinburgh and head of the Nelson printing firm; and Bishop Walpole of the Scottish Episcopal Church.

The Campaign of the Wets

The brains and heart of the wets—and the lungs and limbs and viscera as well—is the Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council. This council is composed of three brewers, three distillers, three liquor retailers and a secretary. It represents all the distillers of Scotland, all the brewers, all the wine merchants, retailers and allied traders. More than a hundred associations—such, for example, as the Whisky Association (Scottish Branch); the Brewers' Association of Scotland; the Scottish Licensed Trade Defense Association; the Scottish Licensed Trade Veto Defense Fund—are affiliated with the council. Through the Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council the licensed liquor trade of Scotland fought as one body; and it is a safe bet that if the Scottish liquor trade had not organized as it did and fought as it did Scotland to-day would be so spotted with dry areas that if they were shown on a map the general effect would be that of a bad case of measles.

Each of the hundred affiliated associations of the Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council had election agents, competent secretaries and large working committees composed of both men and women. In every voting area these associations set up the usual parliamentary electoral machine and did their campaigning under the guidance of the Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council.

The headquarters of the council in Edinburgh had a large staff of workers, enormous masses of literature, posters and propaganda of various sorts, and a corps of trained antiprohibition speakers. Fifty of these antiprohibition speakers were ex-army officers who were trained in London for their particular task by the English liquor interests, who maintained a school for the purpose. The speakers, the literature and the posters were distributed from Edinburgh in such a manner as to reach the places where they were most needed at times when they were most needed. The machinery of the Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council deserves to be described in detail, for its excellence was responsible for the overcoming of an almost overwhelming sentiment in Scotland against the public house and indiscriminate drinking.

The Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council in its seven months of active fighting prior to and during the election issued more than 25,000,000 pamphlets dealing with the subject of prohibition from all points of view—except, of course, those points favorable to prohibition. The council published a two-sheet newspaper once every month, and distributed 250,000 copies of each issue. It printed and distributed 18,000,000 bottle labels, and saw to it that no bottle containing an alcoholic beverage should reach a consumer without one of the labels pasted on it. The sentiments conveyed by these labels were short and sweet, such as "Prohibition Destroys Liberty—Vote No Change." "Prohibition Means More Taxation—Vote No Change." "Prohibition Increases Cost of Living—Vote No Change." "Prohibition is 'Dry' Rot—

(Continued on Page 85)

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"I Believe in This"
Mothers everywhere have learned to believe in Pillsbury's Wheat Cereal. Very easily digested, it is usually one of the first solid foods given to infants, yet it also furnishes the nourishment necessary to sustain the hardest worker.
The purity, wholesomeness and rare flavor of these creamy-white hearts of wheat, make instant appeal to all appetites. For the infant, the adult—for the invalid, the athlete—for every member of every family—Pillsbury's Wheat Cereal.
Always buy Pillsbury's Family of Foods—different in kind, but alike in quality. At your grocer's.
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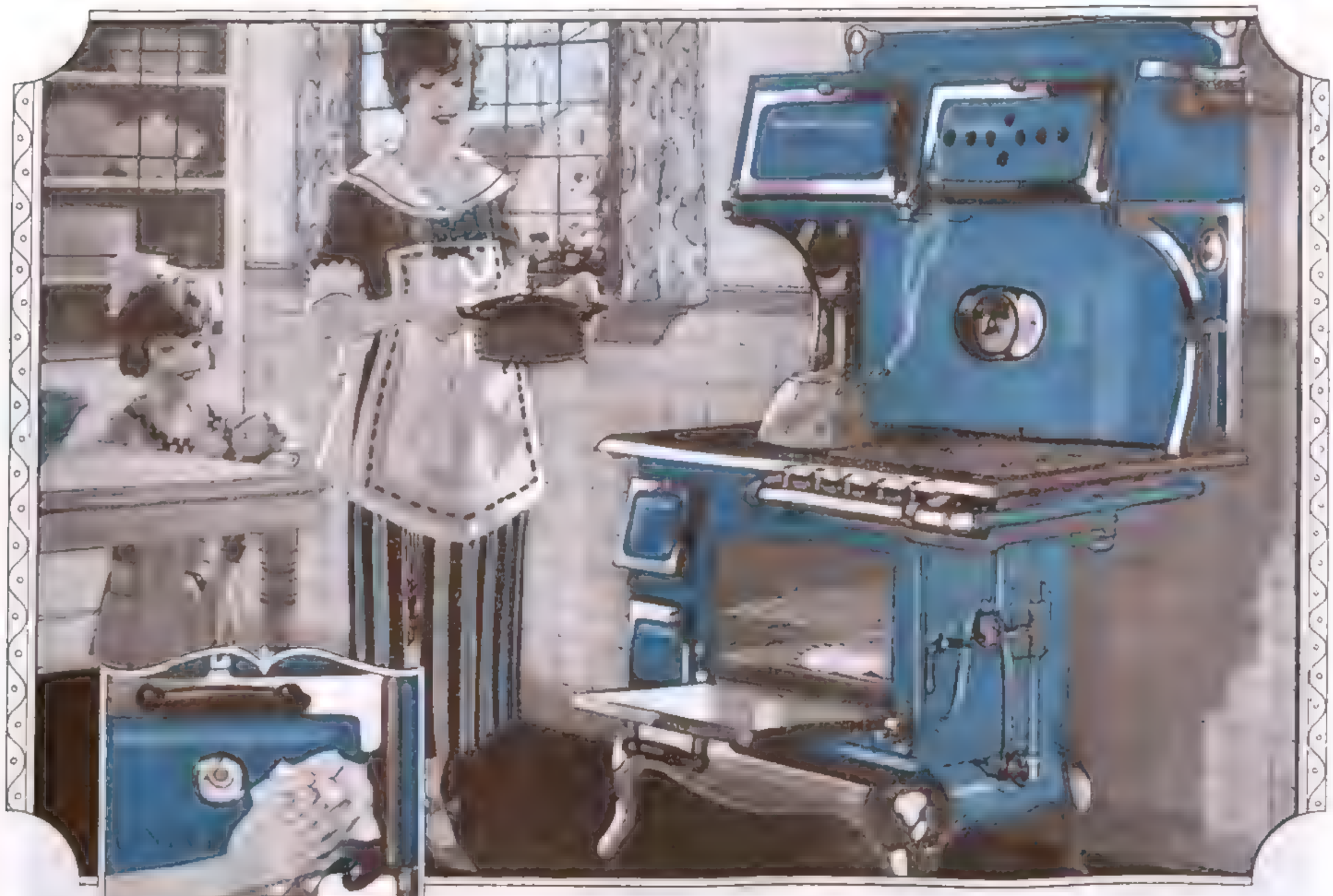


"women praise the fine cooking . . . and its beauty"

In homes everywhere, women give unstinted praise to the fine cooking and baking done by the Universal Combination Range, and to its uncommon beauty. Its immaculate surface of porcelain is easily washed, always clean, meeting the demands of modern, sanitary kitchens. Marvelously simple and compact; of trim, handsome lines; fits in small space, saves room.

It is "The Range of Simplicity and Thrift"; famous for its Simplicity, Economy, Beauty and Compactness. See insert number two—a mere twist of the wrist changes completely from Coal or Wood to Gas. No parts to take out; no dampers to operate. Automatic. Insert number one shows Washable, Sanitary, Univit Porcelain finish, made in Peacock Blue or Pearl Grey; durable, unbreakable. Insert number three shows Pastry Oven. The equipment includes Baking and Roasting Oven, Pastry Oven, Broiler, Warming Closet, Self-Starter for Gas, Gas Kindler for Coal.

Keeps kitchen cool in summer, warm in winter. Economical, wastes no fuel. No worry about Gas Shortage. At all good dealers', in plain, nickel or porcelain finish—cash or terms. Dealer's name and illustrated booklet on request.

CRIBBEN & SEXTON COMPANY, 600-800 N. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
NEW YORK PITTSBURGH BAYONNE N. J. PORTLAND SAN FRANCISCO DENVER
Made in Canada under the name SIMPLEX by Mc Clary's, London Patented in United States and Canada

UNIVERSAL COMBINATION RANGE

Burns Natural or Artificial Gas *and* Coal or Wood

(Continued from Page 82)

Vote No Change," "Prohibition Means Unemployment—Vote No Change," "Temperance is Strength, Prohibition is Slavery—Vote No Change," "Prohibition Robs the Worker, But Will Not Empty the Rich Man's Cellar—Vote No Change."

It printed 8,000,000 cards which were slipped into the hands of people on the streets by wet workers. On these cards were printed select antiprohibition remarks by great writers. Samples that were given to me quote John Stuart Mill to the effect that so monstrous a principle as prohibition is far more dangerous than any single interference with liberty; there is no violation of liberty which it would not justify.

This quotation is probably correct, though both the wets and the drys in Scotland have an unpleasant habit of quoting the same people to prove their cases. The wets quote Mill to show that prohibition is a horrible infringement on liberty; the drys quote him to show exactly the opposite. The wets quote Abraham Lincoln to show that they are being abused; the drys quote Abraham Lincoln to show that the suppression of the liquor traffic was a thing which he ardently hoped to accomplish as the crowning feat of his career. The wets quote Sam Gompers, and so do the drys. Both of them quote Theodore Roosevelt in support of their arguments, and each side claims Oliver Cromwell and quotes him extensively.

Ubiquitous Propaganda

The Anti-Prohibition Campaign Council purchased 2,500,000 paper bags in two sizes and issued them to grocers all over Scotland. Grocers sell bottled goods, and the Temperance (Scotland) Act affects them, so that they are glad to use all the bags that are given them. On one side of each bag was printed:

"To Housewives: Dry America has raised the price of sugar to its present high figure because of her enormous increase in the use of so-called temperance drinks and candies. If there is prohibition in this country the price will rise still higher, and with many other household necessities will become a luxury only for the rich. Vote No Change."

This bag, which was carried into every home in Scotland before the campaign was over, was excellent propaganda; and the propaganda was damaged very little by the fact that sugar during the last part of the campaign was considerably lower in price in America than it was in England.

The council distributed 260,000 posters limited to printing, 60,000 colored picture posters and 20,000 enormous sixteen-sheet colored posters of the same designs as the 60,000 smaller colored ones. Every hotel, public house and licensed grocery covered its windows with the council's posters, and in many cases the entire front of a public house would be covered so that no house could be seen. A cartoon in an Edinburgh paper showed two Scotchmen standing in front of a mass of posters. "Whaur's the pub, Tam?" one of them is asking. Every billboard and hoarding in Scotland was covered with these posters for six months before the election. There were wet posters in every railway station in the country. The council contracted with street-car companies so that the cars carried strip posters twenty feet in length along their sides. They contracted with moving-picture houses so that every silver screen in the land warned the people against the perils of prohibition throughout the afternoon and evening. Wet slogans appeared on the football-result cards which hang in all public places, and on the programs of all theaters and athletic events. At big football parks the council painted antiprohibition signs 200 feet long and thirty feet deep on the tops of grand stands—and Scotch football parks hold as many as 120,000 people. Wherever it could rent the end of a house or a private fence it painted thereon a powerful blast against prohibition.

The council carried on a seven-month advertising campaign in all the important newspapers in Scotland, a house-to-house campaign for distributing antiprohibition literature and a personal canvass of all electors. It held meetings in many places each day from the middle of August to the end of November, and for speakers at these meetings it provided members of Parliament, clergymen, barristers, ex-members of Parliament and the ex-army officers of whom I have already spoken.

There is no question but that the dry interests would have been far more successful if the wet campaign had been a little weaker or had started a little later. The people of Scotland were deeply aware of the evils of drink, and wanted to stamp them out. But the assurance on the part of the wets that prohibition meant increased taxation and increase in the price of necessaries of life set a lot of the housewives to wabbling; and when they wabbled their menfolk wabbled—wiffle-waffled, as the Scotch say. The drys assured me that if the elections could have taken place three months earlier they would have won some striking victories. Some of the wet leaders confirmed this statement.

The drys could not counteract the wet advertising campaign because their resources were much smaller than those of the wets, and also because they were unable to get their propaganda into the voters' hands with the same surety. They could not, for example, reach the housewives who carried home provisions from the groceries in paper bags which assured them that prohibition would send the price of sugar beyond their reach. The grocers, being wets by nature of their business, would throw all possible obstacles in the path of those who attempted to show that this statement was untrue. The drys couldn't get their propaganda into the pubs, and so reach the workingmen. At the lowest estimate, the cost of the wet campaign was ten times the cost of the dry campaign. The wets probably spent much more than ten times as much as the drys, because a majority of the prohibitionists and temperance workers do their work for love or in the interests of humanity; whereas I have never happened to encounter an active worker in the antiprohibition cause who was working for anything except his bank account.

The campaign of the no-license workers—the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association and the National Citizens Council—was an educative campaign carried on by means of posters, pamphlets, a fortnightly newspaper, a few newspaper advertisements and a number of speakers. Pussyfoot Johnson, on the invitation of the secretary of the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association, spoke in behalf of no-license in all parts of Scotland. One other American speaker participated in the campaign, and these two speakers, so far as I could learn, comprised the "horde of Yankee agitators" to which the wets made such frequent reference.

The drys set themselves to prove—and did prove conclusively and to the satisfaction of all persons not congenital nit-wits, not slaves to the drink habit and not financially interested in the liquor trade—that drink was the cause of an undue amount of crime, disease, poverty, bad housing conditions and national inefficiency.

The Weapons of the Wets

The wets set themselves to prove that the contentions of the drys were not true, to convince the people of Scotland that they were voting on prohibition instead of on a no-license resolution which was no more akin to prohibition than beefsteak is akin to a cheese omelet.

One of the spots at which the wets kept hammering in their propaganda was the connection between America and the no-license movement in Scotland. By stretching the facts the wets were able to convey to the bulk of the Scotch people the belief that America was interested in thrusting prohibition on them. One wet poster, for example, shows a giant British workman lying bound on the shores of Scotland, while a small figure by his side waves an American flag. From the distant sky line of New York a huge stream of dope packages, patent-medicine bottles and chewing-gum boxes is flying towards Britain's shores.

"Are you going to allow British commerce, British labor and your own personal liberty to be bound and gagged?" asks this poster.

A handbill headed "The American Pussyfooters' Intrusion" warns all good Scotchmen not to get chummy with the American adventurers.

"You remember," says this amiable little document, "the German efforts at peaceful penetration and what it cost you to shake the country free of it?

"Do you wish to take another dose of peaceful penetration from adventurers and cranks from another foreign nation?

"The American Pussyfooters are here to try some more peaceful penetration upon you.

"They brag that they are going to butt in at your elections to influence politicians and the newspapers, and to make teetotalers of us all by promoting the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic liquors.

"They boast that they are paid highly for the job out of funds collected principally from American capitalists.

"This is only the beginning of the intrusion. There are other prohibition movements on foot in America—the prohibition of smoking, theaters, dancing, and of Sunday recreation.

"American adventurers are coming over here to earn a living by agitating to filch more of your liberties from you, and so your freedom may be stolen bit by bit.

"Turn down this prohibitionist business at once, and so put an end to this dangerous interference in your domestic affairs.

"It is the act of a traitor for any Britisher to encourage or tolerate these American prohibitionists.

"Aliens have no right to put us to the trouble of defending liberties we have enjoyed for centuries.

"Vote No Change!"

One publication, to quote another example, mentioned that the United States Internal Revenue Board was considering the seizing and selling of all foreign ships that violate the prohibition law, and then quoted an editorial from the Dundee Advertiser which stated that the current American patriotic creed is the possession of the biggest mercantile marine in the world, and that to confiscate foreign ships for wetness would be "just the kind of measure to appeal to our cousins, who are great altruists—especially when altruism can be combined with good business for themselves."

A Specimen Advertisement

A newspaper advertisement two columns wide and a page deep, put out by the wets, attacked the antiliquor forces in the following detached and restrained manner:

"We don't want the mark of the Pussyfoot all over Scotland!

"Without any assistance from Yankee faddists and fanatics, Scotsmen have succeeded in making a splendid mark in every field of human endeavour, at home and abroad.

"Their achievements are the clearest proof that they know how to look after themselves so as to secure the best results.

"They are the most competent judges to decide what individual and social habits are most suited to their national character, to their environment and to the development of their capacities.

"They have claimed, fought for and secured the right to be free and independent, both as Scotsmen and as individual human beings.

"Are they now to be ruled, regulated and regimented by prohibitionists infected by a foreign germ? Will the independent Scotsman allow himself to be made over according to an American pattern and placed under nursery government by a grandmotherly officialdom?

"In the matter now at issue—that of their freedom to drink what they choose—will they submit to be treated as though they were a half-crazy collection of inebriates?"

The advertisement winds up with a statement in large black capital letters declaring that "We can keep our own house in order."

This statement is not an unreasonable one. The people of any nation are easily aroused against the reformers from another nation, irrespective of the merits of the reform measures which they may be advocating. The most potent ammunition possessed by the wet forces was their claim of American interference. The drys in any country have enough arguments on their side to defeat the liquor interests if the facts are properly presented and distributed. The drys, therefore, handicap themselves when they import speakers from a foreign country, and give the wets an opportunity to cloud the issue by advertisements such as the one I have quoted—advertisements which cause the man in the street to growl that he isn't going to have any blooming American run his affairs.

If the Anti-Saloon League of America wishes to assist the liquor interests in their

(Continued on Page 88)

Hammond
MULTIPLEX
Cesko-Slovensky Italiano Português
"Just Turn *the* Knob"
—on the Hammond Multiplex and change *instantly* from one style of type or language to another.
Woodrow Wilson
says: "I have done most of my literary work on this machine (a Hammond) and would not exchange it for any other."
Judge Elbert H. Gary
—of the United States Steel Corporation, is able to give his letters a *distinctive air* by having them written on a Hammond Multiplex. A change of type will instantly stress an important point - - - - *Just Turn the Knob.*
Federal Reserve Bank
can, in its "Layout" department, obtain more forceful copy by instantly changing from one style of type to another. Many banks find the Multiplex invaluable for statistical work, or where it is necessary to condense records, etc., because of the *tiny type* it uses reduces the space to *one-quarter* of that of any other typewriter—*Just Turn the Knob.*
V. Pres't A. T. Hardin,
New York Central Railroad
can put his individuality in his writing, and emphasize points of importance through the instantly interchangeable type feature of the Multiplex - - - *Just Turn the Knob.*
N. Y. Public Libraries
—find the Multiplex indispensable for regular and specialized writing. The wonderful versatility automatically suggests the Multiplex—it being possible to do every sort of writing on *one* machine—*Just Turn the Knob.*
American Can Company
—finds the Multiplex of particular value in its department of Patents. The same machine can be used for regular correspondence and other office work - - - *Just Turn the Knob.*
V. Pres't R. B. Sheridan
American International Corp.
—finds the condensing feature of wonderful help for his personal loose-leaf manual, as it reduces type space to *one-quarter* of that required by ordinary machines—and he can instantly change to the usual type spacing for regular correspondence—*Just turn the Knob.*
These are just a few of the thousands of distinguished users of the Hammond Multiplex and show the wonderful versatility of this writing machine
No Matter What Your Requirements May Be:
—the Multiplex will meet them. Mail the coupon for
Free Pamphlet
—"More Than A Typewriter," and learn why YOU should use this great *interchangeable type* writing machine
Dealers: We have an extremely attractive proposition for representatives. It will pay you to send for information regarding it. Write today.
PORTABLE
Aluminum Model
A Special Model for *Traveling*—for *Home*—illustrated below. Embodies all the advantages of the Regular Multiplex. Instantly interchangeable type—automatic type action. Ask for special folder—"It's Portable."

HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO.
564 East 69th Street, New York City
Gentlemen:
Please send, gratis (check one or both squares),
☐ "More Than A Typewriter"—Regular model.
☐ "It's Portable"—Portable model.
Name _____
Address _____
State business or profession in margin below.

Proving Keen Kutter Quality to Millions

Millions have made their first acquaintance with Keen Kutter quality when, as boys, their heart's desire was finally satisfied by Keen Kutter pocket knives.

The unfailing way in which their pride in the name and mark was justified then has been conclusive proof to many of the superior Keen Kutter worth.

For thousands this early proof is continuously carried on by the Keen Kutter tools they buy in their maturer years.

For during more than fifty years planes, hammers, saws, chisels, auger bits—in fact every tool the skilled workman needs—have been developed to that high point where they finally earned the right to bear the Keen Kutter name and mark.

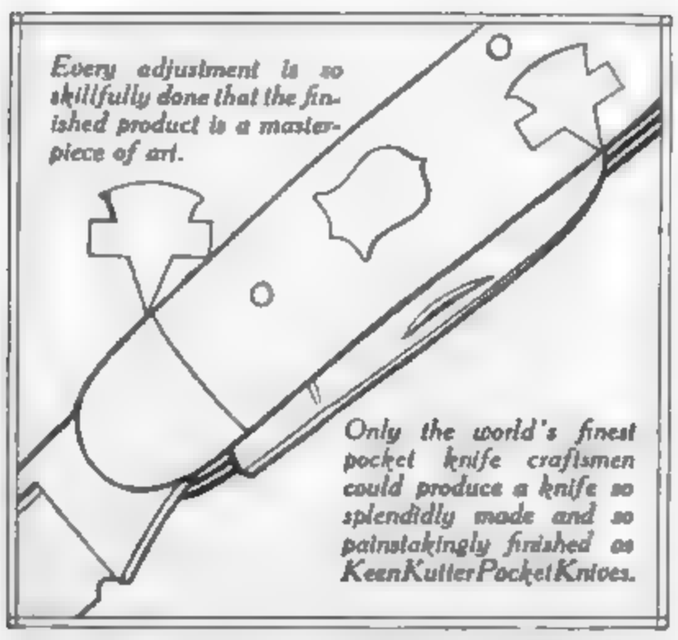
In every case the years of Keen Kutter experience have been patiently devoted to making tools that meet the need of those who make their living with them.

Over and above the Keen Kutter superiority of materials and workmanship, Keen Kutter tools have such exclusive operating advantages as the Keen Kutter lock wedge that keeps the heads of hatchets, hammers and axes from flying off—the Keen Kutter taper grinding that keeps saws from binding—the Keen Kutter frog that keeps planes from chattering and many others.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY

"The recollection of QUALITY remains long after the PRICE is forgotten"
—*E. C. Simmons*

Trade Mark Registered


Every adjustment is so skillfully done that the finished product is a masterpiece of art.
Only the world's finest pocket knife craftsmen could produce a knife so splendidly made and so painstakingly finished as KeenKutterPocketKnives.

Better Made And Of Finer Finish For Lasting Quality

No. K7727

No. K3037

KEEN

No. K3071

No. K2245

No. KNHO/2

Patent Locking Wedges Prevent Keen Kutter Hatchet Heads From Flying Off The Handles

All Keen Kutter Hatchets are wedged with the E. C. Simmons Patent locking wedge. The heavy malleable wedge has grooved sides so formed that when the strong steel pins are driven in the wedge the sharpened ends of the pins strike the end of the groove, enter the hole, forming a **hook** *and making a positive lock*

KUTTER

A Washable Antiseptic Dressing

Why use clumsy bandages for skin hurts when you can have instead a flexible, washable film of New-Skin?

Have you ever washed dishes with a bandaged, bulky finger?

In the kitchen

Then you should know how much easier it is when you simply coat over the cut or scratch with New-Skin.

All cuts and scrapes must be kept clean to prevent infection.

New-Skin furnishes a germ-proof protection.

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

NEWSKIN COMPANY

New York Toronto London

(Continued from Page 85)

fight against the temperance people in England and Scotland it can best do so by continuing to allow American speakers to go to Great Britain, and by agitating in America for a puritan Sunday, the abolition of smoking and lower heels on women's shoes as the Scotch wets say it is doing. These are points that stir up more antagonism to the prohibition movement in Scotland and England than all the other wet arguments put together.

Since America is the largest prohibition country in the world, both the wets and the drys turned to America to prove their contentions. All the evidence brought from America by the drys tended to show that prohibition has made the United States into an ideal country where life is one grand sweet song. The wets, however, tapped a very different source of information, and all their reports indicated clearly that prohibition had tremendously increased crime, lawbreaking, vice, Bolshevism, anarchy and other unpleasant matters.

The dry evidence starts with such glittering words as those of a Louisville, Kentucky, minister, who declares comprehensively and rhapsodically that "Life in Kentucky is the nearest thing to heaven since the arrival of prohibition." The dry propaganda then goes on to quote the governors of states, chiefs of police, secretaries of labor organizations, wardens of jails and presumably unbiased observers in America to the effect that the benefits of prohibition have been incalculable, and that sentiment in America is almost unanimous against returning to the preprohibition days. Prohibition in America, according to the drys, is a magnificent and inspiring success.

A Never-Ending Debate

The wet evidence brings forward voluminous reports of illegal traffic in liquor in America and the failure of the prohibition law to prohibit, of the increase in crime and the dope evil, of the growing number of drunks which infest the streets of leading American cities, and of the almost unanimous sentiment against prohibition. The wet evidence quotes influential Americans to the effect that the dry law in America is doomed. Prohibition in America, according to the wets, is an unparalleled and overwhelming failure, and instead of making the country into a near-heaven it has made it into a hell of a place.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that both the wets and the drys are correct in most of their contentions. Prohibition has been an unmixed blessing for many sections of America; and it is also giving rise to an enormous amount of lawbreaking, whisky running and home brewing and distilling. But even the average great American boob who connives at illegality by separating himself from a ten-dollar bill in return for about seventy-five cents' worth of fire water will, when pressed, admit that the United States without the saloon is a better place in which to live, so far as most people are concerned, than it was when the saloon was dispensing jags, headaches and hooch in equal proportions. Students of the American temperament say that the widespread making of home brews will gradually begin to pall on the makers as they continue to contemplate the awful mess that they make of their kitchens and the meager results which they get in return. These same students declare that the people of America go in whole-heartedly for things—rioting, for example, and drinking and graft and misgovernment—and when they are through going in for them they are through in a whole-hearted manner. The time to judge the effects of prohibition on America, say the students, is in a year or two years or three years or whenever it is that our most interesting circles cease to think it smart to restrict their dinner-table conversations to the subject of manufacturing and obtaining liquor.

The wets shrieked and tore their hair and frothed at the mouth in rage because of Pussyfoot Johnson's presence in Scotland, and I have already reproduced a few of their more poignant ululations against American intervention in their private hooch problems. They bawled deafeningly that Scotsmen are the most competent judges to decide what individual and social habits are most suited to their national character, to their environment and to the development of their capacities; and I wish to interject at this point the observation that the individual habits of Scotsmen at this writing are certainly suited to the development of greater capacities than I have ever encountered even in a wide experience with the most capacious capacities in Boston political circles, which possess some of the snappiest and most commodious capacities known to science. And then, in spite of their shriekings and their bawlings and their evident nausea at the unspeakable lowness of the drys in importing an American speaker, the wets imported two American speakers of their own.

The principal American speaker on behalf of the wets was C. A. Windle, of Chicago, of whom the Anti-Prohibition Journal said: "The Hon. C. A. Windle is recognized as the most brilliant debater in America. His command of language, overwhelming personality and absolute sincerity make him at once a convincing and fascinating speaker." The other was Mrs. Minona S. Jones, also of Chicago; and of Mrs. Jones the Anti-Prohibition Journal declared: "She has done yeoman service for the cause of freedom and liberty in America, and understands the prohibition question from beginning to end." When the Anti-Prohibition Journal refers to "the cause of freedom and liberty in America" it is speaking of the cause of old John B. Booze.

The Hon. C. A. Windle, in the parlance of the big-time circuit, knocked 'em off their chairs; and when he got through telling about the awful results of prohibition in America strong men felt moved to doff their coats and vests in anguish, while women almost wept to think that anyone could be so cruel as to deprive them of their grog. One of Mr. Windle's most frequently quoted statements was that "the only three places where prohibition has proved to be a success are the penitentiary, Turkey and hell." Mr. Windle's statement was taken at its face value, though he never produced figures either on hell, Turkey or the penitentiary.

Mr. Windle for the wets and Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson for the drys had some violent differences of opinion as the Scottish campaign neared an end, and the most violent altercation arose over the question of crime in Chicago. Briefly, Mr. Windle claimed that murder increased in Chicago during the first year of prohibition. Mr. Johnson said that there was less murder in Chicago during the first year of prohibition.

There was a great deal of quoting of American authorities in the campaign by both sides, and frequently quotations ascribed to the same man by both sides were in direct opposition to each other. Mr. Earnshaw of the wets, for example, quoted Bird S. Coler, Commissioner of Public Charities in New York, as saying on August 18, 1920, that the number of cases for alcoholic treatment in Bellevue Hospital, New York, equaled those of preprohibition days. Mr. Johnson, for the drys, quoted a letter from Mr. Coler, date August 26, 1920, to show that the general medical superintendent of the same hospital reported 175 alcoholic patients per month during the first eight months of 1920 as against 1000 a month prior to 1916. It is fairly obvious, therefore, that the poor voter who was attempting to get at the truth of the matter would, after reading the claims of both sides, find his brain reduced to the general texture of corned-beef hash.

Mr. Gompers Quoted

The most effective poster used by the wet forces was a brilliantly colored affair decorated with a picture of Sam Gompers. This, in two sizes—one a single-sheet poster and one a sixteen-sheet poster—was plastered all over Scotland. It was headed, America and Prohibition: The warning of The Little Giant of organized labor in America. Sam Gompers, president of the A. F. of L., says:

"I have always contended that foisting prohibition on this country was a blunder—a blunder charged with danger and loaded with disastrous probabilities.

"We have invaded the habits of the workingman—we have upset the man and unsettled him.

"He meets other men restless and discontented like himself. They rub together their grievances and there are sparks, sometimes fire.

"I believe that Bolshevism in Russia began in Prohibition.

"Is Prohibition worth such a price?"

The campaign provided a controversial debauch for hardened Scotch controversialists, and for weeks prior to the elections the newspapers were sprinkled with letters from wets and drys, in which each side rammed dirks into each other up to the hilt until the weary editor, in the Scotch fashion, wrote across the bottom of a letter, "This correspondence is now closed."

The wets had eleven stock arguments as to why the Scotch voters should not vote for the abolition of public-house licenses. The wets claimed that men cannot be made sober by act of Parliament.

The drys replied that the act of Parliament which cut down the production and sale of whisky and beer during the war reduced convictions for drunkenness in England, Scotland and Wales from 223,000 in 1913 to 36,000 in 1918.

The wets claimed that the provisions of the Temperance Act would merely drive the liquor trade out of one area and leave it in another.

The drys replied that conditions would promptly become so bad in the remaining wet areas that they would vote dry at the next elections for self protection.

The wets claimed that the better-class districts would go dry; while the slums, which needed dryness most, would never accept it.

The drys replied that the slums would eventually see that it was to their interests and the interests of their children to go dry.

The wets claimed that districts which voted out liquor would vote it in again.

The drys replied by producing figures from the United States and Canada to prove that districts which once went dry stayed dry.

The wets claimed that hardship would be inflicted on liquor sellers and thousands deprived of a living.

The drys replied by quoting American and Canadian bartenders to the effect that prohibition was the best thing that ever happened to them.

Clashing Opinions

The wets claimed that to vote Scotland dry would injure trade and commerce.

The drys replied that in America and Canada prohibition had caused drink money to flow to retail stores for clothing and food for families previously neglected.

The wets claimed that the abolition of the liquor trade would flood the labor market and depress the wages of all workers.

The drys replied that other and better trades would rise on the liquor traders' ruins.

The wets claimed that prohibition doesn't prohibit.

The drys replied that it does prohibit.

The wets claimed that the state would lose its revenue and that taxes would rise.

The drys replied that the state spends more each year to repair the evils caused by drink than it takes in revenue.

The wets claimed that prohibition is an unwarrantable interference with personal liberty.

The drys replied that nobody can have a personal liberty which runs contrary to the well-being of the community. No man has liberty to murder or steal, and no more should he have liberty to subject himself and his children to the tyranny of drink.

The wets claimed that the Temperance (Scotland) Act is a rank piece of class legislation, taking drink from the workingman but not interfering with the rich.

The drys replied that they had been forced to accept the terms of the act in order to get any act at all, and that any measure which reduced the liquor traffic was a good measure.

It is my impression, after dragging through most of Western Europe the trunkful of prohibition and antiprohibition propaganda that was forced on me in Scotland—propaganda, by the way, which has caused me to be regarded with deep suspicion in the hotels of such noticeably nonpuritanical centers as Paris and Monte Carlo—it is my impression, I repeat, that the wets and the drys got out enough propaganda to make fifty-seven volumes of the size of the Bartender's Guide.

Burdened with this mass of information and misinformation, then, the men and women of Scotland went to the polls, not on one day but on scattered days through November and part of December.

The sentiment against the continuation of existing drinking conditions had been very strong; and the Scottish Labor Party was officially committed to a no-license policy. In spite of this the drys were badly defeated.

(Concluded on Page 92)

LIKE A VOLCANO in action, fire frequently bursts without warning upon a community. Only by sound insurance can you be indemnified for the losses it may bring to you.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company has stood between its customers and losses for more than a century, paying every honest claim, big or little, promptly and without question. It will reimburse you for losses if you buy its insurance protection.

Knowing that it has a common interest with its patrons, the Hartford, through its Fire Prevention Engineers, will apply expert knowledge of hazards to the seeking out of perils which, if not corrected, may turn your property into worthless ruins.

To insure in the Hartford ask your local agent for Hartford policies or write direct to the Company.

Hartford Fire Insurance Co.

Hartford Conn.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Co. and The Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co. write practically every form of insurance except life.

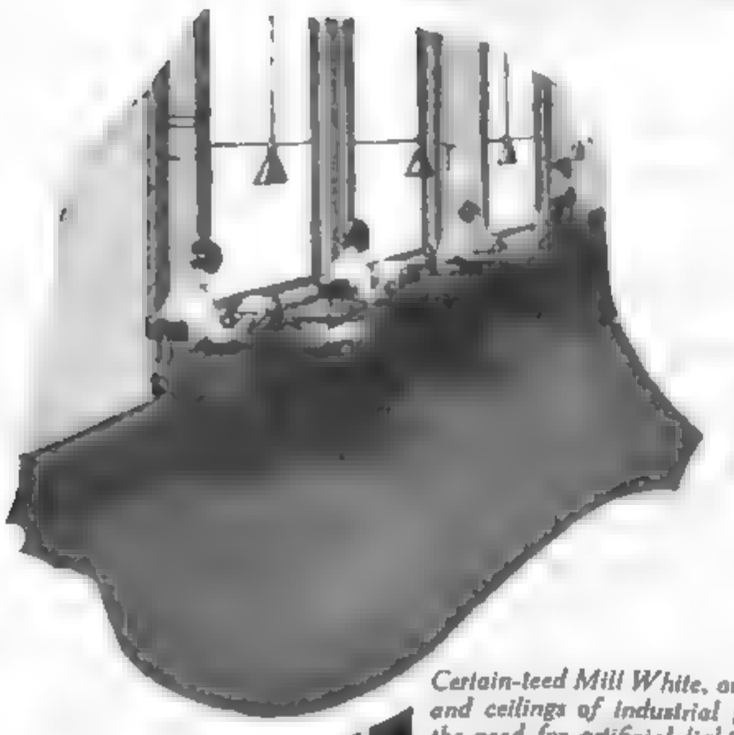
Certain-teed Roofing is the modern type of roofing for most buildings. It is weather-proof, spark-proof and durable—guaranteed for 5, 10 or 15 years, according to weight. It costs less to buy, less to lay and less to maintain than any other type of good roofing.

Certain-teed Paint fills all the requirements of a paint for exterior surfaces. It is made in standard colors, excels in covering capacity, hiding power and color retaining value, and yet is unusually reasonable in price.

Certain

PAINT · VARNISH · ROOFING · LINOLEUM · OIL CLOTH

Certain-teed Linoleum provides an economical, sanitary covering for floors of offices, corridors, washrooms, etc. Made plain or in patterns. Certain-teed Flat Wall Paint is an attractive, washable wall finish. Certain-teed Varnish is excellent for desks and woodwork.



Certain-teed Mill White, on interior walls and ceilings of industrial plants, lessens the need for artificial light by increasing the effectiveness of daylight. It is washable, sanitary and germproof. It stays white in use.

Certain-teed Products are also serviceable everywhere in and about the home They help in hundreds of ways to brighten it and make it more livable and enduring.

The Certain-teed Label Is Your Quality Guarantee

BECAUSE of the service record of Certain-teed Products everywhere, the Certain-teed label is accepted by millions of persons as an unfailing mark of high quality.

Certain-teed means, "*Certain*ty of Quality and Guaran*teed* Satisfaction," and the products, on which it appears, always redeem the promises which the label implies.

Certain-teed Products include Paint for nearly every exterior or interior purpose, Varnish, Roofing, Asphalt Shingles, Linoleum, Floortex and many others.

These products are produced under a system entailing the most exacting supervision, yet they are not high priced. They are manufactured in tremendous volume and marketed through an extensive distributing and warehouse system, both of which tend to keep prices reasonable.

Make the Certain-teed label your unfailing guide to high quality, satisfaction and economy.

Certain-teed Products are sold by reliable dealers everywhere.

Certain-teed Products Corporation

General Offices, Saint Louis

Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities

-teed

& RELATED PRODUCTS ~ ~

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT
FROM JASON WEILER & SONS
of Boston, Mass., one of America's leading diamond importers

For over 45 years the house of **Jason Weiler & Sons, of Boston,** has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling to jewelers. However a large business is done **direct by mail** with customers at **importing prices! Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail**—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser

1 carat, $145.00
This one carat diamond is of good blue white quality, fancy style 145, solid gold ring, beautifully hand engraved, set with perfect brilliant cut diamond, guaranteed perfect in every respect, unconditionally guaranteed to be exactly as represented or money refunded at once upon demand. Our price complete only **$145.00**

Ladies White Gold Diamond Ring .. $50.00
Perfect blue white diamond of extra fine brilliancy, fine quality white gold ring, hand engraved, set with a beautiful diamond of pure white beauty. A great value at this price.

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings

¼ carat, $31.00	½ carat, $73.00	2 carats, $290.00	
⅜ carat, 50.00	1½ carats, 217.00	3 carats, 435.00	

We refer you as to our reliability to any bank or newspaper in Boston

If desired, rings sent by Express Co. with bill of sale for examination. Our guarantee of exchange or full value for diamonds given with every purchase

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS VALUABLE CATALOG FREE ON "HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"

This book is devoted fully to the subject of diamonds and how to buy them intelligently and safely. Tells how to judge quality, how to avoid paying too much, how to get the most for your money. Write for your copy today. Free

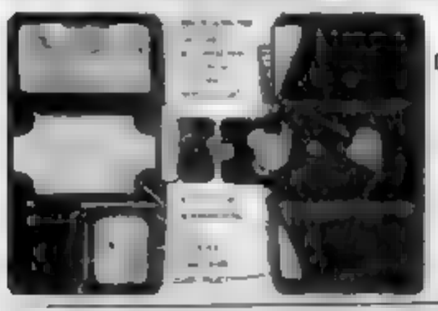
an authority.

Jason Weiler & Sons
361 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.
Diamond Importers since 1876
Foreign Agencies: Amsterdam, London and Paris

So many pockets in men's clothes that whatever you want is sure to be in the last you fumble through—unless you use an "American Gentleman" Carryall. Then, you can always lay your finger right on it—ticket, card, memo, coin, bill, date, whatever it is.

THE "AMERICAN GENTLEMAN"
takes up but little room. Of choicest leather, the most careful workmanship, sewn throughout, even the edges. That's why it wears. $1. At your dealer's. If your dealer doesn't carry it, send his name and address with a dollar bill for an "American Gentleman" Carryall. Money back if you're not more than satisfied.

CHARLES K. COOK CO., Inc.
215–225 S. 2nd Street, CAMDEN, N. J.
Makers of Brief Cases, Collar Bags, Hand Bags, Tobacco Pouches, Etc.
DEALERS: Write for profitable dealer proposition



Genuine Grained Leather, $1.00
Imported Lambskin Black or Tan $1.50
Genuine Calfskin Mahogany or Black, $2.50

PATENTS. WRITE for free illustrated guide book and "EVIDENCE OF CONCEPTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

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BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

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A voter could use his vote in three ways: For a no-change resolution, which meant that public-house licenses would stay as they were; for a limiting resolution, which meant that licenses would be reduced by one-quarter; and for a no-license resolution, which meant that all licenses in the area should be revoked except in inns, hotels and restaurants. In order for a no-license resolution to be adopted 55 per cent of the votes cast had to be in favor of it instead of a bare majority, and this 55 per cent had to represent 35 per cent of the total number of registered voters. Votes cast for no-license, if no-license failed, were added to the votes for the limiting resolution; and a bare majority of the votes cast were sufficient to carry limitation—provided they represented 35 per cent of the registered voters.

The city of Glasgow was one of the first places in Scotland to vote. There are thirty-seven voting areas in Glasgow. Four of these areas—all of them suburban residential sections—went no-license by very narrow margins; nine more areas, also suburban, narrowly failed to get the required 55 per cent and went into the limitation column; and the remaining twenty-four areas, including all of the slum districts, voted firmly for no-change. Out of the 1604 licenses in the city only ninety-nine were suppressed.

The Glasgow Herald, leading morning paper of the city, commented on the result by remarking:

"It is especially disappointing that the working-class population has so consistently voted no-change. They are the chief sufferers from the culpably excessive manner in which temptations are crowded upon them: their homes are darkened, their lives embittered and their bairns impoverished by conditions which, however created and perpetuated, are now controllable by their own agency. It is a dismal reflection on democracy that, when the chance is offered for escape from Egyptian bondage, it cannot rise above habits that are enfeebling and always degrading."

Drys Not Downhearted

The temperance workers had made their hardest fight in Glasgow, and the result—to put it bluntly—was a complete fizzle. Not a single bad ward went dry; so that three years from now—and three years must, by the provisions of the temperance act, elapse before these same areas can vote again on the question—there will be no shining example of prohibition's benefits at which the drys can point with pride.

The drys declare that they are not downhearted. They say that their first year of voting brought them more and better results than were ever obtained in any country on a first local-option vote. They point proudly to the Glasgow figures—182,860 for no-change, 8449 for limitation and 142,328 for no-license. All they need to do, they point out, is to swing 10 per cent of the wets over to the dry side in order to effect a tremendous swing to the prohibition side of the fence. The same thing is true of all Scotland.

Two hundred and fifty-three voting areas had voted when I left Scotland. Two hundred and six had voted no-change; twenty-four had voted limitation and twenty-three had voted no-license

The wets had good explanations for all their losses. They were badly jolted when the town of Cambuslang, heavily populated by steel workers and miners, went dry. I asked them about it. They explained by saying that, in the first place, the laborers were peevish at the pub owners for not selling them all the liquor they wanted during the war, and that they had consequently voted no-license to spite the pub owners. In the second place, extreme labor agitators had got among the workmen and filled them with radical notions. The wets have it firmly fixed in their heads that the extremists see social unrest in prohibition, and that in social unrest the extremists see the desired revolution. Consequently the extremists use prohibition as the means to their end. Kilsyth, inhabited largely by coal miners and industrial workers, is a hotbed of extreme socialism, say the wets. It went dry, they claim, because the labor leaders openly preached using prohibition as a stepping stone to revolution. One ward in Clydebank, the big shipping town where the Aquitania was built, went dry. The wets swear that it was the one radical, red-hot Bolshevik ward in the town.

Auchterarder is a pleasant agricultural and fruit-growing town and is the home of Lord Haldane, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain when the Temperance (Scotland) Act became a law. Auchterarder turned up in the dry column. The name sounded intriguing, so I took it up with the wets.

"This place must be a hotbed of Bolsheviks, don't you think?" I asked them.

They doubted it.

"Then why is it dry?" I asked.

The master of explanations for the wets stepped briskly to the fore.

"In Auchterarder," he said, "they just simply couldn't see any reason for fear. They didn't think there was a possibility of the town going dry. Auchterarder was just like America, and that's why she got it in the throat, as you Americans say. Do you know, it wasn't until two weeks before the election that the liquor interests in Auchterarder made any sort of fight. What I mean, they wouldn't—just actually wouldn't! They couldn't conceive of anything going dry. There are four license holders in Auchterarder, and two of the beggars actually forgot to go and vote! Couldn't do a thing with them—what I mean. Then the ministers there are very strong—oh, very strong! And a residential district. Beastly situation, what?"

Perfect Teamwork

I went over to see the drys about Auchterarder. I ran into a conclave of Scotchmen who eyed me calmly.

"They tell me that the wets made no fight in Auchterarder," I informed them.

"Did they so?" replied one.

"I'm asking you," said I.

"They did," said the Scotchman. "They made a gude fight, if you want to call it that. They had the place fair covered with posters saying we intended to make Scotland a place where there'd be no smoking or dancing or football or theaters, and all the rest of their stuff. They held open-air meetings, and they called us as many names as they'd call us on Argyle Street."

"Then why did you win?" I asked.

"Well-nigh pairfect organization," replied the Scotchman. "Well-nigh pairfect organization."

His statement bears out—in part—a summing up which an unaffiliated resident of Glasgow made for me:

If Scotland had gone dry America would stay dry without any question. If America goes back to wetness, or even to dampness, there is scarcely any power on earth that can make Scotland dry. If America stays dry and the wets slacken their fight Scotland will go dry as sure as shooting in Central Europe. If the wets hadn't been so well organized Scotland would have gone dry in 1920. And if the drys ever have access to half as large a campaign fund as the wets—and America still stays dry—then farewell, Scotch whisky!

TO HOUSEWIVES

"DRY" AMERICA HAS RAISED THE PRICE OF SUGAR TO ITS PRESENT HIGH FIGURE

because of her enormous increase in the use of so-called "temperance" drinks and candies.

IF THERE IS PROHIBITION IN THIS COUNTRY THE PRICE WILL RISE

STILL HIGHER

and with many other household necessaries will become a luxury only for the rich.

VOTE "NO CHANGE"

Paper Bags Supplied to All Grocers in Scotland by the Wets

ALCOHOLIC DRINK causes

Two-thirds of our Crime and Police Offences.
See Report of Prison Commissioners for Scotland.

One-fifth of the Insanity among Men.
See Lunacy Commission Report.

At least One-half of our Pauperism.
See Poor Law Commission Report.

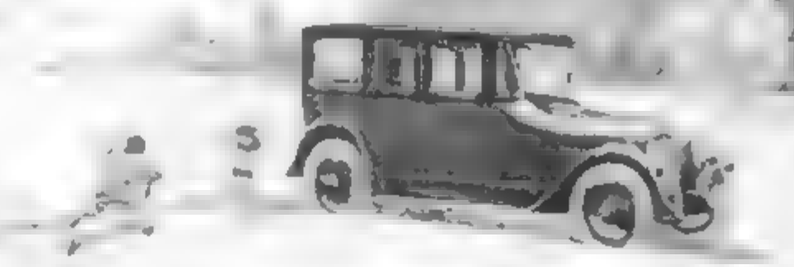
The Costs are met out of Rates and Taxes

YOU PAY THE BILL

VOTE NO-LICENCE

Oldsmobile

23rd YEAR



A New Value With a Valued Name

Association for twenty-three years in the public mind of the name Oldsmobile with favorably known motor cars naturally presupposes manufacturing goodness.

Yet in all its history none of its products has found a more enthusiastic acceptance than the Oldsmobile Four.

Everywhere surprise has been generously admitted at finding such size, finish and appearance of quality in a car of moderate price.

The 115-inch wheelbase is long enough to give the comfortable roominess that makes riding restful, yet handy for sharp turns and manoeuvering in traffic.

The very quality of its leather, fittings and finish suggests an inner goodness usually conceded only to the higher priced cars.

The graceful body is mounted on a sturdy seven-inch frame, stoutly braced by deep cross members. It is swung low and cradled on extra long, wide springs for greater safety and comfort.

But far more impressive than all of these outer excellences is the sense of surplus power you feel the minute you touch the throttle.

Whether it be sweeping forward in city traffic, lugging steadily through heavy going or whirling up stiff grades, you will be amazed and delighted at the dependable response of its powerful motor.

And when we mention the price we are impelled to repeat that—in size, beauty, power and performance—we believe this car meets every requirement of the thoughtful buyer to an extent that is nowhere even approached at a moderate price.

So sincere is our faith in its better value that we invite any test that will express to you by personal comparison the true worth of this fine car.

We Suggest That You Send For Folder Descriptive of This New Model 43-A

THE OLDS MOTOR WORKS

LANSING, MICHIGAN OSHAWA, ONTARIO

MODEL 43-A
Touring and Roadster
$1445

Sedan and Coupé
$2145

All Prices F. O. B. Lansing
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The majestic resonance of the Lyon & Healy Apartment Grand Piano bespeaks the eloquence of snow-peaked mountains. Its wealth of tonal power lends itself to sympathetic expression of simple song or full-voiced symphony.

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EVERYTHING KNOWN IN MUSIC

FOUNDED 1864 CHICAGO

LYON & HEALY Apartment Grand Piano

NUMBER ONE

(Continued from Page 7)

"Oh, don't worry about the money for that," he would tell his fellow committeemen grandly. "I'll speak to my boy about it."

Thus committed, he was hard to hold at bay. Eben listened to a great deal of oratory in which filial duty was blended nicely with the socialistic gospel. On both of these bases it was advanced that his purse was properly the common property of the family at least. He came at length to buying intervals of peace by small concessions, but each of these hurt him shrewdly. And the idea of moving to Buxton was increasingly attractive as the pressure heightened.

"I'd do better among strangers," he told himself. "They expect a fellow to look out for Number One." And talking it over with Mr. Cutler, with whom he stood on terms of high mutual respect, he found this decision emphatically indorsed.

"You git away from relations, Eb. They're bound to git hungrier every time you git another dollar in the bank."

And followed by the unanimous censure of his kindred and neighbors, Eben Timlow moved, like many a wiser man, from the discomforts of the skillet to the consuming glow of the coals.

III

THE thing came about with incredible suddenness. He had not even considered it as a remote possibility—it was too absurdly impossible even to contemplate. Not even the multiplying straws in the wind had forewarned him. From the formal courtesy of breakfast-table greetings and after-supper converse in the boarding-house parlor he had progressed imperceptibly to the intimacy of first names and deliberate evening strolls in the park, and from these to Sunday-afternoon excursions in hired rowboats or in trolley cars to the beach, without once foreseeing the end of these concessions. He found himself caught in the rapids above the brink when there was no chance of toiling out of the current; when, to his amazement, he had not even a desire to save himself.

He could hear the drumbeat of his pulses in his ears as he waited. Something had happened to him between two instants—something tremendous, cataclysmic, which in the space of two uneven breaths had completely transformed Eben Timlow into somebody with whom he had no acquaintance. It wasn't the Eben Timlow he knew who waited, balanced on the lip of the abyss, for the plunge into resounding, misty depths—waited not with terror but with a hot, choking eagerness. He knew that he was going to fall, and yet his only emotion was one of impatience at his tongue for its paralysis. What was he waiting for? Words came in a stumbling, whispering rush, such words as he had never dreamed of speaking—rash, unqualified, irrevocable words. Some part of him stood back and listened, stunned, aghast, while this new Eben Timlow swept on to destruction—begged for it, indeed, heedless and helpless, in a starry spring dusk. And then a silence, while he seemed to stop living and wait again. And then a cool, happy little laugh and a light hand against his own, and Edith's whisper coming to him:

"If you really want me ——"

He seemed to thrust an agonized, protesting Number One out of his way; a Number One which pleaded with him to stop and think before he answered that half question; which shrieked at him that he didn't really want her;- which reminded him that wives were more pizen than relations when it came to dreening money out of a man's pocket. He trampled joyously on this interloper, hating him savagely, despising him for even remembering money at a time like this. As if Edith were to be measured by pennies and dollars, weighed against them, like a bill of steel!

Presently, however, Number One picked himself out of the dust and renewed the battle, intruding on exchanging confidences concerning the exact day and hour and minute when he had begun to care, a vital question demanding all a fellow's attention.

"Yah!" chanted this enemy cunningly. "You're a nice one to be telling a girl you'll make her happy! A pig-selfish guy like you! Say you love her, when you know darned well you're going to treat her like a stepchild! What did Aunt Minnie tell you, anyway? Wasn't she always saying you'd make some girl the miserablest woman alive? Go on!"

The taunt cut deep into Eben Timlow's blurred emotions. It was true. A man as intently selfish as he'd always been hadn't any right to ask a girl—any girl—to put her life and happiness into his keeping. Edith didn't know him. She was buying a pig in a poke—literally. He ought to have waited until she knew him as he truly was; until there wasn't any question of her self-deception. Only, if she knew she'd have said no instead of yes, and even the thought of that had a mysterious power to freeze him. Between Edith and Number One not even Eben Timlow could hesitate. He trampled on his enemy again.

"I'll show 'em!" He set his teeth on the silent resolve. "I'll show 'em whether I'm selfish! I can be what I want to be, and I'll make her happy in spite of myself. I'll never think about Number One again as long as I live."

"Yah!" said Number One. "You wait."

But Eben Timlow, assuring Edith that he had known it from the first minute—when Mrs. Cafferty introduced them, you know—had turned his back forever on his other self. His ears were closed. Selfish? A man who had just been told that Edith didn't believe in long engagements, and that if he truly wanted her there wasn't any reason why they should wait. The thing wasn't thinkable. This Eben Timlow couldn't help being so generous that even Aunt Minnie would admire him.

Later, however, reviewing the miracle in the gaslight of his thrifty bedroom, he saw that he must be on guard; that reformation was not accomplished in a single, instantaneous upheaval, but by slow, patient strivings. He must remake himself by taking thought constantly. He must be alert for the old impulses, to crush them whenever they dared to lift their heads. If he yielded ever so little they would reconquer him. And Edith—he saw her suddenly, drooping, tearful, the wretched wife of the Eben Timlow of Aunt Minnie's prophecies. Never! Anything but that!

He had already begun the job. Edith knew exactly how his affairs stood; how much he had in the bank; how much the profits from the business amounted to; what, conservatively estimated, its future yields should be. All his instincts had been outraged by the confession, and he had taken a fierce pleasure in their protests. Whatever he had was going to belong to Edith just as much as to himself. She had as much right as he to information about it. Besides, it was undeniably pleasant to observe her admiring surprise. She wasn't mercenary, but of course it must have pleased her to find that the hard-working, economical fellow with whom she had fallen in love was a fairly prosperous citizen in disguise. He could understand that easily enough.

"And you did it all yourself!" She approved of him with eye and voice. "That's the wonderful part of it! Nobody helped you!"

Eben thought guiltily that this made it unanimous. Nobody had helped him and he had helped nobody. She must never suspect the other half of the truth. He confirmed his mental vows every time he saw her. She must never know him for what he had been—never!

He discovered in the first experiments that there was a compensation in unselfishness, an emotional reaction very much like what Aunt Minnie had vainly promised him. Those afternoon excursions to inspect flats, for instance—he found it mysteriously intoxicating to wave a contemptuous hand at the topic of rentals, to insist that all he cared about was Edith's satisfaction. When she finally chose one he signed the lease magnificently without barter.

"You ought not to be so easy about money," Edith told him afterward. "I could have made them take ten dollars off that rent if you'd left it to me."

He felt his spirit swelling grandly. She actually saw him as a spendthrift. His reform was already bearing fruit. He shrugged and smiled, as if to say that ten dollars more or less was a matter of infinitesimal importance. He accepted her mild scoldings happily as they shopped for furniture and rugs and silver. Always it was she who chaffered skillfully for the bargain, always he who voted in favor of the choice which cost most. He could see that these exhibitions of prodigality impressed her. And there was a growing allure in the business. To spend without stint became almost a subtle vice with him. The pang of parting with money only accentuated the sensations of grandeur in his expanding soul.

It was his idea to go to Edith's home for the wedding—a scheme which Edith mentioned only to reject it as involving unnecessary expense. The phrase settled it for Eben. She wanted to be married at home or she wouldn't have spoken of it at all. He overruled her protests thereafter. He decided breathlessly to plunge gloriously in the matter of that wedding—to bring to it, at his private expense, his entire household. The agonized expostulations of Number One spiced the enterprise with the flavor of sinfulness. He went out to Moravia to explode his sensation, hugging the consciousness of regal extravagance. They all thought he was a tightwad, did they? Well, he'd show them!

He did. At first inclined to view his project as another symptom of meditated selfishness, Laura and Elsie were visibly awed by his careless approval of estimates submitted in the matter of wardrobe. Aunt Minnie, after sentimental inquiries concerning Edith and the exact nature of his emotions, declared that she had always hoped for precisely this melting effect of matrimony, and surrounded him with the caressing sweetness of her ancient manner. Arthur Timlow, discussing marriage in its social and economic aspects, borrowed fifty dollars so easily that he seemed to suspect the reality of the bills.

"You've changed, Eben," was Aunt Minnie's final admonition, "but you must be very, very careful to guard against your old habits. The dear girl who's giving you herself doesn't know how hard you can be. You must never let her find out."

"Don't you worry about that, Aunt Minnie. I like it—just the way you said I would. It's lots more fun doing things for other people than for yourself. I'll never go back."

The wedding was almost spectacular. It was obvious that Edith's relatives regarded her as extraordinarily lucky. The magnificence of Elsie and Laura and the imposing, silken bulk of Aunt Minnie carried conviction to everybody who squeezed into the church or was invited to the splendors of the reception afterward. The clippings from the weekly paper which caught up with Eben and Edith on their circuit of New York and Washington referred to the groom as wealthy, successful, prominent, able. They spoke of his connections with the lip-smackings of envy.

"Well, we did it up right while we were at it, didn't we?"

Edith looked sober under the gratification normal to the circumstances.

"Yes, but we spent a frightful lot of money, Eben. We've got to settle down and begin saving again."

"Oh, that's all right! I guess I can make enough to take care of us." Eben snapped his fingers at the future. "And it's fun to cut loose like that."

Edith conceded the force of this, with reservations. She became more and more businesslike as the tickets shortened. It was her idea to open a joint bank account, so that there should be no financial secrets between them.

"I've thought a great deal about it, Eben. If we keep our money together each of us will be a little more careful about spending it. We'll be a kind of double-acting check on each other."

Eben assented carelessly. She would have a better chance to see how generous he was with this bird's-eye view of his spendings. He wouldn't have to advertise his liberality. It was a good plan.

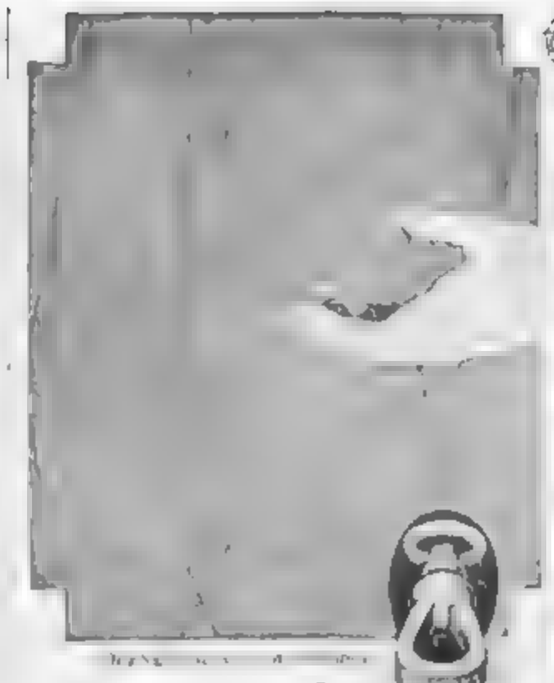
"I know you're a perfect peach," she continued, her eyes softening perceptibly, "but I'm worried about you because of that very thing. You're so kind-hearted and generous that I'm afraid people are going to take advantage of you."

Eben's cup overflowed. Make her unhappy by his selfishness? Why, she was actually alarmed because he wasn't selfish enough.

IV

HENRY POPE was plainly uncomfortable in the office. He slouched forward in the chair beside Eben's desk, his shirt-sleeved arms on his thighs, his face

(Continued on Page 98)



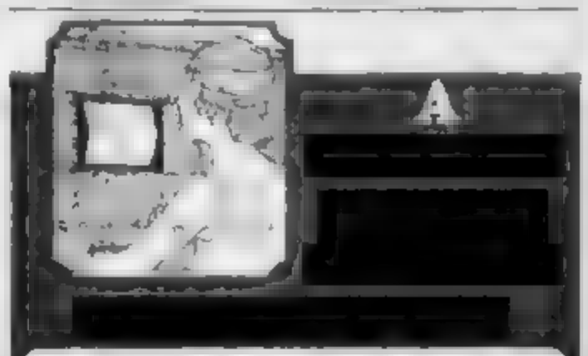
Economy in Good Dressing

By wearing Simmons Watch Chains you can avoid monotony in dress at little expense. They are every bit as good-looking as solid gold chains but cost less. Their solid gold surface produced by the exclusive Simmons process insures durability.

With dark clothes you will like the graceful, long-linked chains; with lighter, more informal suits the heavier, stockier links. See Simmons Chains at your jewellers' and you'll know why so many well dressed men choose them.

R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY
Attleboro Massachusetts

SIMMONS CHAINS



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Ambitious men and women desirous of making their spare hours net substantial cash returns should write for our proposition. We want able representatives to sell U. S. Player Rolls direct to player-piano owners in towns and localities where we have no established dealers.

No experience or investment required. Establish a business of your own! Customers are constant buyers of new rolls. U. S. Rolls are nationally known—5,000 piano and phonograph dealers sell them. Leaders for 15 years.

Write today for complete information. Applications considered in order of receipt.

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"The firm will never miss it"

Could this happen in your own stock room?

Ed Stacy (of course that isn't his real name) was only getting thirty-five a week, but he bought a little car and then a bigger one, and after a while he began talking about his house and inviting the boys over for a game once a week.

Ed had been chief stockkeeper for several years in a well known automobile accessory house located in the middle west. Everybody liked him and it hadn't occurred to the general manager to try to check up the reason why purchases of parts in one or two lines sometimes seemed heavier than was called for, and the parts account was getting to represent a good many thousand dollars.

When it came to a show down, Ed was given an extended vacation and it was decided to put in some sort of a stockkeeping system.

About this time a Burroughs salesman came around and, learning the condition of affairs, offered to show, with the aid of a Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine, how they could keep a daily balance on all the parts and accessories in stock, the items and values in detail on separate sheets in a loose leaf ledger and the totals of all carried on a control sheet.

The outcome of the matter was that a Burroughs Machine was purchased and a simple method of stockkeeping applied that put an end to the troubles in the stock room.

Their Burroughs (a Commercial Bookkeeping Machine) gives an accurate check at all times on the stockkeeper; it gives proof and constant balances on all items of stock, makes it easy to carry a perpetual inventory that can be checked up at frequent intervals, shows what is on order and places responsibility for all deliveries.

Minimum stock requirements are established for each item, which prevents an overstock of any part. Also annoyance of customers is avoided, as no promises are made to ship parts that later are found to be out of stock. Thus the machine makes it possible to give better service to customers than ever was the case before.

This concern was so well pleased with the operation of the system that the manager has recommended the system and equipment to his friends, with the result that fifteen of these have already bought Burroughs Machines and installed the same system.

Your stock record problem is probably different from the one given here, but Burroughs accuracy, speed and the daily check on every item in stock can be applied to your work just as easily as it has been done in hundreds of other businesses. Just get in touch with the nearest Burroughs office and let them show you how a Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine will help you to keep accurate records in your stock room.

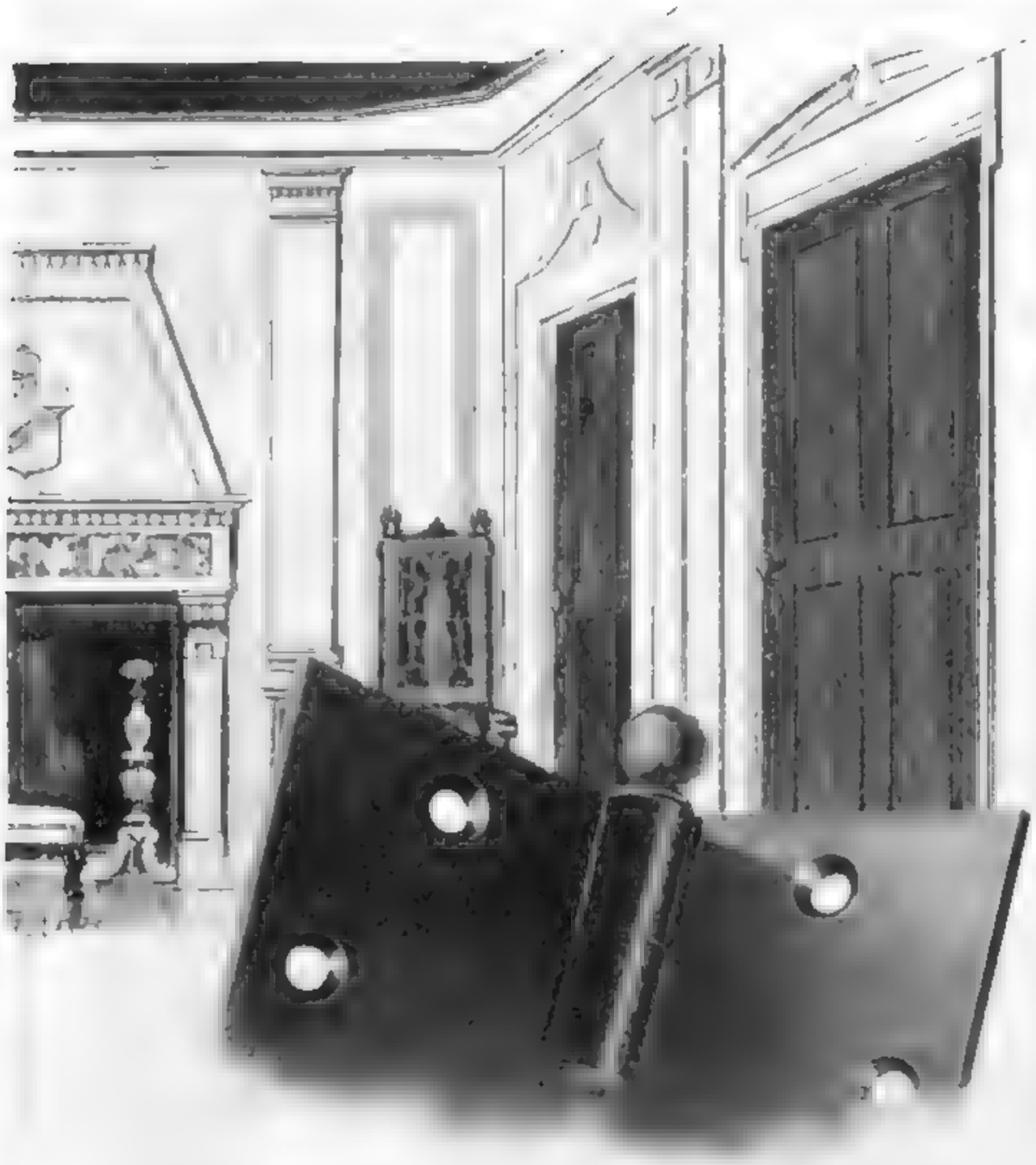
The A B C of Business

BESIDES Bookkeeping Machines, the Burroughs Adding Machine Company manufactures Adding and Calculating Machines of many styles and sizes, among which can be found a machine that will fit the need of any business, large or small. Talk it over with your banker (who knows the value of figure records), or call up a Burroughs representative and let him help you with your accounting problems.

Burroughs

Adding – Bookkeeping – Calculating Machines

ADDING
Burroughs Adding and Listing Machines are built in different models of various size to fit the needs of any kind of business, large or small.
BOOKKEEPING
Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines post ledgers and other important records with the automatic accuracy and speed of machine methods.
CALCULATING
Burroughs Calculators add, multiply, subtract and divide without printing the figures—giving completed results in the shortest possible time.
Burroughs
Adding – Bookkeeping – Calculating Machines



Where Hinges Promote Harmony

THE beauty of a room depends upon the selection of all its appointments to produce harmony. The value of McKinney Anti-Friction Butts lies in their ability to swing great doors quickly and quietly—without sagging or squeaking. They contribute harmony by serving unobtrusively—without notice.

McKinney Anti-Friction Butts are designed particularly for heavy work. Every day on millions of doors they prove their worth by work effectively done in silence. Other McKinney Hinges and Butts have been designed with equal thought for the task to be performed. From the smallest to the largest, they combine true craftsmanship with practical every day usefulness.

The first McKinney Hinge was introduced more than fifty years ago. The millions that have followed since all represent the effort of the McKinney Manufacturing Company to make a good and substantial product. Today McKinney Hinges set a standard by which all hinges may be fairly judged.

The selection of hinges for the home is clearly presented in a booklet for your convenience. You will also be interested in another booklet on hardware for garage doors of all kinds. These booklets will be sent you upon request.

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McKINNEY
Hinges and Butts

Also manufacturers of garage and farm building door-hardware, furniture hardware and McKinney One-Man Trucks. These McKinney One-Man Trucks eliminate the need of extra helpers and cut trucking costs in half.

(Continued from Page 95)

vaguely apprehensive. Eben, surveying him with eyes from which the scales of selfishness had fallen, felt a sharp stab of reproach. If he'd been decently generous with Henry from the beginning they'd still be equal partners. Pope would have shared his prosperity instead of degenerating into what he was—a contented underling working for a wage. He thought of Henry's home in the dreary new subdivision beyond the plant; of Henry's wife, sharp faced and sharper tongued. He'd made them what they were.

"Henry, you ought to be part owner in this business," he declared. "I want you to have an interest."

Pope looked alarmed.

"I'm all right the way things is fixed, Eb. I never was a great hand to run things. And I ain't got any cash I could spare f'r buyin' stock."

Eben shook his head.

"I wasn't thinking of selling you an interest," he said. "I thought I'd make you a present of a few shares. We started in together, and I don't feel right about your not having some split in the profits."

Pope opened his eyes. Eben saw doubt in them. He had never given Henry any reason to expect generosity. It was natural enough for him to look this gift horse very carefully in the mouth. The Eben Timlow of Pope's acquaintance would never have given away anything except a liability. He explained patiently, until Pope was convinced.

"Well, that's almighty nice of you, Eb. I always did sorta feel like I'd ought to of kept holt o' my half."

They shook hands on the bargain, and Eben passed over the certificate he had already prepared. He was exceedingly pleased with himself as Pope shuffled out to the shop with less stoop in his shoulders than he had brought in. This was living up to his resolves. Being unselfish with Edith wasn't enough. A fellow had to do it on a bigger scale to get the full benefit. He imagined Henry telling the news at supper in the dismal house, with his hatchet-faced wife listening. It was a great idea, this unselfishness. You got more fun out of it than you could possibly get out of watching your bank account swell. Aunt Minnie was absolutely right.

He told Edith about it that evening. Usually his entries in their common check book informed her of his benefactions, but this one required announcement.

"You ought to have seen the way he looked, Edith! Chirked right up, you know. I ought to have done it before."

"Did you treat him unfairly when you bought him out?" She looked thoughtful. "Did he have any right to complain, I mean?"

"Why, no!" Eben was instantly on guard. She mustn't dream that he hadn't always been the open-handed Eben she'd married. "He thought he was getting the best of me when he sold—used to laugh about it. He didn't think the business was worth what I paid him for his half of it, and it wasn't—then. That was before I hit the notion of making those siren signals instead of the bells we used to turn out. We've made our money since."

"Then I don't see why you should have given him back his interest. He certainly ought to pay you what you paid him at least."

Eben laughed.

"Oh, that wasn't enough to worry about! It wouldn't do me any good, and it would be hard for Henry to scrape it up. I'd rather put it as a gift anyway. It feels better."

She dropped the subject rather significantly.

Eben was dimly uncomfortable. He felt that Edith didn't approve. For a moment the thought came to him that perhaps she was just a little bit selfish herself! He ejected it sternly. Edith!

But it returned later when she looked up from the check book.

"Eben, you paid too much for that ring you gave me on my birthday. You ought not to be so extravagant."

"Shucks! I guess I can buy my wife a present now and then if I want to."

She tapped the penholder against her teeth.

"Yes. But—but, after all, it's not exactly a present, is it? You paid for it out of our joint account, you see. So that I paid for half of it indirectly. And I don't feel that I can afford to buy myself jewelry, Eben."

He was hurt. She came to him quickly.

"Oh, don't think I mean it complainingly. I know you wanted to make me happy. But—but you see, Eben, it isn't the money value of a gift that does that it's the fact that you remembered. And I'd honestly rather have you give me little things—flowers, sometimes, or books, or things for the house. Don't you see, dear?"

"All right." He tried to look as if she hadn't wounded him. "I only wanted to show you how I felt."

"I know. And you can do that with any little trifle, Eben. I know how generous you are; you needn't ever prove it."

He beamed again. So far, anyway, he'd succeeded better than he'd hoped. His rooted selfishness was completely unsuspected. And his business instinct told him that there was justice in her position. After all, she'd paid for half that ring, and as long as she was paying her share of the price she certainly had a right to a voice in the transaction. But he remembered uneasily the look in her eyes as she had talked. It reminded him, against his will, of the expression he had seen when he surveyed his reflection in the glass before the days of his reform. If Edith were selfish! But she couldn't be! Selfish people made those who loved them miserable, and Edith hadn't done that to him.

He trod resolutely on the doubt of her. Edith was perfect. It was just his imagination.

He persevered in his well-doing intelligently, watching himself for the slightest sign of a relapse. Even in business there were opportunities for generosity which he had never recognized. He found a distinct pleasure in canceling an overdue account here and there when the customer confessed financial troubles. He enjoyed giving an order to a hopeful young salesman who didn't dare to cut his prices as his predecessor had always done under suitable duress, and who looked so miserable at the prospect of losing the business that Eben couldn't bear to stand his ground. He allowed several employees to raise their wages against his judgment of their net cash value to the firm. And each of these experiments confirmed him in the belief that he who looks out for Number One misses the better part of life. He learned swiftly to be on the watch for an opening, to bask luxuriously in the warmth of his consequent self-approval.

He relented splendidly in the matter of Joe Turnbull, who presently carried Elsie off to the bungalow constructed and furnished with Eben's loan. He provided Laura with the furs for which she continued to yearn. He responded to Aunt Minnie's fervent appeals in behalf of Moravia's misfortunate. He chuckled as he supplied the funds with which Arthur Timlow paid his way into partnership in the real-estate enterprise of Mr. Augustus Poley. Mr. Timlow's compromise with his principles was diverting to his son; to traffic in the private ownership of land required a considerable departure from the tenets of his cart-tail creed.

"Of course I'll have to keep an eye on the business for him," said Eben, relating the episode to Edith. "Poley's honest, but he simply can't make money, and as for father, he's absolutely incompetent about any business except spellbinding. But I'll give 'em a lift now and then, and they may make a go of it yet."

Edith said nothing. He observed that she looked queer. There wasn't any expression at all in her face, except that her lips were rather tight, as if it required an effort to refrain from speech.

"You—you don't mind my doing things for my people, do you, Edie? After all——"

"I"—she stopped on the syllable; there was a pause—"it's your family, Eben. You must do as you think best, of course."

The tone worried him. It was too sweet. He couldn't help feeling that she didn't approve; that she saw these gifts of his with an unfriendly, coveting eye. Thinking it over privately, he found a certain justification. After all, he'd been emphatic about their having their property in common. It was in some sense Edith's money which he was lavishing on his relatives and their protégés, and she couldn't be expected to feel toward them as he did. Yes, there was some excuse for her objecting—if she did object. He meditated. Suppose he evened things by helping her family a bit. The idea was instantly appealing. It would be even more unselfish to lend a hand to an in-law than to endow a blood kinsman. He went over the list

(Continued on Page 101)

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THE WHITE COMPANY

CLEVELAND

(Continued from Page 98)

of Edith's people whose affairs had been revealed to him.

Most of them were disappointingly self-sufficient. Her brothers were doing very well with their lumber business. They weren't the sort to whom a brother-in-law could venture offers of help, either. Bill would be sore if anybody tried to patronize him. And her father had a good practice—mighty good, considering that he'd been a country doctor all his life. He considered uncles and cousins, oppressed by the fact that Edith's clan seemed to lack anything resembling a lame duck in the matter of finance. There wasn't any way of balancing the account between the families, and it was perfectly fair for Edith to look askance at his one-sided charities under such conditions.

He was therefore positively delighted when young Don Bender called on him, elaborately cordial in a key which Eben's ear instantly identified. He didn't wait for Don to reach his climax by the indirect and gradual approach. He asked him outright what could be done for him, and Don's pleased confession that he required a small loan was like music in his ears. He gave him fifty dollars instead of the twenty-five he asked for, and folded the note which Don insisted on signing with a happy inspiration. He'd let Edith find it out for herself instead of telling her. He'd take the note home and leave it in the desk, where she'd stumble on it sooner or later.

"Any time I can help you out you come straight to me," he told Bender. "I'm always glad to do what I can for Edith's people."

Bender was refreshingly willing to take this at its face value. He borrowed liberally in small amounts, and he was so grateful that Eben came to look forward to his visits almost with impatience. A young fellow trying to make a living out of the law needed backing. He'd be responsible for Don's success in a way. It would be a fine surprise for Edith when she found it out. Her cousin's career founded on her husband's secret aid! He had a fine collection of notes in the drawer now. Don's borrowings amounted to a bit more than a thousand, and he hadn't done anything for his own people for quite a while either. The account was measurably nearer a balance.

He found it necessary to run out to Moravia rather often, however, to lend a hand in his father's business. Poley and Timlow needed a good deal of hard-headed advice, as he had anticipated, and now and then his assistance enabled the firm to close a deal which without him would have fallen through. It was fun in a way to leave his own business for a day and plunge into a different line and scene, and there was a kind of pleasure in showing his father and Poley how to handle their affairs, in accepting their thanks and their admiration when he succeeded. With his aid the business managed to survive. It yielded a microscopic income to both partners, and permitted Arthur Timlow to run off occasionally on the affairs of his party. This always pleased Eben immensely. He was not only earning a little money for his father, but he was giving him the bliss of hearing his own platform oratory, and he was doing it without spending any of Edith's money too.

He helped Joe Turnbull a good deal on these excursions. Joe was finding the hardware business rather more complicated as a proprietor than he had considered it from behind the counter, and there were times when if it hadn't been for Eben's intervention the creditors would have been excusably nervous.

This sort of thing was even more gratifying than giving money, Eben discovered. It made him feel remarkably competent somehow to step into Joe's store and bring order out of confusion, to close a deal in farm lands which Poley and Timlow had left in the air. On one of these errands he encountered Mr. Cutler, whose holdings had steadily increased during the years, and who bought the old Fanshaw place at Eben's figure after a long afternoon of debate.

When the papers had been signed and the check passed, Mr. Cutler's mood expanded slightly.

"Sharp as they make 'em," he declared. "Come out here f'r a rest and pick up a tidy penny out'n me!"

"Not a cent," said Eben. "I just ran out to help father close the deal. There's nothing in it for me."

Mr. Cutler inspected him, clearly skeptical. Eben's eye seemed to convince him.

"Not even expenses?"

"Nothing at all."

"Thought you had a fine business of your own to tend to."

"It doesn't need all my time, I guess," Eben grinned.

Mr. Cutler lifted himself to his feet, one hand helping his spine in the laborious job of straightening. He surveyed Eben intently.

"Bub, a business that don't need all the time you got ain't wuth none of it," he announced oracularly.

Eben watched him stump away, a little displeased by the words and tone. They were spoken, he felt, more in sadness than in scorn, and he hadn't quite outgrown his respect for Mr. Cutler's views. He went back to Buxton in a thoughtful mood.

After all, he hadn't done anything that Poley couldn't have done, or Arthur Timlow himself, for that matter. Either of them, if circumstances had been suitably compelling, could have sold that land to Mr. Cutler. He was aware of a slight irritation toward them both. They'd got into the habit of calling on him for help when they didn't need it. Here, with a chance to pick up eighty-odd dollars in commissions, Arthur Timlow had gone off to Syrchester on some socialistic enterprise and left it to Eben to earn the money for him. And Augustus Poley had suggested that if he could get out again pretty soon he might be able to put over a pending transaction in unimproved town lots which was hanging fire without him. Darn them, they seemed to think they had a mortgage on him. They actually expected him to leave his own affairs and look after theirs.

For the first time since his reform Eben Timlow listened with sympathy to the reproaches of Number One.

v

"I THOUGHT I'd like to sell you back that stock you give me, Eb." Henry Pope spoke apologetically, but there was a note as of grievance in his voice. Eben scowled.

"I don't want to buy it, Henry. I gave it to you because I wanted you to have a share in the profits. What's the matter? Hard up again?"

Pope nodded.

"I knowed it would work out like that," he said. "Reenie didn't mind livin' cheap when I was just foreman, but soon's I got some stock she was bound to put on style. I guess mebbe we'll git along better the way things was. Wages is all right, some ways. A feller knows where he's at. You take'n' buy them shares back, Eb. I ain't askin' much f'r 'em."

Eben reached for his check book. Something in Pope's final remark carried an arresting inference to his brain. He looked up.

"Why not? They're worth ——"

"They ain't worth it to me, Eb. Reenie, she's got it in her head't they're goin' to show us all kinds o' profit, an' she aims to spend it afore she gits it. I know they ain't goin' to pay nothin'—and I been in debt enough f'r the rest of my life."

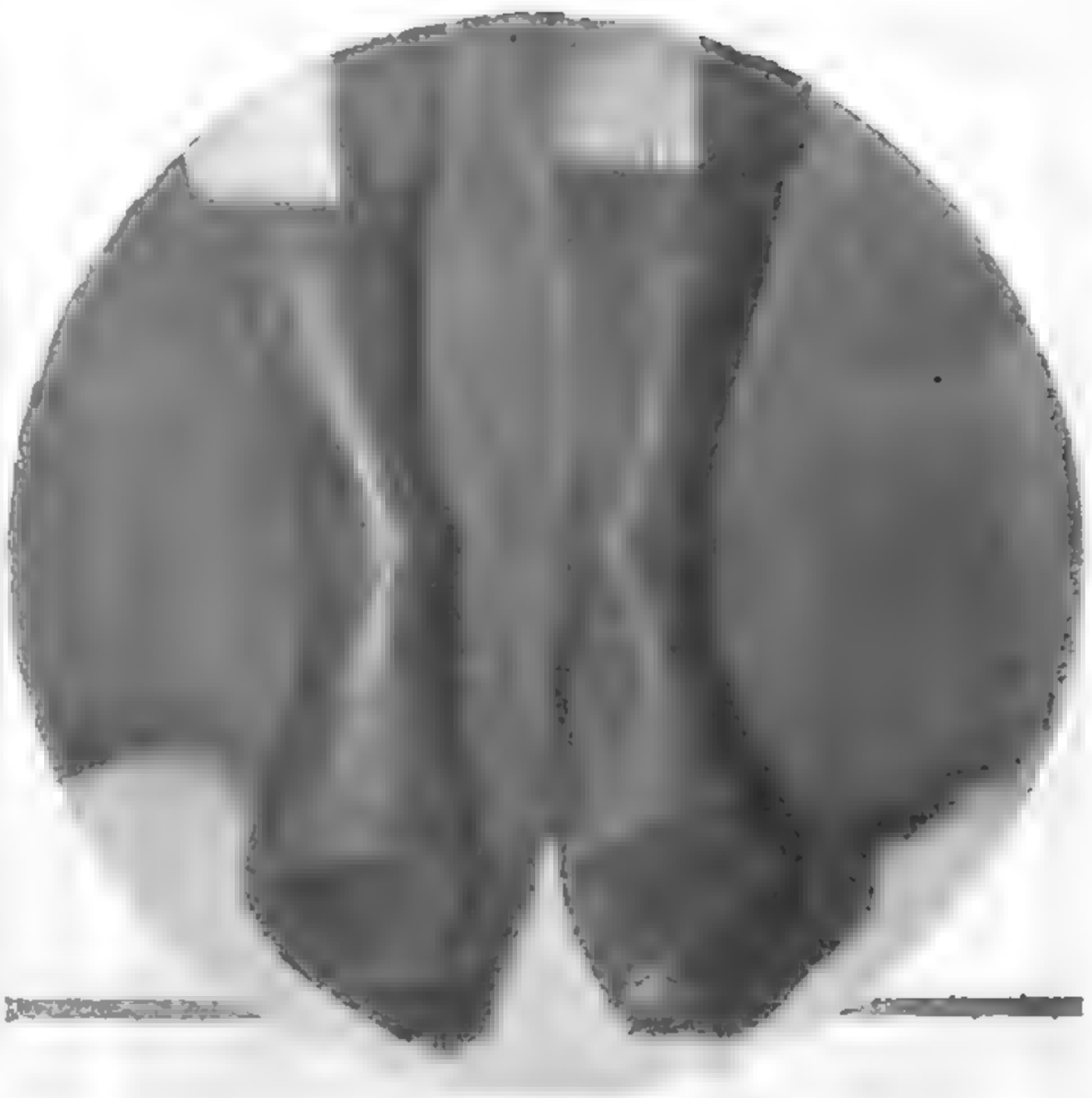
"Nothing? Why, we'll earn ——"

"Not this year, you won't. You take a look at the sales sheets, Eb. We been fallin' off steady. We ain't runnin' at a profit right now."

Eben laughed, but a sobering memory of lost orders came to him in time to cut the sound rather short. He bought Pope's shares at a fair figure and plunged into calculations. They startled him. Pope was right; the shop was running at a loss. The volume of business didn't justify the overhead. And he'd been playing Providence while his own affairs went wrong, fancying himself a philanthropist. He thought of Mr. Cutler, and was queerly ashamed. Mr. Cutler had been right about it—a business which didn't need all a man's strength wasn't a good business. And yet—he shook his head over the puzzle. Either you were selfish and made people miserable, or you went broke while you made them happy. He was absorbed in contemplation of this dismal choice when Edith came in. Instantly he forgot all about everything except the anger in her look. She had never before revealed any such expression. He met her accusing eye as bravely as he could and waited for enlightenment.

"Eben, I think you're the most utterly selfish person I ever knew!"

He jumped. Selfish! Whatever else she might justly call him, that word had no



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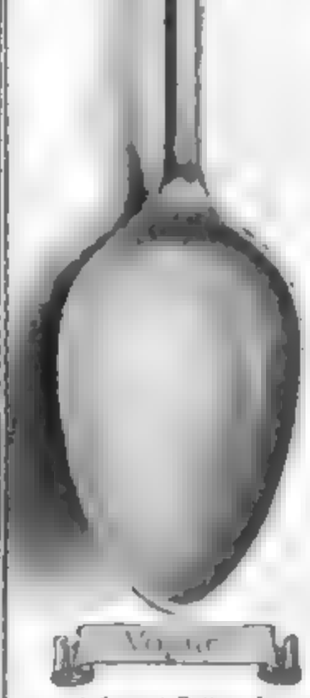

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place on her lips. Selfish! Why, ever since she'd known him he'd been working at unselfishness as if it were a trade.

"I was clearing up the desk and found these." She laid the packet of Don Bender's notes before him. "I just can't keep still any longer. I couldn't make myself say anything about the way you treated your own people, but when it comes to mine I've got a right to talk. You've done harm enough, with your everlasting craze to give people things. You might have let Don alone."

"He wanted a bit of a lift," defended Eben. "I don't see why you should talk as if I'd been robbing him."

"Because that's exactly what you've been doing. You've been robbing him of the only incentive that's strong enough to make him work. He's always been as lazy as he's clever, and we've been hoping that he'd settle down and really work, now that he's got to support himself. He'd been doing it too. Before he found out he could get money from you for the asking he actually made a living. Ever since then he's been wasting his time—spending your money and letting his practice look after itself. You've done him more damage in six months than ——"

"I'm sorry, Edie. I—I didn't want to be selfish—and I'd spent a lot on my own folks, you see—and ——"

"Selfish! Don't you see that you've been exactly that—the worst kind of selfishness? The kind that doesn't care a bit what happens to the other fellow, as long as you can pat yourself on the back and feel noble? There's nothing meaner on earth, Eben, than having that nice, gentle glow of generosity at somebody else's expense. I've borne it just as long as I can. I've watched you giving money to people who haven't earned it and sitting back to enjoy the spectacle of your generosity until ——"

"That isn't fair. I didn't do it for that reason, Edie."

"Oh, I know you don't think so! But if you'd be honest with yourself you'd realize that I'm right. It isn't as if you did anybody any good by it. You do them harm—almost always. You gave Mr. Pope an interest in the business—when he hadn't the slightest right on earth to expect it. Yesterday I met his wife at Nolan's buying a piano on the installment plan. And she tried to talk automobiles with me. That's what you've done for them—started them off on perfectly silly extravagance they'd never have even dreamed of if you hadn't meddled in their affairs. You've done your best to make a useless, cadging loafer of Don Bender, just when he was beginning to act like a self-respecting man. I know you think it's noble, but it isn't—it's mean. You get a beautiful, holy feeling, and somebody else pays the bills."

"But—but my father"—he fumbled for defense—"my father can't take care of himself."

"Nonsense! Anybody who's anywhere near normal can take better care of himself than anybody else can do it for him! If you'd let him manage his own affairs he might have muddled them, but I doubt it. He's got ten times the motive that you have. He's ten times—a hundred times—closer to them than you can possibly be. As it is, you're just training him not to take care of himself—putting a premium on letting you do it for him."

Eben remembered his own reflections on this topic. But his new convictions died hard.

"You'd be the first to suffer if I were selfish," he advanced. "You ——"

"Would I?" She gestured at the sheaf of papers before him. "How? Would I suffer if you put your time and strength and cleverness into this business? Every time you go away and leave it to do somebody else's job, don't I pay part of the loss? That isn't selfishness, Eben—that's the right sort of generosity, to do your own work and let other people do theirs—as far as they're able. I'm tired of hearing about unselfishness which isn't anything of the sort! Nobody has a right to cultivate his own emotions by meddling with other people's right and duty to take care of themselves! Charity? Yes, where it's needed; but always that finest kind of charity which only helps others to get their own feet under them again, which tries to make them competently selfish! Anything else is just harming them, the way you've harmed your brother-in-law, for instance, by teaching him to depend on you to untangle his books every week or two. Or the way you've harmed Donnie Bender by showing him how to loaf at your expense."

Eben Timlow faced the indictment helplessly. He couldn't see where Edith was wrong, but he clung still to Aunt Minnie's doctrines, to Arthur Timlow's premise that all property belonged in even shares to all men.

"I see what you mean, I guess. But it'd be a poor sort of world if nobody looked out for the other fellow, Edie."

"I'd like to try it. Don't you see, Eben? Can anybody run this business as well as you run it? Can it run without you? Why not? Because it's yours. Because there's in every one of us, deeper down than anything else, an instinct of self-preservation that lets us do things for ourselves that nobody else could possibly do for us. The minute you neglect this business to go out to Moravia and sell real estate for your father, what happens? This business suffers. Oh, I've watched it suffer. I know it's losing money, right now. And there's no equivalent gain to your father, either. You can only make him less able to help himself. His affairs suffer just like yours. And the same thing happens whenever anybody tries to do what you've been doing. We're designed and equipped to take care of ourselves, and we certainly can't expect to take care of others until we've done the easier job and done it right."

There was a tap at the door. Eben answered it eagerly. He was still in a mental turmoil which welcomed any diversion.

Don Bender, confident and amiable, slid into the room. Eben saw his face change as he caught sight of Edith.

"Hello, Donnie." He spoke heartily. "I'll bet I know what you've come for?" He chuckled. "Another little lift, eh?"

Bender regained a little of his cheerfulness.

"You're a regular mind reader, Eb." He grinned at Edith. "He's the prize member of the family, Edie. Guess you know that, though."

Edith said nothing. Eben felt that the moment was a crisis. He was undergoing a final test under his wife's clear-seeing eyes. He noticed the little docket of notes on the desk between them. Inspiration came to him.

"Donnie, I'm going to give you a real lift this time—the biggest one yet. I've got to show off in front of Edith." He chuckled again, while Bender assumed the dutifully amused expression of the man whose creditor is about to tell a story. "I'm going to give you a job—the toughest job you ever tackled, I guess, but you'll get a lot of profit out of it. Here's a bunch of notes I want you to collect for me. I want every cent, and every cent of interest too. You're to go after the maker barehanded—give him what-for till he settles."

"Leave that to me," said Bender. "I'll get it—if he's got it."

"He hasn't. You're going to make him get it. That's the hard part of the job. I've good reason to think he's absolutely broke, but I know he can earn enough if he has to. Go after him, Don."

"Gee, you sound bloodthirsty. What's this fellow done—to make you so sore?" Bender reached for the notes. Eben held them away from him.

"Oh, I'm doing it on his account," he said with a quick glance at Edith. "I'm being generous—the right way. He's been taught to depend on relatives who'd rather feel noble than say no. I'm going to teach him to stand up on his own legs, Don, and you'll help. Here."

He handed over the notes. Bender turned a ripe-tomato red. For a moment Eben thought he meant to resent the device. But Bender, after meeting Edith's eyes for an instant, laughed and turned to him.

"I guess you're right, Eb. We'll make him pungle up. You leave it to me." He faced Edith again. "Excuse me, Edith, will you? I can't afford to lie down on this case. See you later."

Eben Timlow didn't wait for his wife's comment. He gestured toward his desk.

"Edie, I've got to work like time on my own business. Suppose you run away now, and finish this talk to-night."

He saw her hesitate, and with another inspiration drew a blank letterhead toward him. He made a bold, sweeping inscription with a blunt pencil and thumb-tacked it to the wall above the desk.

"Number One."

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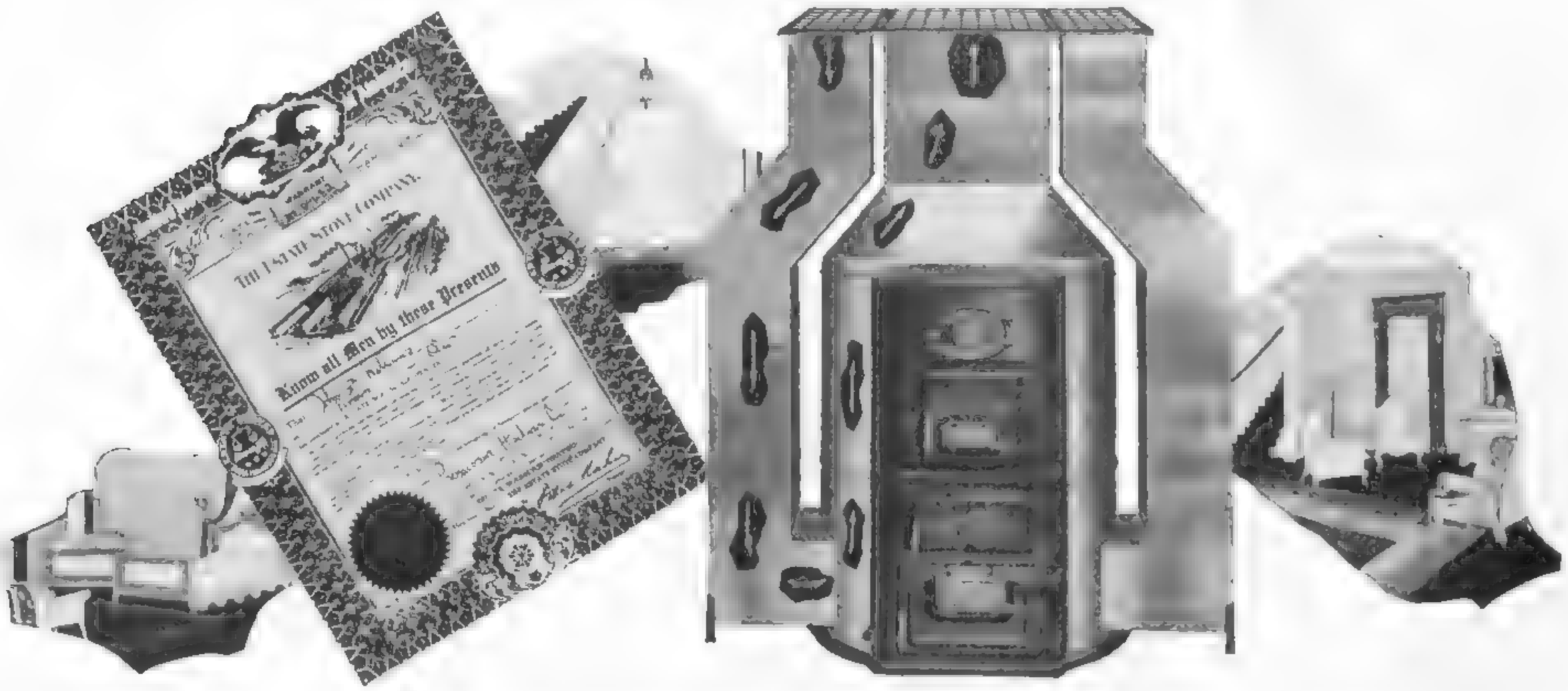

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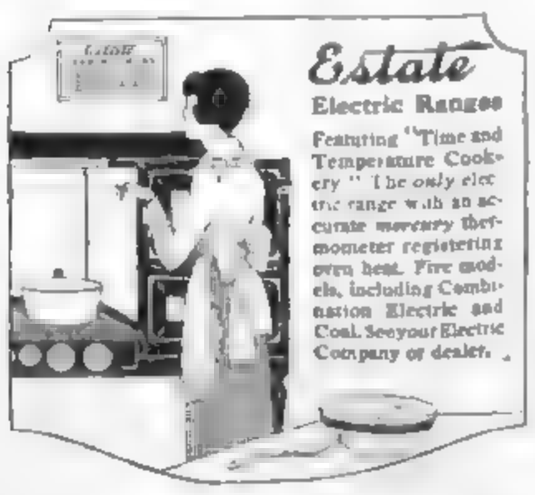

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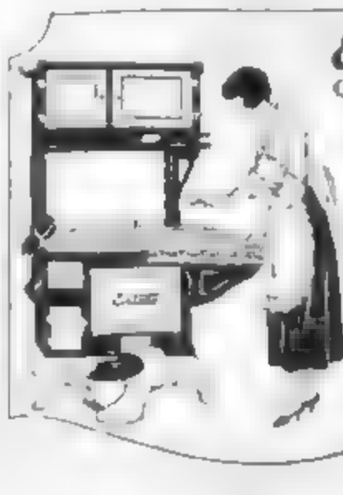

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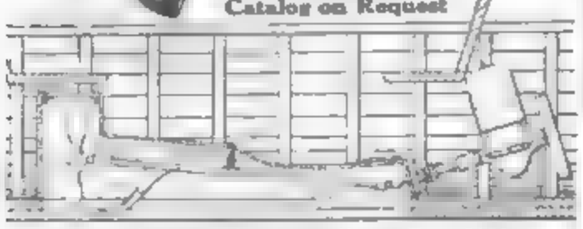

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TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 17)

be morally certain that this letter was written and placed with the will that time your father came in here and asked to be allowed to see it, seven or eight years ago. Mr. Tutt would have noticed it if your father had placed it with the will in the first instance, and would have warned him that nothing of the sort could possibly be effective."

"But," insisted Payson, "assuming for argument's sake that this letter was in fact written at the time the will was originally executed, what is the reason the law won't recognize it as a valid bequest?"

Tutt smiled and fumbled in an open box for another cigarette.

"My dear sir," he replied, "no paper could possibly be treated as part of a will—even if extant at the time the will was executed—unless distinctly referred to in the will itself. In a word, there must be a clear and unmistakable intention on the part of the testator to attempt to incorporate the extraneous paper by reference. Now, here, there is no reference to the paper in the will at all."

"That is true," admitted Payson. But ——"

"But even if there were," went on Tutt eagerly, "the law is settled in this state that where a testator—either through carelessness or a desire to economize space or effort—has referred in his will to extraneous papers or memoranda, either as fixing the names of beneficiaries of particular devises or bequests, or as fixing the amount or the manner in which the amount of such devises or bequests is to be ascertained, such a paper must not contain any testamentary disposition of property. In a word, the testator having willed something can identify it by means of an extraneous paper if properly designated, but he cannot will the thing away by an extraneous paper, no matter how referred to. For example, if A wills to B 'all the stock covered by my agreement of May first with X' it merely describes and identifies the thing bequeathed; and that is all right. The law will give effect to the identifying agreement, though it is separate from the will and unattested. But if A's will read 'and I give such further bequests as appear in a paper filed herewith' and the paper contained a bequest to B of 'all the stock covered by my agreement of May first with X' it would be an attempted bequest outside of the will, and so have no legal effect."

"Thanks," said Payson. "I understand. So in no event whatever could this letter have any legal effect."

"Absolutely none whatever! You're perfectly safe!" And Tutt leaned back with a comfortable smile.

But Payson did not smile in return. Neither was he comfortable. Be it said for him that, however many kinds of a fool he may have been, though momentarily relieved at knowing that he had no legal obligation to carry out his father's wishes so far as Sadie Burch was concerned, his conscience was by no means easy and he had not liked at all the tone in which the paunchy little lawyer had used the phrase "you're perfectly safe."

"What do you mean by 'perfectly safe'?" he inquired rather coldly.

"Why, that Sadie Burch could never make you pay her the legacy because it isn't a legal legacy. You can safely keep it. It's yours, legally and morally."

"Well, is it?" asked Payson slowly. "Morally, isn't it my duty to pay over the money, no matter who she is?"

Tutt, who had tilted backward in his swivel chair, brought both his feet to the floor with a bang.

"Of course it isn't!" he cried. "You'd be crazy to pay the slightest attention to any such vague and unexplained scrawl. Listen, young man! In the first place you haven't any idea when your father wrote that paper—except that it was at least seven years ago. He may have changed his mind a dozen times since he wrote it. It may have been a mere passing whim or fancy, done in a moment of weakness or emotion or temporary irrationality. Indeed, it may have been made under duress. Nobody but a lawyer who has the most intimate knowledge of his client's daily life and affairs has the remotest suspicion of—oh, well, we won't go into that! But the first proposition is that in no event is it possible for you to say that the request in that letter was the actual wish of your father at the time of his death. All you can say is that at some time or other it may have been his wish."

"I see!" agreed Payson. "Well, what other points are there?"

"Secondly," continued Tutt, "it must be presumed that if your father took the trouble to retain a lawyer to have his will properly drawn and executed he must have known, first, that it was necessary to do so in order to have his wishes carried out; and, second, that no wish not properly incorporated in the will itself could have any legal effect. In other words, inferentially, he knew that this paper had no force, and therefore it must be assumed that if he made it that way he intended that it should have no legal effect and did not intend that it should be carried out. Get me?"

"Why, yes, I think I do. Your point is that if a man knows the law and does a thing so it has no legal effect he should be assumed to intend that it have no legal effect."

"Exactly!" Tutt nodded with satisfaction. "The law is wise, based on generations of experience. It realizes the uncertainties, vagaries and vacillations of the human mind, and the opportunities afforded to designing people to take advantage of the momentary weaknesses of others; and hence, to prevent fraud and insure that only the actual final wishes of a man shall be carried out, it requires that those wishes shall be expressed in a particular, definite and formal way—in writing, signed and published before witnesses."

"You certainly make it very clear," assented Payson. "What do executors usually do under such circumstances?"

"If they have sense they leave matters alone and let the law take its course," answered Tutt with conviction. "I've known of more trouble—several instances right here in this office. A widow found a paper with her husband's will expressing a wish that a certain amount of money should be given to a married woman living out in Duluth. There was nothing to indicate when the paper was written, though the will was executed only a month before he died. Apparently the deceased hadn't seen the lady in question for years. I told the widow to forget it, but nothing would suit her but that she should send the woman a draft for the full amount—ten thousand dollars. She kept it all right! Well, the widow found out afterwards that her husband had written that paper thirty years before, at a time when he was engaged to be married to that woman, that they had changed their minds and each had married happily and that the paper with some old love letters had, as usually happens, got mixed up with the will instead of having been destroyed, as it should have been. You know, it's astonishing the junk people keep in their safe-deposit boxes! I'll bet that ninety-nine out of a hundred are half full of valueless and useless stuff, like old watches, grandpa's jet cuff buttons, the letters Uncle William wrote from the Holy Land, outlawed fire-insurance policies and correspondence that nobody will ever read—everything always gets mixed up together; and yet every paper a man leaves after his death is a possible source of confusion or trouble. And one can't tell how or why a person at a particular time may come to express a wish in writing. It would be most dangerous to pay any attention to it. Suppose it was not in writing. Morally, a wish is just as binding if spoken as if incorporated in a letter. Would you waste any time on Sadie Burch if she came in here and told you that your father had expressed the desire that she should have twenty-five thousand dollars? Not much!"

"I don't suppose so," admitted Payson.

"Another thing!" said Tutt. "Remember this, the law would not permit you as executor of your father's will to pay over this money if any other than yourself were the residuary legatee. You'd have no right to take twenty-five thousand dollars out of the estate and give it to Miss Burch at the expense of anybody else!"

"Then you say the law won't let me pay this money to Sadie Burch whether I am willing to or not?" asked Payson.

"Not as executor. As executor you're absolutely obliged to carry out the terms of the will and disregard anything else. You must preserve the estate intact and turn it over unimpaired to the residuary legatee!" repeated Tutt.

"But I am the residuary legatee!" said Payson.

"As executor you've got to pay it over in full to yourself as residuary legatee!" repeated Tutt stubbornly, evading the issue.

"Well, where does that leave me?" asked his client.

"It gets you out of your difficulty, doesn't it?" asked Tutt. "Don't borrow trouble! Don't—if you'll pardon my saying so—be an idiot!"

There was a silence for several minutes, finally broken by the lawyer, who came back again to the charge with renewed vigor.

"Why, this sort of thing comes up all the time. Take this case, for instance. Under certain circumstances the law lets a man will away only a certain proportion of his property to charity, on the theory that it isn't right for him to do so, if he leaves a family. Now suppose your father had given all his property to charity, would you feel obliged to impoverish yourself for the benefit of a home for aged mariners?"

"Really," replied the bewildered Payson, "I don't know. But anyway, I'm satisfied you're quite right and I'm tremendously obliged. However," he added musingly, "I'd rather like to know who this Sadie Burch is!"

"If I were you, young man," advised the lawyer sagely, "I wouldn't try to find out!"

Mr. Payson Clifford left the offices of Tutt & Tutt more recalcitrant against fate and irritated with his family than when he had entered them. He had found himself much less comfortably provided for than he had expected, and the unpleasant impression created by the supposed paternal relatives at his father's funeral had been heightened by the letter regarding Sadie Burch. There was something even more offensively plebeian about the name than that of the vulgar Weng. It would have been bad enough to have had to consider the propriety of paying over a large sum to a lady calling herself by an elegant, or at least interesting, name like Claire Desmond or Lilian Lamar—but Sadie! And Burch! Ye gods! It was vulgar, plebeian! That was a fine discovery to make about one's father!

As he walked slowly up Fifth Avenue to his hotel it must be confessed that his reflections upon that father's memory were far from filial. He told himself that he'd always suspected something furtive about the old man, who must have been under most unusual and extraordinary obligations to a woman to whom he desired his son to turn over twenty-five thousand dollars. It was pretty nearly half of his entire fortune! Would cut down his income from around four thousand to nearly two thousand! The more he pondered upon the matter the more the lawyer's arguments seemed absolutely convincing. Lawyers knew more than other people about such things anyway. You paid them for their advice, and he would doubtless have to pay Tutt for his upon this very subject, which somehow seemed to be rather a good reason for following it. No, he would dismiss Sadie Burch and the letter forever from his mind. Very likely she was dead, anyway, whoever she was. Four thousand a year! Not a bad income for a bachelor!

And while our innocent young Launcelot trudging uptown hardened his heart against Sadie Burch, by chance that lady figured in a short but poignant conversation between Mr. Ephraim Tutt and Miss Minerva Wiggin on the threshold of the room from which he had just departed.

Miss Wiggin never trusted anybody but herself to lock up the offices, not even Mr. Tutt, and upon this particular evening she had made this an excuse to linger on after the others had gone home, and waylay him. Such encounters were by no means infrequent and usually had a bearing upon the ethical aspect of some proposed course of legal procedure on the part of the firm. Miss Minerva regarded Alfred Tutt as morally an abandoned and hopeless creature. Mr. Ephraim Tutt she loved with a devotion rare in a sex with whom devotion is happily a common trait, but there was a maternal quality in her affection, accounted for by the fact that though Mr. Tutt was, to be sure, an old man in years, he had occasionally an elfin, Puckish perversity which was singularly boyish, at which times she felt it obligatory for her

(Continued on Page 107)

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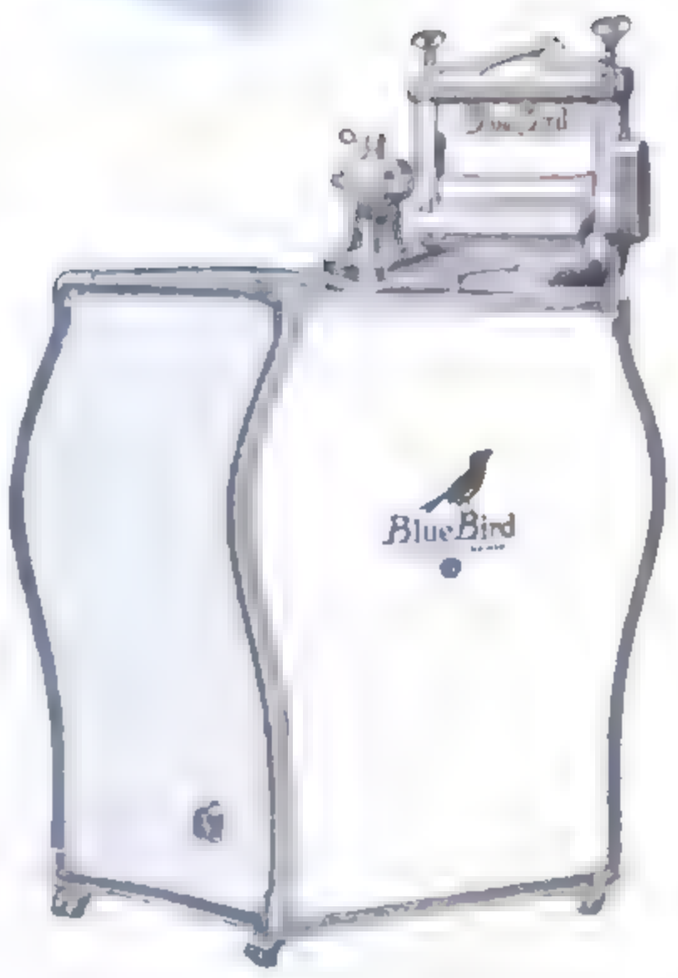

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(Continued from Page 104)

own self-respect to call him to order. Thus, whenever Tutt seemed to be incubating some evasion of law which seemed more subtly plausible than ordinary, she made it a point to call it to Mr. Tutt's attention. Also, whenever, as in the present case, she felt that by following the advice given by the junior member of the firm a client was about to embark upon some dubious enterprise or questionable course of conduct she endeavored to counteract his influence by appealing to the head of the firm. During the interview between Tutt and Payson Clifford the door had been open and she had heard all of it; moreover, after Payson had gone away Tutt had called her in and gone over the situation with her. And she regarded Tutt's advice to his client—not the purely legal aspect of it, but the persuasive part of it—as an interference with that young gentleman's freedom of conscience.

"Dear me, I didn't know you were still here, Minerva!" exclaimed her employer as she confronted him in the outer office. "Is anything worrying you?"

"Not dangerously," she replied with a smile. "And perhaps it's none of my business ——"

"My business is thy business, my dear!" he answered. "Without you Tutt & Tutt would not be Tutt & Tutt. My junior partner may be the eyes and legs of the firm, and I may be some other portion of its anatomy, but you are its heart and its conscience. Out with it! What rascality portends? What bird of evil omen hovers above the offices of Tutt & Tutt? Spare not an old man bowed down with the sorrows of this world! Has my shrewd associate counseled the robbing of a bank or the kidnaping from a widowed mother of her orphaned chee-ild?"

"Nothing quite so bad as that," she explained. "It's merely that Mr. Alfred Tutt used his influence this afternoon to try to persuade a young man not to carry out his father's wishes, expressed in a legally ineffective way; and I think he succeeded, though I'm not quite sure."

"That must have been Payson Clifford," answered Mr. Tutt. "What were the paternal wishes?"

"Mr. Tutt found a letter with the will, in which the father asked the son to give twenty-five thousand dollars to a Miss Sadie Burch."

"Miss Sadie Burch?" repeated Mr. Tutt. "And who is she?"

"Nobody knows," said Miss Wiggin. "But whoever she is our responsibility stops with advising Mr. Payson Clifford that the letter has no legal effect. Mr. Tutt went further and tried to induce Mr. Clifford not to respect the request contained in it. That, it seems to me, is going too far. Don't you think so?"

"Are you certain you never heard of this Miss Burch?" suddenly asked Mr. Tutt, peering at her sharply from beneath his shaggy eyebrows.

"Never," she replied.

"H'm!" ejaculated Mr. Tutt. "A woman in the case!"

"What sort of a young fellow is this Payson Clifford?" inquired Miss Wiggin after a moment.

"Oh, not so much of a much!" answered Mr. Tutt whimsically.

"And what was the father like?" she continued with a woman's curiosity.

"He wasn't so much of a much either," answered Mr. Tutt, "evidently."

We have previously had occasion to comment upon the fact that no client, male or female, consults a lawyer with regard to what he ought to do. Women, often having decided to do that which they ought not to do, attempt to secure counsel's approval of the contemplated sin; but, though a lawyer is sometimes called upon to bolster up a guilty conscience, rarely is he sincerely invited to act as spiritual adviser. Most men being worse than their lawyers prefer not to have the latter find them out. If they have made up their minds to do a mean thing they do not wish to run the chance of having their lawyers shame them out of it. That is their own business. And it should be! The law presents sufficiently perplexing problems for the lawyer, without his seeking trouble in the dubious complexities of his client's morals! Anyhow, that is the regulation way a lawyer looks at it, and that is the way to hold one's clients. Do what you are instructed to do—so long as it isn't too raw! Question the propriety of his course and, though as your client he may follow your advice in this single instance, he probably will not return!

The paradoxical aspect of the matter with Mr. Tutt was that, though he was known as a criminal lawyer, whenever he was asked for advice he concerned himself quite as much with his client's moral as his legal duty. The rather subtle reason for this was probably to be found in the fact that since he found the law so easy to circumvent he preferred to disregard it entirely as a sanction of conduct and merely to ask himself, "Now, is this what a sportsman and a gentleman would do?" The fact that a man was a technical criminal meant nothing to him at all; what interested him was whether the man was or was not a mean man. If he was, to hell with him! In a word, he applied to any given situation the law as it ought to be and not the law as it was.

A very easy and flexible test! say you, sarcastically. Do you really think so? There may be forty different laws upon the same subject in as many different states of our political union, but how many differing points of view upon any single moral question would you find among as many citizens? The moral code of decent people is practically the same all over the terrestrial ball, and fundamentally it has not changed since the days of Hammurabi. The ideas of gentlemen and sportsmen as to what is done and what isn't done haven't changed since Fabius Tullius caught snipe in the Pontine marshes.

Mr. Tutt was a crank on this general subject and he carried his enthusiasm so far that he was always tilting like Don Quixote at some imaginary windmill, dragging a very unwilling Sancho Panza after him in the form of his reluctant partner. Moreover, he had a very keen sympathy for all kinds of outcasts, deeming most of them victims of the sins of their own or somebody else's fathers. So when he learned from Miss Wiggin that Tutt had presumed to interfere with the financial prospects of the unknown Miss Sadie Burch he was distinctly aggrieved, less on the latter's account, to be sure, than on that of his client, whose conscience he regarded as more or less in his keeping. And, as luck would have it, the object of his grievance, having forgotten something, at that moment unexpectedly reëntered the office to retrieve it.

"Hello, Mr. Tutt!" he exclaimed. "Not gone yet?"

His senior partner glanced at him sharply while Miss Wiggin hastily side-stepped into the corridor.

"Look here, Tutt!" said Mr. Tutt. "I don't know just what you've been telling young Clifford or how you've been interfering in his private affairs, but if you've been persuading him to disregard any wish of his father plainly expressed in his own handwriting and incorporated with his will you've gone further than you've any right to go."

"But," expostulated Tutt, "you know how dangerous it is to meddle with things like that. Our experience certainly shows that it's far wiser to let the law settle all doubtful questions than to try to guess what the final testamentary intention of a dead testator really was. Don't you remember the Dodworth case? A hypersensitive conscience cost our widowed client ten thousand dollars! I say, leave well enough alone."

"'Well enough'! 'Well enough'!" cried Mr. Tutt. "Are you going to constitute yourself the judge of what is well enough for a young man's soul? I give you fair warning, Tutt. He's heard your side of it, but before he gets through he's going to hear mine as well!"

Alfred Tutt turned a faint pink in the region of his collar.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Tutt," he stammered. "By all means!"

Several days passed, however, without the subject being mentioned further, while the proper steps to probate the will were taken as usual. Payson Clifford's dilemma had no legal reaction. He had made up his mind to keep what was his, and he was going to stick to it! He had taken the opinion of counsel and was fully satisfied with what he had done. Nobody was going to know anything about it, anyway. When the proper time came he would burn the Sadie Burch letter and forget Sadie Burch. That is, he thought he was going to, and that he could. But—as Plautus says: "*Nihil est miserius quam animus hominis conscius.*" You see, Payson Clifford having been sent to a decent school and a decent college, irrespective of whether his father was a rotter or not, had imbibed something of a sense of honor. Struggle as he would against it, the shadow of Sadie Burch kept creeping athwart his mind. There were so many possibilities! Suppose she was in desperate straits? Hadn't he better look her up anyhow? No, he most definitely didn't want to know anything about her! Supposing she really had rendered some service to his father for which she ought to be repaid as he had sought to repay her? These thoughts obtruded themselves upon Payson's attention when he least desired it, but they did not cause him to alter his intention to get his hooks into his father's whole residuary estate and keep it for himself. He had, you observe, a conscience, but it couldn't stand up against twenty-five thousand dollars reënforced by perfectly sound legal arguments.

No, he had a good excuse for not being a gentleman and a sportsman, and he did not purpose to look for any reasons for doing differently. Then unexpectedly he was invited to dinner by Mr. Ephraim Tutt in a funny old ramshackle house on West Twenty-third Street, with ornamented iron piazza railings all covered with the withered stalks of long dead wistarias, and something happened to him: Payson Clifford's Twenty-five-Thousand-Dollar Dinner.

He had no suspicion, of course, of what was coming to him when he went there; went merely because Mr. Tutt was one of the very few friends of his father whom he knew. And he held toward the old lawyer rather the same sort of patronizing attitude that he had had toward the old man. It would be a rotten dinner probably, followed by a deadly dull evening with a snuffy old fossil who would tell him long-winded, rambling anecdotes of what New York had been like when there were wild goats in Central Park.

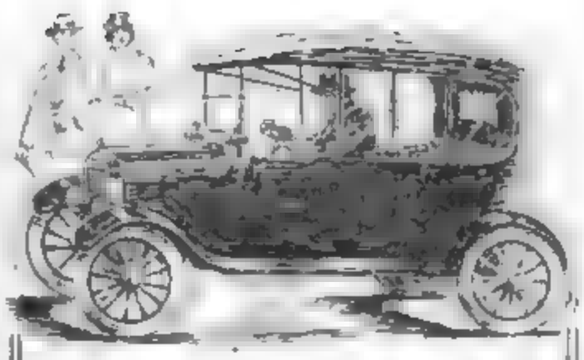
The snuffy old fossil, however, made no reference whatever either to old New York or to wild goats; the nearest he came to it being wild oats. Instead he began the dreary evening by opening a cupboard on his library wall and disclosing three long bottles, from which he partially filled a shining silver receptacle containing cracked ice. This he shook with astonishing skill and vigor, meantime uttering loud outcries of "Miranda! Fetch up the mint!" Then a buxom colored lady in calico with a grin like that which made Aunt Sallie famous—having appeared, panting, with two large glasses and a bundle of green herbage upon a silver salver, the old fossil poured out a seething decoction—of which like only the memory remains—performed an incantation over each glass with the odoriferous greens, smiled fondly upon the work of his hands and remarked with amiable hospitality, "Well, my son, glad to see you! Here's how!"

Almost immediately a benign animal magnetism pervaded the bosom of Payson Clifford, and from his bosom reached out through his arteries and veins, his arterioles and veniolea, to the uttermost ends of his being. He perceived in an instant that Mr. Tutt was no ordinary man and his house no ordinary house; and this impression was intensified when, seated at his host's shining mahogany table with its heavy cut glass and queer old silver, he discovered that Miranda was no ordinary cook. He began to be inflated over having discovered this Mr. Tutt, who pressed succulent oysters and terrapin stew upon him, accompanied by a foaming bottle of Krug '98. He found himself possessed of an astounding appetite and a prodigious thirst. The gaslights in the old bronze chandelier shone like a galaxy of radiant suns above his head and warmed him through and through.

And after the terrapin Miranda brought in a smoking wild turkey with two quail roasted inside of it, and served with currant jelly, rice cakes, and sweet potatoes fried in melted sugar. Then, as in a dream, he heard a soul-satisfying pop, and Miranda placed a tall amber glass at his wrist and filled it with the creaming red-rose wine of ancient Burgundy.

He heard himself telling Mr. Tutt all about himself, the most intimate secrets of his heart, and saw Mr. Tutt listening attentively, almost reverently. He perceived that he was making an astonishing impression upon Mr. Tutt, who obviously thought him a great man; and after keeping him in reasonable doubt about it for a while he modestly admitted to Mr. Tutt that this was so. Then he drank several more glasses of Burgundy and ate an enormous pile of waffles covered with maple sirup. Mr. Tutt had grown several sizes larger—the whole room was full of him. Lastly he had black coffee and some port. It was an occasion.

(Continued on Page 109)



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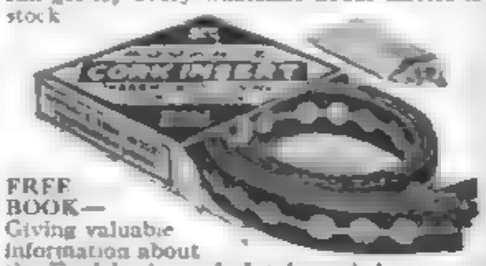

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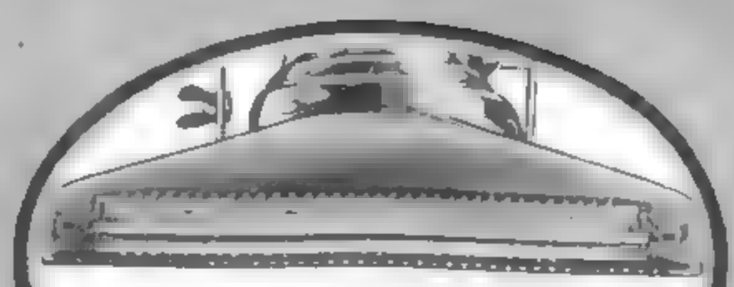

The Premier Notched Nozzle and the Exclusive Rubber Brush

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he asserted—er—always goo' weather—or somethin'—when goo' fellows got together! He declared with an emphasis which was quite unnecessary, but which did not disturb him, that there were too few men like themselves in the world—men with the advantages of education, men of ideals. He told Mr. Tutt that he loved him. He no longer had a father, and, evidently relying on further similar entertainments, he wanted Mr. Tutt for one. Mr. Tutt generously consented to act in that capacity, and as the first step assisted his guest upstairs to the library, where he opened the window a few inches.

Presently—Payson did not know how exactly—they got talking all about life; and Mr. Tutt said ruminatively that after all the only things that really counted were loyalty and courage and kindness; and that a little human sympathy extended even in what sometimes seemed at first glance the wrong direction often did more good—made more for real happiness—than the most efficient organized charity. He spoke of the loneliness of age, the inevitable loneliness of the human soul, the thirst for daily affection. And then they drifted off to college, and Mr. Tutt inquired casually if Payson had seen much of his father, who, he took occasion to remark, had been a good type of straightforward, honest, hard-working business man.

Payson, smoking his third cigar, and taking now and than a dash of cognac, began to think better of his old dad. He really hadn't paid him quite the proper attention. He admitted it to Mr. Tutt—with the first genuine tears in his eyes since he had left Cambridge. Perhaps, if he had been more to him ——

But Mr. Tutt veered off again—this time on university education; the invaluable function of the university being, he said, to preserve intact and untarnished in a materialistic age the spiritual ideals inherited from the past. In this rather commonplace sentiment Payson agreed with him passionately. He further agreed with equal enthusiasm when his host advanced the doctrine that after all to preserve one's honor stainless was the only thing that much mattered. Absolutely! declared Payson as he allowed Mr. Tutt to press another glass of port upon him.

Payson, in spite of the slight beading of his forehead and the blur about the gas jets, began to feel very much the man of the world; not a six-bottle man, perhaps, but—and he laughed complacently—a two-bottle man. If he'd lived back in the good old sporting days very likely he could have done better. But he'd taken care of two full bottles, hadn't he? Mr. Tutt replied that he'd taken care of them very well indeed.

And with this opening the old lawyer launched into his favorite topic—to wit, that there were only two sorts of men in the world—gentlemen, and those who were not. What made a man a gentleman was gallantry and loyalty, the readiness to sacrifice everything—even life—to an ideal. The hero was the chap who never counted the cost to himself. That was why people revered the saints, acclaimed the cavalier, and admired the big-hearted gambler who was ready to stake his fortune on the turn of a card. There was even, he averred, an element of spirituality in the gambler's carelessness about money. This theory greatly interested Payson, who held strongly with it, having always had a secret, sneaking fondness for gamblers. On the strength of it he mentioned Charles James Fox—there was a true gentleman and sportsman for you! No mollycoddle, but a roaring, six-bottle fellow—with a big brain and a scrupulous sense of honor. Yes, sir! Charley Fox was the right sort! He managed to intimate successfully that Charley and he were very much the same breed of pup. At this point Mr. Tutt—having carefully committed his guest to an ethical standard as far removed as possible from one based upon self-interest—opened the window a few more inches, sauntered over to the mantel, lit a fresh stogy, and spread his long legs in front of the sea-coal fire like an elongated Colossus of Rhodes.

He commenced his dastardly countermining of his partner's advice by complimenting Payson on being a man whose words, manner and appearance proclaimed him to the world a true sport and a regular fellow. From which flattering prologue he slid naturally into said regular fellow's prospects and aims in life. He trusted that Payson Clifford Senior had left a sufficient estate to enable Payson Junior to complete his education at Harvard. He forgot, he confessed, just what the residue amounted to. Then he turned to the fire, kicked it, knocked the ash off the end of his stogy and waited—in order to give his guest a chance to come to himself—for Mr. Payson Clifford had suddenly turned a curious color, due to the fact that he was unexpectedly confronted with the necessity of definitely deciding then and there whether he was going to line up with the regular fellows or the second raters, the gentlemen or the cads, the C. J. Foxes or the Benedict Arnolds of mankind. He wasn't wholly the real thing—a conceited young ass, if you choose; but on the other hand he wasn't by any means a bad sort. In short, he was very much like all the rest of us. And he wasn't ready to sign the pledge just yet. He realized that he had put himself at a disadvantage, but he wasn't going to commit himself until he had had a good chance to think it all over carefully. In thirty seconds he was sober as a judge—and a sober judge at that.

"Mr. Tutt," he said in quite a different tone of voice, "I've been talking pretty big, I guess; bigger than I really am. The fact is I've got a problem of my own that's bothering me a lot."

Mr. Tutt nodded understandingly.

"You mean Sadie Burch."

"Yes."

"Well, what's the problem? Your father wanted you to give her the money, didn't he?"

Payson hesitated. What he was about to say seemed so disingenuous, even though it had originated with Tutt & Tutt.

"How do I know really what he wanted? He may have changed his mind a dozen times since he put it with his will."

"If he had he wouldn't have left it there, would he?" asked Mr. Tutt with a smile.

"But perhaps he forgot all about it; didn't remember that it was there," persisted the youth, still clinging desperately to the lesser Tutt. "And if he hadn't he would have torn it up."

"That might be equally true of the provisions of his will, might it not?" countered the lawyer.

"But," squirmed Payson, struggling to recall Tutt's arguments, previously so convincing, "he knew how a will ought to be executed, and as he deliberately neglected to execute the paper in a legal fashion isn't it fair to presume that he did not intend it to have any legal force?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Tutt with entire equanimity, "I agree with you that it is fair to assume that he did not intend it to have any legal effect."

"Well, then!" exclaimed Payson exultantly.

"But," continued the lawyer, "that does not prove that he did not intend it to have a moral effect—and expect you to honor and respect his wishes, just as if he had whispered them to you with his dying breath."

There was something in his demeanor which, though courteous, had a touch of severity, that made Payson feel abashed. He perceived that he could not afford to let Mr. Tutt think him a cad, when he was really a C. J. Fox. And in his mental floundering his brain came into contact with the only logical straw in the entire controversy.

"Ah!" he said with an assumption of candor. "In that case I should know positively that they were in fact my father's wishes."

"Exactly!" replied Mr. Tutt. "And you'd carry them out without a moment's hesitation."

"Of course!" yielded Payson.

"Then the whole question is whether or not this paper does express a wish of his. That problem is a real problem, and it is for you alone to solve; and of course you're under the disadvantage of having a financial interest in the result, which makes it doubly hard."

"All the same," maintained the boy, "I want to be fair to myself."

"And to him," added Mr. Tutt solemnly. "The fact that this wish is not expressed in such a way as to be legally obligatory makes it all the more binding. In a way, I suppose, that is your hard luck. You might, perhaps, fight a provision in the will. You can't fight this—or disregard it either."

"I don't exactly see why this is any more binding than a provision in the will itself!" protested Payson.

Mr. Tutt threw his stogy into the fire and fumbled for another in the long box on the library table.

"The Job is Yours—On One Condition!"

"For a long time I watched the new men who came into this business. Some stood still—stayed right where they started. Others climbed—made each job a stepping stone to something better.

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"All of these men won their advancements through spare time study with the International Correspondence Schools. Today they are earning four or five times—yes, some of them *ten* times as much money as when they came with us.

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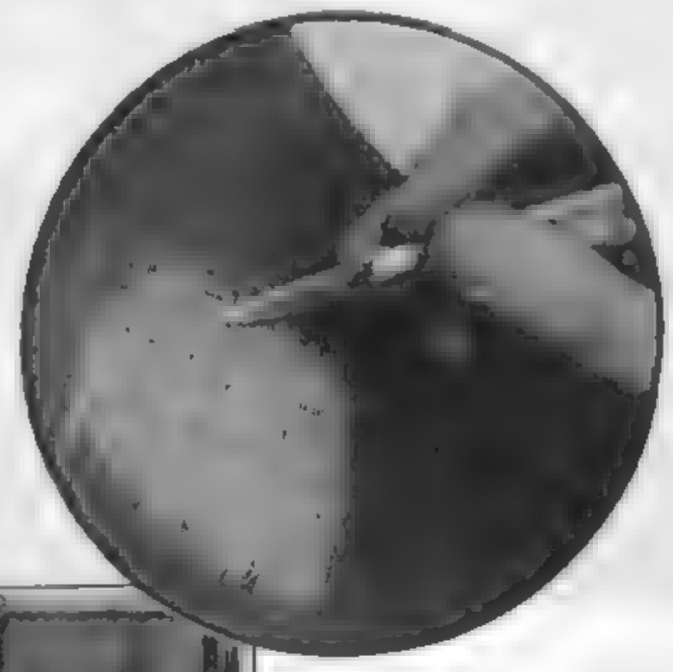
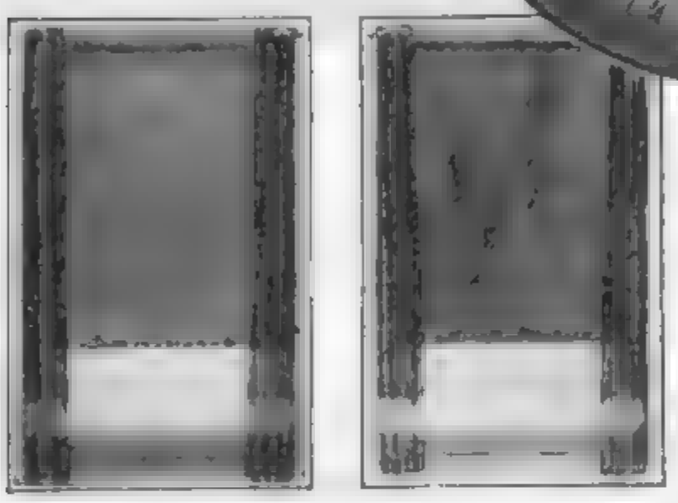
That "filling"- it makes window shades crack!



Scratch lightly through the surface of ordinary window shade material. Tiny particles fall out, leaving countless pinholes. That's the "filling" of chalk or clay.



(Left) Brenlin shade—made without filling

(Right) Ordinary shade—made with "filling"

Get Brenlin- it has no "filling"

Like school chalk, "filling" in an ordinary window shade breaks and crumbles.

An ordinary window shade must have this brittle chalk or clay "filling" to give weight and body to flimsy, loosely-woven base-material.

Sucking and snapping winds, the little strains of everyday wear, cause it to loosen and fall out. Pinholes and cracks appear—the shade sags and wrinkles, is quickly ruined.

Brenlin has no "filling"—needs none!

Its tight, fine, heavy fabric requires no chalk or clay to give it weight and body. It is flexible, yet always hangs straight and smooth—it is perfectly opaque.

That is why a Brenlin out-wears two or three ordinary window shades. It is the cheapest you can buy.

You'll be surprised to find how much like fine, strong linen Brenlin looks—how beautiful its texture! See it at the Brenlin dealer's in your town in all its soft, rich colorings. And see Brenlin Duplex, made for perfect harmony with a different color on each side.

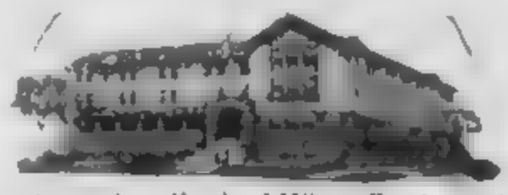
Look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge. If you don't know where to get this long-wearing window shade, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

Valuable booklet on request

Send for our very readable and instructive booklet on how to enhance the beauty of your home with correct shading and decoration of your windows. Actual samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

The Chas. W. Breneman Co., Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America."

Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J. Branches: New York City, Philadelphia, Oakland, Calif., Dallas, Texas. Owner of the good will and trade marks of the J. C. Wemple Co.



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For windows of less importance Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way

Brenlin

the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

"Maybe it isn't," he conceded, "but I've always liked that specious anecdote attributed to Sheridan, who paid his gambling debts and let his tailor wait. You remember it, of course? When the tailor demanded the reason for this Sheridan told him that a gambling debt was a debt of honor and a tailor's bill was not, since his fortunate adversary at the card table had only his promise to pay, whereas the tailor possessed an action for an account which he could prosecute in the courts.

"'In that case,' declared the tailor, 'I'll tear up my bill.' Which he did, and Sheridan thereupon promptly paid him. Have another nip of brandy?"

"No, thank you!" answered Payson. "It's getting late and I must be going. I've—I've had a perfectly—er—ripping time!"

"You must come again soon!" said Mr. Tutt warmly, from the top of the steps outside.

As Payson reached the sidewalk he looked back somewhat shamefacedly and said: "Do you think it makes any difference what sort of a person this Sadie Burch is?"

In the yellow light of the street lamp it seemed to the collegian as if the face of the old man bore for an instant a fleeting resemblance to that of his father.

"Not one particle!" he answered. "Good night, my boy!"

But Payson Clifford did not have a good night by any manner of means. Instead of returning to his hotel he wandered, aimless and miserable, along the river front. He no longer had any doubt as to his duty. Mr. Tutt had demolished Tutt in a breath—and put the whole proposition clearly. Tutt had given, as it were, and Mr. Tutt had taken away. However, he told himself, that wasn't all there was to it; the money was his in law and no one could deprive him of it. Why not sit tight and let Mr. Tutt go to the devil? He need never see him again! And no one else would ever know! Twenty-five thousand dollars! It would take him years to earn such a staggering sum! Besides, there were two distinct sides to the question. Wasn't Tutt just as good a lawyer as Mr. Tutt? Couldn't he properly decide in favor of himself when the court was equally divided? And Tutt had said emphatically that he would be a fool to surrender the money. As Payson Clifford trudged along the shadows of the docks he became obsessed with a curious feeling that Tutt and Mr. Tutt were both there; Mr. Tutt—a tall, benevolent figure carrying a torch in the shape of a huge, black, blazing stogy that beckoned him onward through the darkness; and behind him Tutt—a little paunchy red devil with horns and a tail, who tweaked him by the coat and twittered: "Don't throw away twenty-five thousand dollars! The best way is to leave matters as they are and let the law settle everything. Then you take no chances!"

But in the end—along about a quarter to seven A.M.—Mr. Tutt won. Exhausted, but at peace with himself, Payson Clifford stumbled into the Harvard Club, on Forty-fourth Street, ordered three fried eggs done double, two orders of bacon and a pot of coffee, and then wrote a letter, which he dispatched by a messenger to Tutt & Tutt:

"*Gentlemen:* Will you kindly take immediate steps to find Miss Sarah Burch and pay over to her twenty-five thousand dollars from my father's residuary estate? I am entirely satisfied that this was his wish. I am returning to Cambridge to-day. If necessary you can communicate with me there.

Yours very truly,
"PAYSON CLIFFORD."

One might suppose that a legatee to twenty-five thousand dollars could be readily found; but Miss Sadie Burch proved a most elusive person. No Burches grew in Hoboken—according to either the telephone or the business directory—and Mr. Tutt's repeated advertisements in the newspapers of that city elicited no response. Three months went by and it began to look as if the lady had either died or permanently absented herself—and that Payson Clifford might be able to keep his twenty-five thousand with a clear conscience. Then one day in May came a letter from a small town in the central part of New Jersey from Sadie Burch. She had, she said, only just learned, and entirely by accident that she was an object of interest to Messrs. Tutt & Tutt. Unfortunately it was not convenient for her to come to New York City, but if she could be of any service to them she would be pleased, and so on.

"I think I'll give the lady the once-over!" remarked Mr. Tutt as he looked across the glittering bay to the shadowy hills of New Jersey. "It's a wonderful day, and there isn't much to do here."

"Sadie Burch? Sadie Burch? Sure, I know her!" answered the lanky man driving the flivver tractor near by, as he inspected the motor carrying Mr. Tutt. "She lives in the second house beyond the big elm." And he started plowing again with a great clatter.

The road glared white in the late afternoon sun. On either side stretched miles of carefully cultivated fields, the country drowsed, the air hot, but sweet with magnolia, lilac, dogwood and apple blossoms. Miss Burch had obviously determined that when she retired from the world of men she would make a thorough job of it and expose herself to no temptation to return—eight miles from the nearest railroad. Just beyond the elms they slowed up alongside a white picket fence inclosing an old-fashioned garden whence floated across to Mr. Tutt the busy murmur of bees. Then they came to a gate that opened upon a red-tiled, box-bordered, moss-grown walk, leading to a small white house with blue-and-white-striped awnings. "Does Miss Sadie Burch live here?" asked Mr. Tutt.

"Yes!" answered a cheerful female voice from the veranda. "Won't you come up on the piazza?"

The voice was not the kind of voice Mr. Tutt had imagined as belonging to Sadie Burch. But neither was the lady on the piazza that kind of lady. In the shadow of the awning in a comfortable rocking-chair sat a white-haired, kindly faced woman, knitting a baby jacket. She looked up at him with a friendly smile.

"I'm Miss Burch," she said. "I suppose you're that lawyer I wrote to? Won't you come up and sit down?"

"Thanks," he replied, drawing nearer with an answering smile. "I can only stay a few moments and I've been sitting in the motor most of the day. I might as well come to the point at once. You have doubtless heard of the death of Mr. Payson Clifford Senior?"

Miss Burch laid down the baby jacket and her lips quivered. Then the tears welled in her faded blue eyes and she fumbled hastily in her bosom for her handkerchief.

"You must excuse me!" she said in a choked voice. "Yes, I read about it. He was the best friend I had in the world—except my brother John. The kindest, truest friend that ever lived!"

She looked out across the little garden and wiped her eyes again.

Mr. Tutt sat down upon the moss-covered doorstep beside her.

"I always thought he was a good man," he returned quietly. "He was an old client of mine—though I didn't know him very well."

"I owe this house to him," continued Miss Burch tenderly. "If it hadn't been for Mr. Clifford I don't know what would have become of me. Now that John is dead and I'm all alone in the world this little place—with the flowers and the bees—is all I've got."

They were silent for several moments. Then Mr. Tutt said: "No, it isn't all. Mr. Clifford left a letter with his will, in which he instructed his son to pay you twenty-five thousand dollars. I'm here to give it to you."

A puzzled look came over her face, and then she smiled again and shook her head.

"That was just like him!" she remarked. "But it's all a mistake. He paid me back that money five years ago. You see he persuaded John to go into some kind of a business scheme with him, and they lost all they put into it—twenty-five thousand apiece. It was all we had. It wasn't his fault, but after John died Mr. Clifford made me—simply made me—let him give the money back. He must have written the letter before that and forgotten all about it!"

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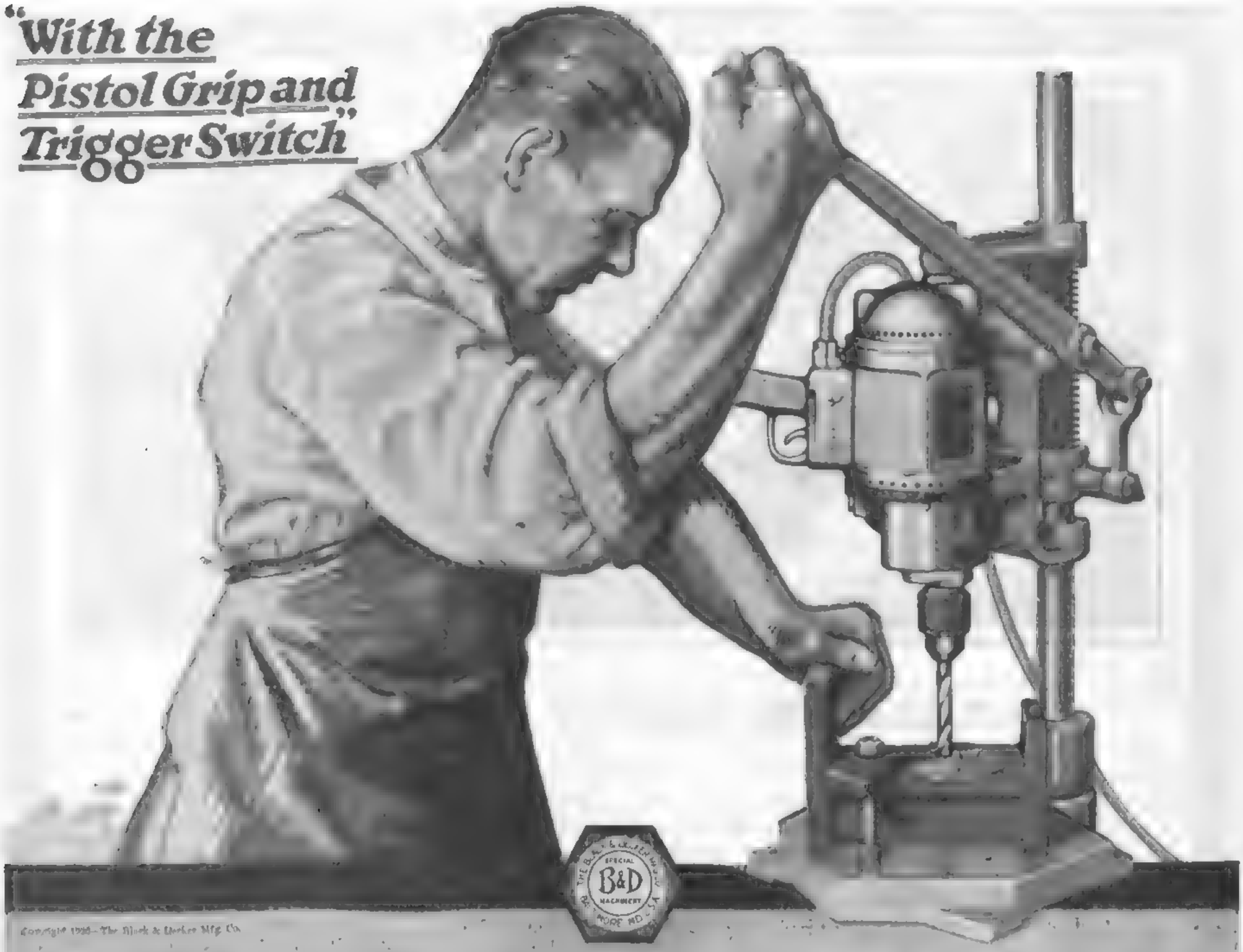

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TO REDUCE THE COST OF EATING

(Continued from Page 9)

Whenever and wherever the cost of living is under discussion, well-intentioned theorists rise to urge increase in consumption of fish. To read the fervent appeals one might imagine that the fresh and salt waters teem with fish. But the fact remains that for good reasons fish are usually an expensive food. Fish are very perishable, and when decomposed are notoriously toxic. The spoilage of the catch is very large. The wastage in the carcass is heavy. Transportation and distribution are usually expensive, on account of costs of refrigeration. The public taste for fish is capricious and limited. The market for salted, dried and smoked fish is nominal in this country. We eat fish as a course, not as a staple, except on Friday. But it is only when used as a staple that fish has a meaning in the cost of living. In the United Kingdom it has been possible to increase the consumption of fish since the armistice, because the North Sea was heavily stocked as the result of little fishing during the war, and the people are naturally heavy consumers of fish as a staple food.

Before the war fruits and vegetables contributed 8% of the calories of the diet. Of this nearly 4% was in the form of potato. One outstanding feature of the diet of our country during the last twenty years has been expansion in fruits and vegetables. There is no question that fruits and vegetables are healthful and that a continuous diversity is desirable. It is also true that fresh fruits and vegetables are in many ways more attractive than canned vegetables, although within recent years improvements in the arts of the canners have enabled the packers to produce goods that are so good as almost to be equivalent to the fresh articles. Certain vegetables—spinach, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, sprouts, onions, endive, chicory, string beans, asparagus, tomato—in general, leaf vegetables, are rich in fat-soluble vitamine, and a liberal percentage of these vegetables is essential in the diet if the milk supply is low. In other words these vegetables can be used as imperfect substitutes for milk.

These vegetables are not especially of zonal production. The root and tuber vegetables are richer in calories but poorer in protective substances. From the standpoint of calories all fruits and vegetables, even the potato, are poor foods, and are very expensive when judged by calories per dollar. But they must not be so judged up to a certain point. They contribute indispensable roughage, a diversity of mineral salts and the vitamines. Citrous fruits are especially rich in vitamines.

Good But Costly Food

American consumption of fruits and vegetables has ceased to be zonal, national or seasonal. We now consume fruits and vegetables from practically every part of the world and to an amazing extent in the fresh state. Tropical fruits are to be found in the most out-of-the-way hamlets. Not content with the importation of fresh vegetables from milder climes, we have developed a large production of hothouse vegetables. When one contrasts the crops of apples and oranges with those of twenty years ago, the picture, though striking enough, does not fully express our expansion in consumption. This can be measured only by including the importation of tropical fruits and vegetables and visualizing the shipments of fresh fruits and vegetables from one zone to the other, in order to realize the universality and bounteousness of fruits and vegetables in the diet. That this has not been accomplished at the expense of canned vegetables and fruits is shown by the enormous packs annually recorded.

Now this is all good and desirable and not to be criticized, but it is expensive. A return to the simpler standards of consumption of fruit and vegetables of twenty years ago would result in a substantial saving. It would not represent any deterioration of the diet in the physiological sense. It might represent a degradation of the diet in the æsthetic sense. But it would accomplish a large saving. Price deflation may be expected to occur last of all with fruits and vegetables. The staples lead the way, the perishables follow. The spread between producers' and consumers' prices is always widest with fresh fruits and vegetables, on account of the difficulties in distribution and the speculative nature of the business.

Little relief is to be expected from canned goods. The pack of fruits and vegetables of last summer was put up at very high costs, and if these are to be reduced to comparable levels, heavy losses will have to be shouldered by someone. Warehouses and stores in the cities are filled with high-priced fancy groceries and colonial goods. These were stocked at top prices, orders have been canceled and deliveries rejected, leaving the wares in the hands of the original owners, to suffer huge losses through shrinkage of inventories. Inflation and deflation are apt to consort with luxuries more than with essentials. Though the public was as much to blame as the retail trade in the cancellation of orders, it will not be in the interest of orderly deflation for the holders to attempt to cover on staples the losses incurred on fancy groceries. It is best for everybody to take the inevitable losses at once and return to orderly business.

Changes in English Diet

The difference between the table of the American and that of the European before the war could be described in one sentence: We had more foods and better foods, they had more efficient utilization. The poorest diet in the United States is to-day so far above the average diet of Europe as to be past comparison. Our luxury is most in evidence in the consumption of fruits and vegetables, meats and manufactured states of sugar. The best contrast is to be observed in England, whose prewar diet was most like ours. The United Kingdom had the most efficient war rationing of any European nation. The submerged tenth of the great cities of England ceased to exist, in the nutritional sense. The classes of means and the middle class bore the brunt of the restrictions, as was proper; the working classes received generous consideration and enjoyed at all times during the war better rations than before the war. Food control in England displayed an equity unknown on the Continent.

The British are continuing in the postwar period the national diet that grew out of the war. As their economic circumstances improve, gradual return to the prewar diet may be anticipated. But it will take longer to go back to the old diet than it has taken to reach the present one. The changes in the British diet from 1913 to 1920 may be summarized as follows:

Pronounced increase in the consumption of bread.
Slight increase in consumption of homegrown fruits and vegetables.
Marked decrease in the consumption of imported fruits and vegetables.
Slight decrease in consumption of domestic meats.
Marked decrease in the consumption of imported meats.
Slight decrease in consumption of domestic dairy products.
Heavy decrease in the consumption of imported dairy products.
Heavy increase in imported vegetable oils.
Reduction of sugar, almost one-half.
Increase in fish consumption.

Last spring meats were set free from control at a time when the price of bread was still subsidized. The government held huge stocks of meats and wanted them consumed. The hoped-for increase in the consumption of meats did not occur; the public did not abandon cheap bread for expensive meat. Now that the price of bread has doubled in Great Britain, a swing in the direction of meat consumption is to be expected. As a result of price, margarine has largely replaced butter on the average British table.

The diet to be recommended to Americans who desire to make the table simpler and less expensive without loss of quality or efficiency will follow the trend of events in Great Britain with two exceptions—dairy products and sugar. The financial reasons for increased consumption of bread

The Street of Happy Lamps

WITH the winter come shorter days, quicker darkness and the earlier lighting of city streets and suburban highways.

No citizen should plod his way through dark streets and roads exposed to robbery, confusion, attack or insult.

Long ago the old lamplighter used to go through the town, at dusk, lighting the flickering corner lamps.

It all took time. The last lamp to be lit found night well on its way.

Now, in the big central station the switch is thrown over and the whole city glows with happy lamps.

A movement of one hand—the work of one second—and light flows down miles of streets. Evil flies before it. The way is made safe.

From dusk until dawn, through storms and fogs, you may go upon your missions protected as with a thousand guardians.

Trace back this light, so taken for granted; back to the big electric light and power station; back over the countless miles of wire, through overhead cables and underground conduits, to the huge tireless generators whirring night and day in your service.

Trace it further back to the men and women whose faith in this great public utility urged them to put millions of their savings into its securities. Without them there would be no happy lamps.

Some 1,400,000 American citizens hold securities in the electric light and power industry. Banks and insurance companies have invested and loaned millions.

This industry, requiring tremendous investment and capital to provide additional equipment, will be able through public support and confidence even further to extend and increase the scope and efficiency of its service.

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Due to rapid strides in the modern art of lens manufacture, optical correctness alone is no longer the measure of eyeglass efficiency. The question of how well one looks *in* glasses has become just as important as how well one looks *through* them.

This is especially true among bifocal wearers—people who require glasses for both near and far sight—because the ordinary bifocals with the conspicuous lines or humps on their lens surfaces do make folks look unnecessarily old and freakish.

More people, every day, are learning the merits of KRYPTOK Glasses and insisting upon *the invisible bifocals*. With KRYPTOKS the two sights are cleverly concealed in a single pair of lenses.

Demand the full measure of bifocal efficiency. Get eyeglass appearance as well as optical correctness in your two-sight glasses. KRYPTOK Company, Inc., Sole owners of the fused bifocal patents, 1017 Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

KRYPTOK GLASSES

THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS

and decreased consumption of meats and of certain classes of fruits and vegetables hold for both countries. British reasons for reduction of sugar do not hold here; quite the contrary. As to dairy products, despite the fact that the health of the British people does not indicate any obvious injury to children or adults as a result of restriction of supplies of dairy products, it is not to the interest of the American diet to suggest any limitation in the consumption of dairy products. For children the wider the margin of safety the better, and milk constitutes the element of safety.

Americans must realize that the high cost of our diet is not solely the expression of our selection of foods but is due to a considerable extent to our system of household marketing. Retail marketing in this country is wasteful from the standpoint of the seller and extravagant from the standpoint of the buyer. The spread between wholesale and retail prices in foodstuffs in this country is wide in contrast to the conditions in Europe. In Europe the family buys; it does not merely order. Families that have servants send them to market. Where there are no servants the housewife goes to market. Between buying and ordering there is a vast difference. The American housewife has come more and more to believe that every retail dealer should keep every brand of every commodity—every meat, every fruit, every vegetable. She feels free to order and expect delivery at any hour of the day. The overhead charge in the retailing of foodstuffs is enormous. Since many sales are made on credit unpaid debts are numerous. Waste and deterioration in stocks are ubiquitous. The minute attentions demanded by buyers have led to needless multiplicity of sellers. There are too many retailers dealing in foodstuffs. The wide spread between wholesalers' and retailers' prices of foodstuffs is not due to crass profiteering; to a greater extent it is a measure of gross inefficiency, exaggerated overhead, style and fastidiousness.

These conditions have proceeded from the buyer quite as much as from the seller, and the result has been a heavy increase in the cost of foodstuffs. A good illustration of the whole situation is to be observed in bread. In France the cost of the flour is 76% of the price of bread; here the cost of the flour is about 36% of the price of bread. Just about the same relations of spread are to be observed in the prices of foodstuffs in general in France and in the United States. We must cease to treat staples like perishables. We must differentiate between luxuries and necessaries. Someone may interpose that the American woman does not wish to conduct her household as does the European woman, that she prefers to have more free time outside of household duties for other occupations. If that be true she must expect to pay the price. It is impossible to expect retailers in foodstuffs in this country to sell foodstuffs on the margin customary in Europe unless they do business as do retailers in Europe. So-called cash-and-carry stores resemble European shops. Economy in management represents an earning and the retailers' spread will never be narrowed in the United States until household expenditures become an object of careful household management.

Lagging Price Reductions

We read a great deal about profiteering in foods. Naturally there has been much of it. From the standpoint of economics the rise in sugar during the past year was a profiteering, because it has no proper foundation in conditions of supply and demand. Whether it was an intentional profiteering is an entirely different matter. What arouses the consumer always is the difference between wholesale and retail prices. Hogs and cattle decline, the wholesale prices of meats fall, but the retail prices remain stationary. At least so it seems to the housewife. And all too often the retail prices do not follow the wholesale prices.

There are two ways of conducting retail business, one used with some commodities and the other with others, one used at one time and the other at others. According to one method the retailer sells for a certain amount above cost—cost-plus—so that the dollar earns so much each turnover. According to the other method the retailer sells for replacement price, for what it will cost him to replace the article on the shelf. With ascending prices dealers are prone to incline to the replacement method; with falling prices they are prone to incline to the cost-plus method. One must remember that different foodstuffs require different times to pass from the raw to the finished state. Pork loins follow hogs on the hoof. But bacon and hams, that remain in process of curing for three months, do not follow hogs on the hoof in the same way. Pork chops are sold on the cost-plus basis; bacon and hams incline to the replacement basis. The price of flour follows the price of wheat closely; the price of bread lags. Wheat takes thirty days to pass into flour. The average large baker has a month's supply of flour in the bakery, another month's supply in warehouse and a third month's supply under contract. The pack of canned vegetables and fruits represents the conditions of supply during a few weeks, but must be sold during the entire year. One must expect no concordance between the prices of fresh and canned vegetables except such as is established by competition between the two in the valuation of the consumer.

The wholesale-price-index curve of foodstuffs rose gradually from 1915 until at the time of our entrance into the war it stood at about 200, 100 being the normal line. It then rose rapidly, before the passage of the Lever Act, until it reached the high point of 250. The measures and operations of the Food Administration soon reduced the food index number to about 180. It remained below 200 until the armistice, and a little later fell to 160. Then, when the regulations and control of the Food Administration were removed, foods were caught in the upward sweep of price inflation and rose to about 200, from which height the curve has since fallen to 165. This for wholesale and primary market prices. When the wholesale curve rose prior to our entrance into the war the retail prices lagged, retail foods were relatively cheap as compared with wholesale. During the period of control of the Food Administration the spread between wholesale and retail prices, between prices of producers and consumers, was held narrow and constant. When the next upward turn of wholesale prices occurred, in 1919, the retail curve rose to exceed that of the wholesale prices. During the recent fall of the producers' and wholesale prices the prices of retailers have not fallen in proportion; foodstuffs have been relatively expensive compared with those of the wholesale trade. The discrepancies have been glaring with certain foodstuffs.

The Profiteers' Market

This has been due in large part to the fact that the retail dealer, realizing that heavy losses were inevitable with certain goods, like sugar, was trying to make up the losses by refusing to mark down other lines in accordance with wholesale prices. Wholesale sugar rose from nine to twenty-three cents, and has fallen back to six cents a pound. Different dealers, involved in deflation to different degrees and in different ways, would mark their prices according to individual schemes of minimizing losses, and this gave rise to price differences between dealers so marked as inevitably to provoke the interpretation of profiteering. As a matter of fact there was profiteering, but it was much less in evidence in foodstuffs than in clothing.

The consumer must look inward as well as outward; he has not been passive during the period of inflation. Profiteers take advantage of market circumstances; they have little influence in creating them. From the spring of 1919 until the summer of 1920 we went on a rampage of extravagance. This made our country a sellers' market, and profiteers always take advantage of a sellers' market. No prices were too high for the things that we felt we had to have at once. Had the consumer during the first year after the armistice exhibited a fraction of that reserve that during the second year developed into a consumers' strike the flight of inflation would never have occurred. The human factor was the decisive element. Having worked hand in glove with the speculator and profiteer to inflate prices by demanding goods in excess of needs, it does us little good now to denounce profiteering.

The question of the cost of foodstuffs is frequently connected with the problem of the agricultural resources of the country. When one observes the trend of agricultural output, the drift of population and the balance of foreign trade in foodstuffs over the past two decades one is inclined

(Concluded on Page 117)

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Yet we have aimed at something vastly higher than a factory floor as eminently successful as it is acceptable.

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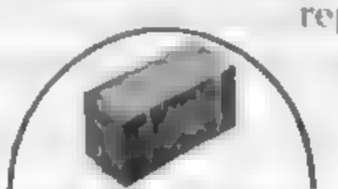

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In addition to the displays of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures shown by Wholesale Dealers and Contracting Plumbers, there are permanent "Standard" exhibits in the following cities:

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(Concluded from Page 114)

to predict that the United States is ceasing to be a net food-exporting country and becoming a net food-importing country. Before the war the net export balance of foodstuffs was slowly declining. We may measure the balance of trade in terms of dollars or calories. The latter are the more significant to the scientist, but the former hold more meaning to the economist. No one suggesting or predicting that we are to become a food-importing country does so on the basis of limitation of agricultural resources. One must distinguish between potential capacity and commercial capacity. We have the potential capacity to produce 1,500,000,000 bushels of wheat, 5,000,000,000 bushels of corn, 2,000,000,000 bushels of oats, and 1,000,000,000 bushels of other coarse grains, if we would but cultivate our acres with the efficiencies demonstrated in Western European countries. But that would mean cultivation for output per acre, not output per farmer, as at present. Such a production would sustain double our population. Our commercial capacity, the agricultural production that is remunerative to the agrarian body, is a totally different thing. Our commercial agricultural capacity is a question of price—costs of production here as compared with costs in semideveloped countries.

Our soil is adapted to the sugar beet and would easily produce the 4,000,000 tons of sugar we consume; but we have never produced a fourth of that. We imported in 1913–14 nearly 12,000,000 bushels of corn, largely from Argentina, not because we had reached the limits of our corn land or corn yields but because Argentine corn could be delivered at the Atlantic seaboard at a lower price than corn from the Central States. The Canadians can raise hard spring wheat cheaper than we can.

If we cease to be a food-exporting country we do so because it is nationally more remunerative to us to manufacture industrial goods and exchange them for foodstuffs abroad than to raise the foodstuffs at home. If farming is falling back relatively it is because it is less remunerative and attractive than urban industry. If farming be made more highly remunerative and attractive our period as a food-exporting state will be prolonged. A tariff on agricultural products will protect our own markets; but we cannot hope that it will produce surplus crops for export or facilitate export. If we were to raise all our own staples—cereals, dairy products, meats and vegetables—our imports of sugar, coffee, tea, spices and other foodstuffs that cannot be grown here but are indispensable in the American diet would make us a net food-importing state in terms of dollars or calories.

Profits Cut by Waste

No argument based upon the undeveloped richness of our soil refutes the prediction that we are to become a food-importing country, unless that richness of soil can be transmuted into commercial products at lower costs than those obtaining in other countries. The price of wheat in this country is determined by the world price of wheat if we export a fraction of our crop. If we were importers of wheat the price of the wheat grown at home would be largely fixed also by the world price of the fraction imported.

The wheat grower will not raise wheat for export if the price of the whole crop is held down to a level regarded as unremunerative by the world wheat price that applies to the exportable surplus. The farmer will cease to plant wheat in the spring-wheat belt if effective governmental action is not taken against rust, which now reduces yields so seriously. The farmer is not going to toil for the mere glory of having our country classified as a food-exporting country. A country whose agricultural resources are not fully developed may easily become a food-importing country. The United Kingdom could double her production of foodstuffs, as was proved during the war, if the agrarians had the motive for so doing. It is a question of price in the complex economic environment of our diversified resources. A certain amount of agriculture is inevitable; so to speak, the farming is predestined. But to a goodly extent the farmer is a free agent in cultivation, and acts in response to price. Writers sometimes speak of urbanization as though it were a diabolic invention, the vicious cause of industrial expansion; historically it is the result of industrial development.

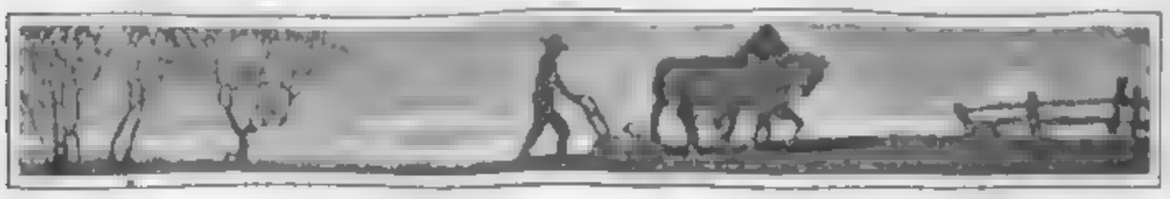
It is one thing to be self-supporting in foods, another thing to be an exporting nation. Bismarck determined to make Germany self-supporting. Decades before that, England had decided that the United Kingdom could not be made self-supporting. Therefore Germany had high tariff duties on all agricultural products, the United Kingdom had free trade. The policy of Germany did greatly increase the agricultural production of the country, but at the price of an artificially high cost of living to the urban class. But no height of tariff could make Germany a food-exporting state, despite her large exportation of sugar.

If we may judge by the United Kingdom and Germany, the farmer in a food-importing country is better off with a tariff than under free trade. A low tariff would enable us to supply ourselves with most of our staples. Sugar we should need to import, and certain kinds of cotton, wool and hides. But in that very situation we should be a food-importing nation, because we should pay for our negative balance of food trade with manufactured commodities or metals and minerals. And if industrial history furnishes us with trustworthy precedent, that is the path we shall tread. And this will be no reflection on our farmers, no indication of exhaustion of agriculture, but merely the operation of the law of diminishing returns in a complex economic environment. The most obvious thing to do to increase the remuneration to the farmer is to eliminate the wastes in our present system of marketing, since the losses through inefficiencies fall upon him. The larger the remuneration in farming the greater our production; the agricultural output represents neither the potential of our soil nor the need of our population.

Effect of Export Credits

With the wealth of foodstuffs at our disposal the American home can arrange the family diet with great latitude. But the diet must be planned out, not determined by bargain hunting. Judicious, systematic buying and sane consumption will do more to stabilize the prices and qualities of foodstuffs than can be accomplished by agitation. Spurts and lags in buying and consumption merely delay the resumption of orderly marketing, manufacture and retailing of foodstuffs. What is wanted in the food world is collective bargaining, not strikes and lockouts.

Legislation now under way involving extension of foreign credits may disturb the trend of food prices. The flour mills are operating far below normal production. On account of lack of orders, flour production is lagging behind the normal rate of consumption; we are living on the stocks, in part. Flour stocks in the country cannot be large. If now extensive foreign credits are granted some will be for wheat, some for flour. Stocks in large centers being low, a sudden export demand may drive up prices sharply, since it takes a month for increased milling to show in barrels of flour. If export demand for wheat on credit drives up the price, the price of flour would be advanced by two factors—higher cost of wheat and competitive demand for a limited supply of flour. In a word, production must be programmed with export credits if prices are not to be inflated. The revival of the War Finance Corporation tends to reinflation. But if it is a programmed reinflation, that will be a small evil compared with the irregular inflation through banking credits that has been occasioned by the excess of exports during the past year. So far as export credits stimulate the general productivity, the result will be enlarged purchasing power by all urban classes, extension of the home market and, in consequence, much-desired stabilization of agricultural conditions.



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THE June sunlight streaming through your windows, the November rain beating upon your roof, the drifting snow piling about your doorway, are destructive forces that threaten the life of your home. They cause wood to rot, metal to rust, the surface of your house slowly to disintegrate.

Strong as these forces are, they have an enemy even stronger in *Lucas Paint*. So long as it protects the surface of your home, you need not fear the action of time and weather, for when you "save the surface you save all." *Lucas Paint* beautifies, is durable and economical. It has great spreading capacity and long life. Write for interesting folder No. 16 "Suggestions for Home Decoration."

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The ice container is made of "Fibrotta," a non-conductor, which keeps the cold in and the heat out. *It soon saves its cost in ice savings.*

In factories and offices it eliminates time losses, as a cooler can be placed in a central location to save steps, and because it fills a glass with water in two seconds. It serves the water as cool as a crystal spring, but never harmfully cold.

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Style 560

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This handsome mahogany-colored ware which forms the ice container for our coolers and dispensers is made in one piece, under tremendous hydraulic pressure, from a base of wood pulp. It has no cracks or seams to open up or to collect sediment. It won't warp, swell, rust, or dent out of shape.

We also make pails of all kinds, spittoons, keelers, tubs, fire pails, waste baskets and umbrella stands of "Fibrotta." They are the most sanitary, durable, economical and attractive looking equipment you can buy.

AUSTRIA'S AGONY AND ITS WARNING TO EUROPE

(Continued from Page 23)

with the consent of the governments he represented, to transform his reparation committee into a committee of relief. Great Britain voted a sum of thirty-five million pounds for the relief of Austria. The Swiss Red Cross, first to attempt rescue of the stricken Austrians, was followed by the enormous organization of Mr. Hoover, distributing supplies from the United States and Canada. The Scandinavian nations coöperated in this work of international charity, which, as Mr. Joseph Redlich, the Austrian representative on The League of Nations, has written, was the first and for some time the only manifestation of that spirit of national solidarity which during the war had been preached by President Wilson in his famous messages. This distinguished Austrian reveals the gratitude of his people in the following words:

"This work of international charity has saved the lives of thousands of babies in Vienna. It has through the organization of the Society of Friends of England healed innumerable mothers. It has by the energy and humanity of Mr. Hoover and his compatriots nourished for more than two years hundreds of thousands of children in the schools of Vienna and industrial centers. It has lavished on us inestimable consolations, because not only have we benefited by such magnificent charity, but all humanity itself, crushed by this terrible war, has obtained moral profit from it. It is, therefore, the sacred duty of an Austrian to celebrate with all his heart such a manifestation of brotherhood. Nevertheless, the misery of the masses, and still more of the middle classes, which still continues in spite of all this charity, should not be misunderstood. It is not the result of a temporary situation or the passing incapacity of a people unable to reëstablish themselves. On the contrary the material and moral causes are too powerful to be conquered by an enfeebled and stricken people."

Vienna, City of Tragedy

When I went to the city of Vienna, after a long and dreadful journey from Triest, the train in which I traveled was crowded with men and women who seemed desperately anxious to reach that city, and I wondered then, and wonder now, what evil spell enticed them that way. For Vienna had no room for them, no food for them except at monstrous prices, no fuel, no trade and no hope for any of them, if they were of Austrian race. Yet every day I stayed there more people were crowding into the city and not leaving it, owing to some freak of psychology at which I could only guess—a desire for a mad kind of gayety in their world of ruin, a herding together of doomed people, the old spirit which in times of plague made men "eat, drink and be merry; for to-morrow we die." There were others who came as vultures follow the trail of death and feed upon the corpses. They were human vultures growing fat on the disease of a nation by financial jugglings and commercial adventures in bankrupt stock. They were rich enemies of Austria, once within her empire, now getting the value of the foreign exchange which made their money worth ten times or fifty times as much as the Austrian paper money. They were the profiteers of her own people who even in the general ruin had managed to loot fortunes, so that they could fling about these paper notes from vast stocks of paper with reckless hands. So every hotel in a city of hotels was crowded, with people sleeping on sofas, in bathrooms and drawing-rooms—anywhere for shelter.

On the night of my arrival I hired a cab with two horses driven by a man who had the skill and passion of a Roman charioteer. At a furious gallop through a wet darkness he took me to many hotels in different parts of the city, laughed heartily when I was refused admittance time and time again, and shook hands like a friend and a brother when by a wild stroke of luck I managed to struggle into a small hotel owing to the favor of an Austrian waiter who had fond memories of Leicester Square. I paid my driver what I thought was three times his proper fare, but he scrunched up the notes and said: "I have to live! This would not buy me a packet of cigarettes!" In the end I gave him a hundred kronen and thought I had been robbed, but one day in Vienna was enough to teach me that this sum would hardly buy a meal in any modest restaurant.

On that first night in Vienna a dreadful gloom, spiritual as well as physical, encompassed me when I went out into the streets for an evening walk—those streets which I remembered as so full of light and gayety and music before the war. Only a few lights glimmered. The great arc lamps were not burning. No gleam came through the shuttered windows. At six o'clock all the shops were closed, and there were not many people about in the darkness. They passed me like ghosts, and I saw through the gloom pale, haggard faces of men and women who shivered as they walked. Children with bare feet padded past on the wet pavements. One woman with a baby in her arms stopped before me and held out a skinny, clawlike hand and begged for money. Truly, I thought, I have come to a city of tragedy. After other nights in Vienna I knew that it was indeed a city of tragedy, more tragic than any other city I had seen in the world after the years of war, filled with masses of people, semi-starved or three-quarters starved, with rickety children so wizened and weak that they looked like little monkeys after six months or more of life, with diseased mothers unable to feed them at the breast, with men of good education and good birth starving slowly but very surely on a diet of cabbage soup, with beautiful girls selling their beauty for one night's meal, and middle-class women watching their children wither and die, and a hopeless misery among these millions in the back streets of that great and splendid city, with its palaces, its picture galleries, its glorious gardens, its noble architecture of banks and offices and mansions.

Yet here were strange, bewildering contrasts between reckless luxury and starving poverty, between gayety and despair, which deceived many observers who saw only one side, or could not reconcile both sides with any reason. Night after night, after exploring the back streets and the places of malady, the hospitals and babies' *crèches*, the feeding centers of charity, I used to push through the swing doors of some restaurant or concert hall and sit there to watch the crowd and listen to the music and find some clew to the riddle of things.

A Brilliant Pretense

These places were always crowded, and the crowd was always made up of the same types. There were great numbers of prosperous-looking men who seemed to have illimitable supplies of paper money. Some of them were Italians, some of them Greeks, Czechs, Serbians, Hungarians and Jews. Many of them were Jews of no certain nationality and speaking every kind of language. Here and there were Austrian families, sitting here for the light and warmth, and lingering a long time over cups of coffee and glasses of cold water, while the band played piece after piece with a brilliant gayety which seemed to pretend that life is very merry, free from care, full of sunshine, beauty, laughter, love.

There was plenty of love in these places, but not of a kind good to see on the whole. Now and then my eyes were taken by young Austrian couples who sat hand in hand or with their faces very close together and their eyes lighted by each other's light, and I thought they were pitiful to see, yet beautiful, like lovers shipwrecked on a desert place, with death about them and drawing near, so that perhaps this love was all they had, and enough. But mostly the love making was bought by the prosperous-looking men, who were giving wine and cakes to girls who, I guessed, had had no solid food that day and were paying for it by laughter and flirtation and the open marketing of their youth. They seemed nice girls, as good as your sisters or mine, of middle class, of decent upbringing, but now citizens of Vienna which is starving, victims of a life where death is on the

(Continued on Page 121)

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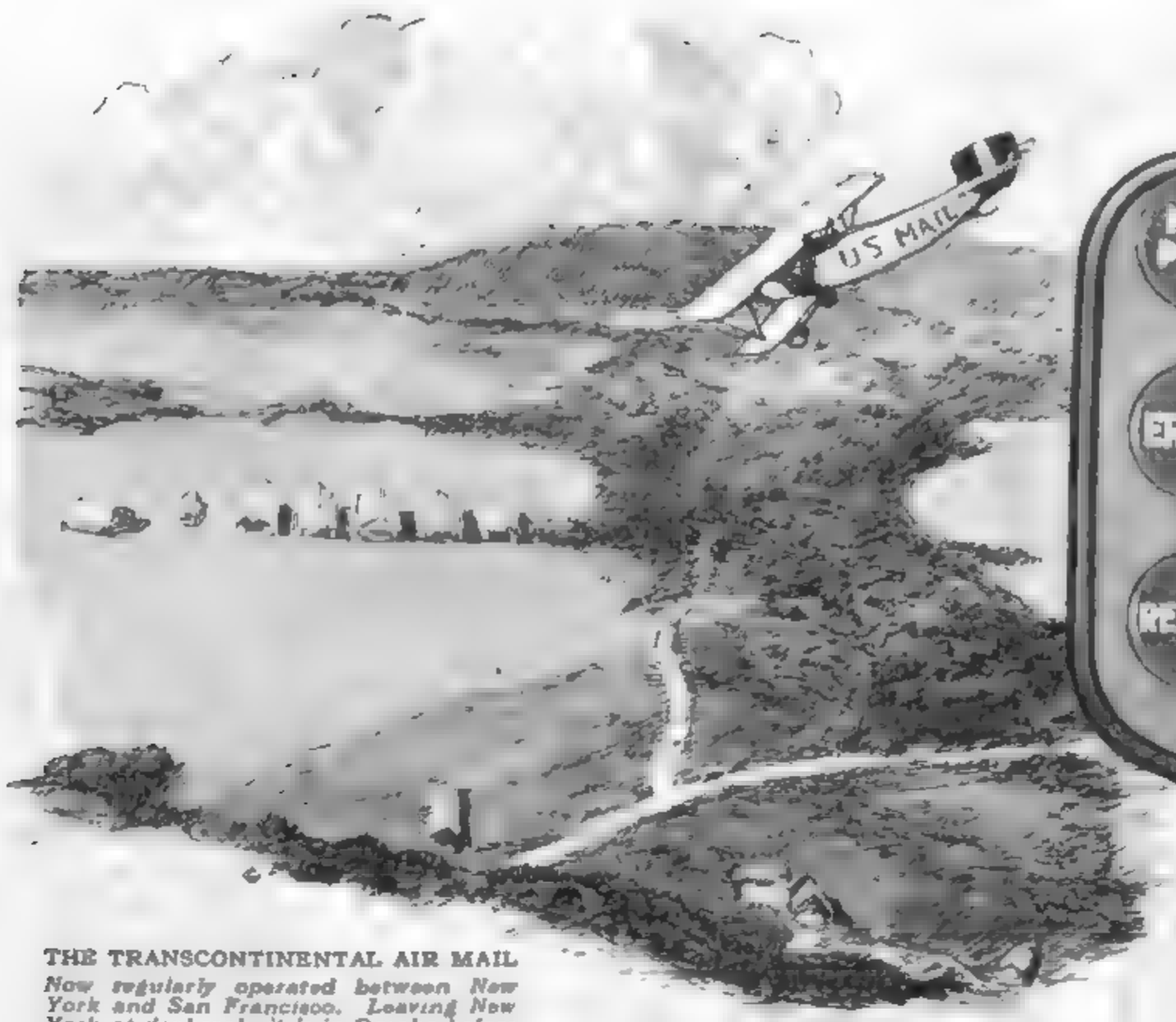

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(Continued from Page 118)

prowl, and a creeping disease of weakness, and where hunger is a familiar and frightening thing. Here in these places of luxury there was the glitter of light and warmth, at least of human breath and bodies, and the splendor of marble halls and the blare of jazz bands and fancy cakes for those whose purses bulged with paper money. Such a chatter! Such ripples of laughter! Such a joyous rhythm in the music of the band! But I thought of the hours of the days I had spent among rickety children, scrofulous children and children who are saved from the hunger death only by the charity of their former enemies. I thought of words spoken to me by one of the men who know best the conditions of their country:

"Unless the powers formulate some policy—on a broader line than free meals and temporary aid—the Austrian people are doomed beyond any hope of life, and there will be a morbid poison in the heart of Europe."

Those laughing people around me—how could they laugh and listen to light music and spend these kronen like counters in a game? Some of them are living on the last of their capital. Others are parasites of profiteers. Others prefer laughter to tears, and come to listen to this gay music for forgetfulness. They are like the people in Boccaccio's novels who, with plague raging around them, gathered together and told amorous, wicked tales and wondered idly when death would touch them on the shoulder. Is Austria alone like that? Are there not many countries of Europe, perhaps even England—so rich and fat, as she is called until the unrealities of her arithmetic are put to the cruel test of truth—who are playing at the gay old game of life carelessly while outside disease creeps nearer—the European malady which must be cured quickly lest we die?

Profiteering was shameless in Vienna during the war, and there are still millionaires—in paper money—who are able to afford the necessities and even the luxuries of life in spite of the wild insanity of the prices charged. It is they and the foreigners and middle-class folk who had saved up money who entirely ignore the market prices controlled by the government—theoretically—and adopt a system of smuggling, *Schleichhandlung* as it is called, so open and unabashed that it is a mockery of its name. The rich folk hire their smugglers. The middle-class folk do their own job, and on several days a week the tramcars going out to the market gardens and small farms in the country outside the city are crowded with young men who have gone to buy their week's supplies direct from the peasants. Those country folk demand more and more paper money for their eggs and butter and bacon and vegetables. In some districts they will not deliver their goods for any price in paper, but insist upon a system of barter by which in return for food they get tobacco, boots, clothes and manufactured articles.

I know the case of a man who went to one of these peasants to buy food for his wedding. He wore a new jacket which he had saved for his wedding day.

The peasant farmer refused his paper money, made an ugly grimace at it and said: "That filth is no good to me. I will give you a sucking pig for that jacket."

Prohibitive Costs

The bargain was made, and the bridegroom went home in his shirt sleeves with his wedding feast under his arm. The peasant's point of view is more apparent when I say that a cheap suit of clothes in Vienna cost four thousand kronen when I was in that city. Since then prices have steadily mounted in paper values, and the price of meat and fat has risen by a third and even a half, so that one pound of lard cost, nominally, five pounds, or twenty-five dollars in American money, with exchange at the normal rate, at the end of last year. The peasants raised the price of flour to such an extent that it was beyond the reach of all but the robber profiteers—those gangs of financial harpies who still, by juggling with the money market and gambling in the rise and fall of Austrian securities, contrive to amass vast stocks of paper currency. It is they and the foreigners who crowd into the city who spend five hundred kronen for a single person at dinner, and five times that amount if they indulge in expensive wines. The cost of a dinner, followed by a dance, given by an American and his wife to members of Viennese society at the Hotel Bristol was more than a million kronen, worth forty-two thousand pounds in English money, according to the prewar value of Austrian kronen.

It will be said by my readers: "But, after all, that means very little, because the money is turned out of the printing presses and has hardly any real value."

That is true for those who can get hold of the printing press, as it were, but it is not true in the case of the struggling middle-class folk—clerks, schoolmasters, doctors, university professors, working-women with little homes and hungry babes, and the whole class of laboring men. They do not get unlimited supplies of this paper. I asked a young clerk in a newspaper office how much he was paid a week, and he told me a hundred and sixty kronen. I remembered that it had cost me more than a hundred kronen to get a meal of three thin courses which left me hungry.

"How do you live?" I asked.

"I don't," he said.

In a babies' clinic filled with haggard, anaemic women who had brought their terrible little babes, all scrofulous and boneless, for medical examination, I spoke to a young Austrian doctor, and he told me very frankly that his own case was hopeless.

"I get under two hundred kronen a week," he said, "and for three years I have lived mostly on cabbage soup, with now and then potatoes for a treat. Not in all that time have I eaten meat. These clothes I wear date from before the war. You see they have been turned. When they wear out and fall away from me I shall be like old Adam, for how can I buy a new suit? My case is no worse than thousands of others. It is beggary and starvation."

Charity Rescue Work

In the great hospitals of Vienna, the best medical schools in the world before the war by universal reputation, it is almost impossible to carry on the work owing to the dearth of supplies. Fuel is their great need, and many of the wards have closed down because they cannot be heated at all, and the patients are crowded together for warmth's sake in spite of the dangers of bad ventilation. Coal is almost out of the question, and wood is gathered from the neighboring countryside as much as possible. It is the only source of fuel for poor folk, and one of the sights of Vienna is the crowd of wood gatherers coming back laden with logs and branches under which children and women stagger to their hearthsides.

In the midst of all this misery, and of the false, mad gayety which mocks at it, the relief committees, American and British, the Society of Friends and other charitable agencies bring some light and joy by the enormous rescue work they continue to do among the children and nursing mothers. The network of this organization is on a wide-reaching scale, and one of the most moving and pathetic sights that have ever met my eyes was when I went to the old palace of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose death was the straw which set Europe alight, and watched the feeding of more than a thousand children under the direction of an American officer and his assistants.

I talked with many of the little ones, as they bent over the bowls of soup and offered up a grace to God before their first spoonful. For many of them it was the first meal of the day, and for some the only meal. They were grateful for it, with the smiling gratitude of children who were born to suffering as a usual, common thing. But in spite of all this international work of charity, the large sums of money poured into Vienna from many countries, there is still a large population there which is not touched by that work of rescue. The grown-up folk do not get free meals. Genteel poverty in Vienna is unaided. The workingmen in the factories do not get enough raw material any more for their own bodies than for the machines they mind. Both are undernourished. In the National Assembly the Social Democrats and Christian Socialists have vied with each other in the fierceness of their denunciations of the rationed bread which is baked with a fifty per cent ingredient of uneatable maize flour producing horrible effects upon the bodies of those who eat it. In December last many railway men and other workers went on strike as a protest

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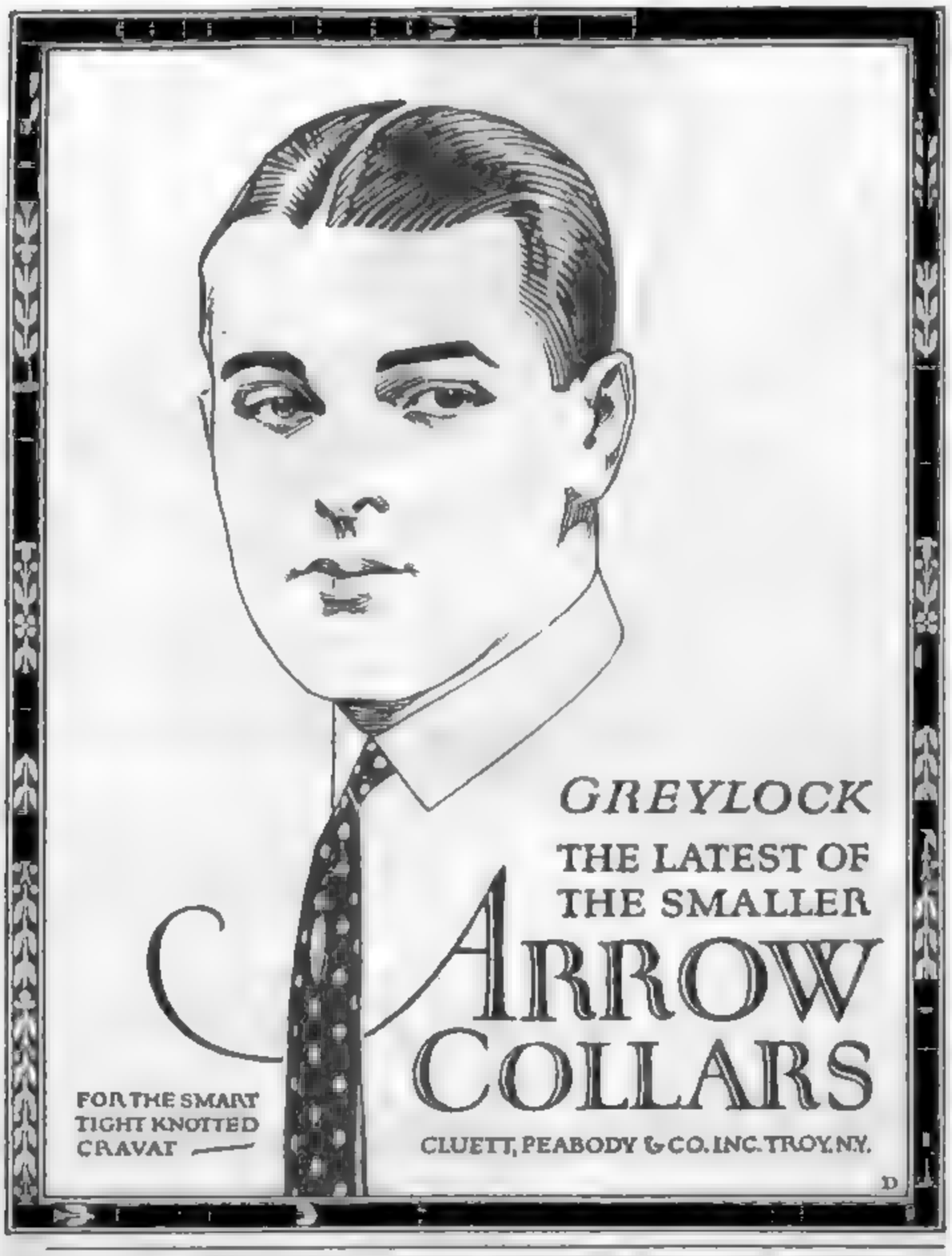

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against this filthy food, and the Social Democrats announced to the Assembly that they found it hard to calm the workmen in the factories, bitter and despairing because of their hunger, for hunger is the food of revolution.

Intellectually as well as physically the people of Vienna are starved. The university cannot afford to buy foreign books, the science men cannot keep abreast with modern research for the same reason. Even in the elementary schools teaching suffers because both teachers and scholars are listless with weakness at their work. So in all departments of life in Vienna one sees a devitalizing process, a slow death of all national and individual energies, a creeping paralysis in the social body.

A Warning to All Europe

Yet so cruel is the extent to which national egotism and intensification of selfishness and cynicism have been developed since the war by a failure to reshape the society of nations on more ideal lines that the neighbors of Austria, and even her own peasants, are abominably callous to that agony in Vienna. Jugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia, once of the Austrian Empire, and now republican states, will not forgive Vienna for her old political domination and tyranny, and will not lift a hand to rescue the Viennese. The Czechs, with those old memories rankling, deal contemptuously and tyrannically with the German minorities in their midst and make it a crime for them to use their own language in the streets and public places of towns where they form a great part of the population. There is no hope for Vienna nor—carrying the argument over to other countries—for Europe itself, if that national and racial enmity is maintained.

This state of things in Austria is to my mind a tremendous warning to all Europeans. What is happening in Vienna so acutely—all those symptoms of disease—is apparent in many other countries of Europe to a less degree at present, but in an increasing degree unless there is a speedy cure. These symptoms of social plague are the inflation of paper money, which is a mere sham covering the lack of real values, the difficulty of procuring raw material from more prosperous countries owing to the difference in exchange, the gradual weakening of the individual worker and of the nation as a whole in physical well-being and moral will power, the debility of children, working mothers and laboring men so that the future of the race is endangered and the birth rate is lowered while the death rate goes up, a spiritual carelessness as to these evil conditions so that they come to be accepted as inevitable, and a levity of the social mind among those who still have money to spend, which disregards the necessity of urgent action, desperate remedies, in order to maintain the old standards of civilization.

It is difficult for ordinary minds to think in terms of Europe or beyond the frontiers of nationality; but if one studies the health chart of Europe as a whole one will find very clearly a spreading blackness corresponding to the areas, constantly enlarging and embracing new peoples, in which there is economic disease and what I may call the withering of civilized life. The whole of Russia is in this condition, as far as we can get scientific evidence, owing to the break-up of its political machine and economic machine, bad as they were, followed by the wearing out of transport material and the lowering of production both in agriculture and industry—all this due more to the exhaustion and effort of war than to the methods of the Bolshevik régime. It is certain that Russia is dropping, not so much into barbarism as into a material and spiritual decadence, so that all the impulses towards a higher type of civilization are for a time at least deadened. Its people are fighting with hunger, fighting with disease, fighting for the barest necessities of life, and not for beauty, art and luxury and joy, in which civilization comes to flower.

The Russian disease is reaching out to neighboring states like Esthonia and Lithuania. They, too, are withering from the same causes—lack of abundant food, devitalizing of labor, physical disease, general debility. Poland is a strong soul with a stricken body.

Is this plague creeping westward? Is there any certainty that it will stop at the frontiers of Germany? Austria is engulfed already, as I have shown, and there are signs that in spite of German efforts to get back to the old standards of work, to recapture old markets and to get a margin of national profit above the enormous debts to be paid to the victor nations, her people are tiring already, and sickening.

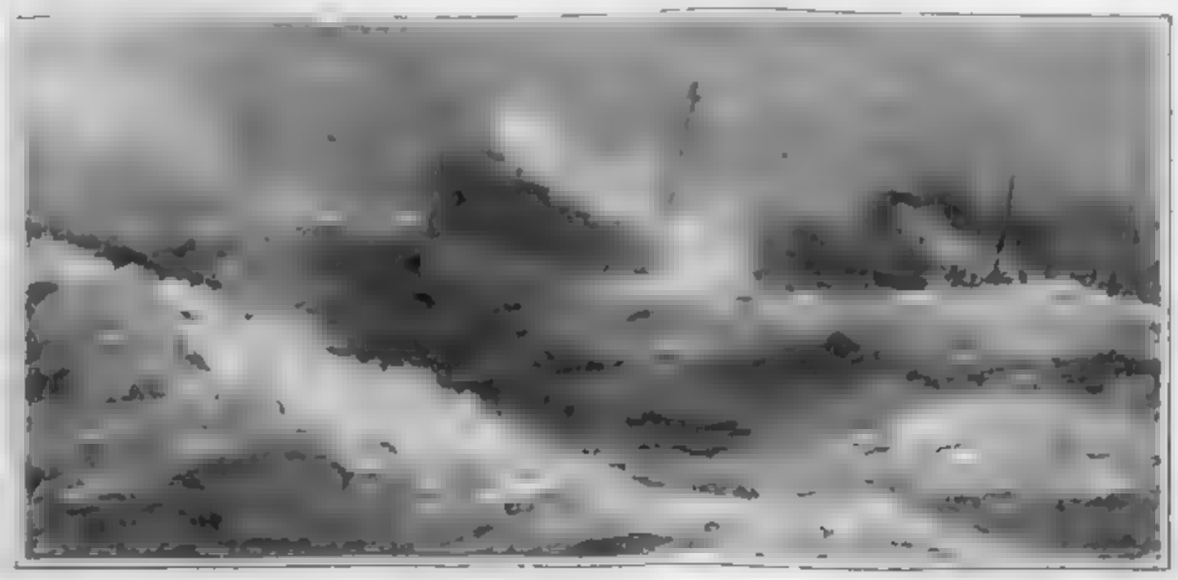
Toward the end of 1920 the food controller for Prussia and Germany as a whole made an awful confession, which until then he had tried to hide. He admitted coldly and terribly that there was a deficit of nearly three million tons of wheat. That is the supply necessary for at least six months. When the controller made his statement one million tons had already been imported, but the remainder of the deficit was uncovered. If it could be obtained from abroad, despite the world scarcity of wheat, it would cost fifteen billion marks, and that would mean that the price of bread would rise 300 per cent in the following months. Already at the end of last year hundreds of thousands of children in Germany were suffering from malnutrition, and not only the children, but workingmen. Seven hundred thousand children and mothers were being fed on charity, and everywhere in the big cities the shadow of starvation, if not actual hunger in its acute and terrible stage, was creeping over the country.

Austria's Only Hope

Speaking in December, 1920, Herr Howenstein, president of the Reichsbank, said: "If Germany proceeds on her present financial path she will reach Russian or Austrian conditions in two years."

In Italy, with her strikes, her political revolts, her revolutionary labor, production was diminishing all through the last twelve months; and the Italian people, poverty-stricken except for their profiteers, struggling against the tide of rising prices, are losing hope and falling back into something like despair.

So far, Austria, whose condition I have described at length, is the worst case of national decay, and all students of humanity and of social history must take it as the outstanding example of tragedy, due not to inherent weakness but to the evil structure of international relations. There is only one hope of rescue for Austria, and that is the breaking down of the hatred round her, the opening of trade relationships with her neighbors, a give-and-take in the matter of raw material, labor and commercial credit, cooperation instead of isolation and rivalry, Christian fellowship for mutual help and protection, instead of the cutthroat code of the old tribal laws. And that, in my humble judgment, is the one hope of rescue not only for Austria but for Europe as a whole.



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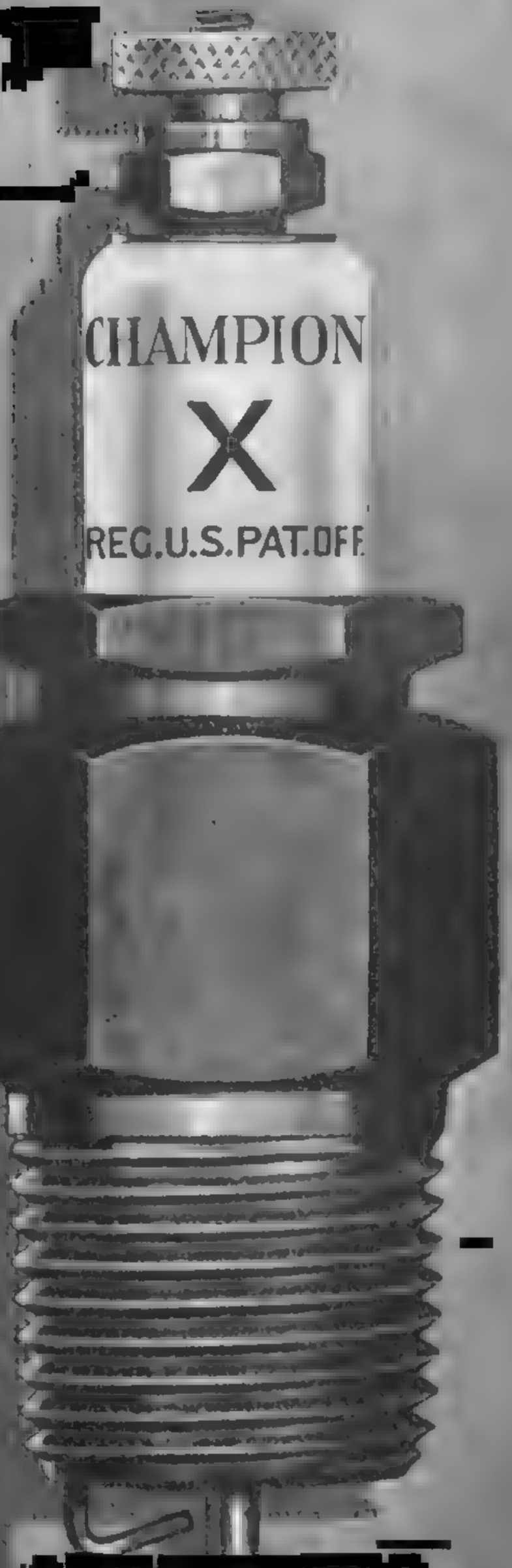

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WESTINGHOUSE BATTERIES

OLD-TIMER

(Continued from Page 19)

big fault. We're too busy to see farther ahead than to-day; so anxious to gather in the crop that we pull up the roots and kill the seed. We killed off a revenue of fifty million dollars a year in the beaver. We shipped wild pigeons to the market by the trainload for five cents apiece; now one single bird would be worth a small fortune to the finder. The last ten million buffalo were shot down for a dollar a hide; then we spent big money preserving the last few hundred head. Now we've wasted the trees. God knows what will come next or where it all will end. But we're a thorough people, once we start. Now that we're starting to conserve in place of tearing down we'll do it well. If only just once we could start to conserve before it was just too late."

He mounted Teton and led the single pack horse. For miles he threaded tangled jams of blowdowns without a trail.

"They'll never find our little private hangout, Teton," he predicted. "Men won't fight five miles of the worst kind of down timber to get nowhere in the end."

The way led up to the mouth of a forbidding cañon that widened unexpectedly just within the sheer masses of rock that flanked the portals. He rode out into a blind cañon that formed an oval basin a mile long by half that distance across, rimmed in by towering walls, the only exit the one twisting, narrow gap through which he had just passed. Here, in this basin unknown to other men, Mart Woodson had the whole hills in miniature, a touch of everything afforded by any other part of the park. A long meadow stretched the length of the basin, a tiny creek winding through it. Dense forested slopes led up to the rock rubble at the base of the walls, these rising in pile on pile to thrust their rims above timber line. Narrow swaths had been ripped through the timber by snowslides plunging from the cliffs above and shearing all life in their paths, piling logs and débris, collected in their rush, into massive heaps in the bottoms. Here, in the more sheltered spots, the snow never wholly disappeared, and there were miniature glaciers that defied the summer sun to blot them out completely before the early snows of autumn should once more start to build them up.

Silvery cascades sparkled through breaks in the wall at the upper end as the tiny stream leaped down from the heights in succeeding falls, the last two hundred feet of its descent being almost sheer, a beautiful slide down rock that was smooth-glazed from its action. It tinkled into a rock pool hollowed out at its base.

A willow swamp covered the upper end of the flats. Here two young beaver, transported to the spot by Woodson the preceding year when they were kits, had dammed the stream and backed up a pond, forming the only lake in the pocket. At the lower end of the meadow a dozen tiny hot springs were scattered out for two hundred yards, adding a touch of completeness to Woodson's private park, a spot no other man had seen.

A little cabin stood just within the edge of the timber, an exact duplicate, except that it had a rough slab door instead of an elk hide, of that hut in which he and old Tom North had wintered that first year on the head of the Yellowstone. As he rode toward the hut two antelope, a pair he had brought to this far spot as kids, rose from their beds in the meadow and one of them loosed a gruff, hoarse bark of warning. As if understanding this signal of a different species three cow elk and their calves climbed a knoll near the edge of the meadow, and an old cow, evidently the leader of the little band, gave her yelping bark three times. Two mule-deer does, followed by three fawns, came to the edge of the timber and peered curiously at the intruders. Woodson dismounted before the cabin and threw off saddles and packs, turning the two horses out on the meadow to graze.

His first move after storing away the equipment and supplies was to shoulder a heavy sack of salt and repair to a spring some twenty yards from the hut. It was merely a trickle, whose flow spread fanwise down the slope and disappeared within a few yards of its source. Where it came from the sidehill the scout had scooped out a pool and lined it with rock. From this he drew his water supply. He dumped the salt just below the outlet of this little reservoir and watched the overflow eating into the white mass, trickling on to carry the salt in solution and impregnate the few yards of soft mud below. This expanse had been trampled by many hoofs.

"There now," he said as he viewed this artificial salt lick, "they'll come for their salt and we'll get acquainted all over again. It takes 'em a few days to get used to me every time I come in."

Here he could watch the wild things in their native haunts, undisturbed by men, their habits unchanged. They were all here of their own accord except the beaver and the antelope that he had packed in on horses to add to his colony. The little herd of elk and the mule deer had discovered the retreat themselves and always came back to summer in their chosen pocket. He cooked an early meal and sat on the doorsill of the cabin as the first dusk settled into the basin. A porcupine waddled from beneath a windfall and came toward him. Woodson tossed him a bacon rind and the animal munched the delicacy within a few feet of the man.

"Prickly, if this plan goes through, men will be out looking for your scalp," said the scout. He drew a folded clipping from his pocket and perused it again. "We're a thorough people, once we start. American resourcefulness is no idle boast. There's a thousand suggestions put forward to advance any popular movement—no point too small to overlook; not even you, Prickly, for this article deals with the wasteful porcupine. You girdle the nice trees with those teeth of yours. It says so here. Now since we've started out to save what trees are left we're doing a good job of it—and may do it a trifle too well, as we have before. This advocates putting a bounty on all porcupines. There's maybe two thousand porcupines within a hundred miles, and some two billion trees. Maybe one spruce or jackpine out of every hundred thousand shows the marks of a porky's teeth. But that's the way it goes. After it's just too late we get downright hysterical about back-tracking and covering up the waste. You hedgehogs live on bark, and you'll have to go. There's another move on foot to kill off the ospreys and the pelicans, the mergansers and the herons, all because they catch some fish. There's practically no limit to the number of fish some men will catch. I've seen folks pull out two hundred pounds and get their pictures snapped with more fish than they could eat in a month. And now there are people who advocate killing off the birds that take only what they eat. Maybe there's some of us would rather see a blue heron standing out in a swamp, as solemn as a judge; or a squadron of pelicans winging down the lake; maybe we'd rather hear an osprey scream and watch him make his plunge—than to see some human have his picture snapped with half a ton of fish. But if this goes through, Prickly, men will make your tribe hard to find. When we're through with you we'll kill the birds."

He scanned the high slopes and the avalanche slides with his glasses. He knew well the ways of antlered game; that the lords of the species did not summer with their families, deserting them till the running moon called them back to their harems in the fall.

"The elk ought to start running about now," he said. "If Wapiti came back this spring and is in here anywheres we'll hear him whistle in a day or two."

As if in answer to his prophecy the shrill squealing bugle of a young bull floated down from above.

"Wapiti was wise to come back," the scout asserted. "If he'd stayed outside some old herd bull would have run him off from every cow he tried to cut out of a band. In here he'll have the cows to himself and run this pocket according to his own ideas."

His glasses were trained toward the spot from which the bugle sounded. Far up under the rims, at the upper extremity of the trees, a bull elk left the timber and grazed out into the open path left by a snowslide. He was a five-point bull; the following year he would reach his prime. Up under the rims he had summered, high above his cows. He had a score of bull wallows tramped out in the muddy seeps below the perpetual snowbanks, and in these he cooled himself on warm days.

The Florsheim Shoe

Style is an inspiration—wear is a matter of materials and workmanship. Not until men develop finer talents, and methods produce finer materials, will shoes be better than Florsheims.

Shoes $12 Oxfords $11
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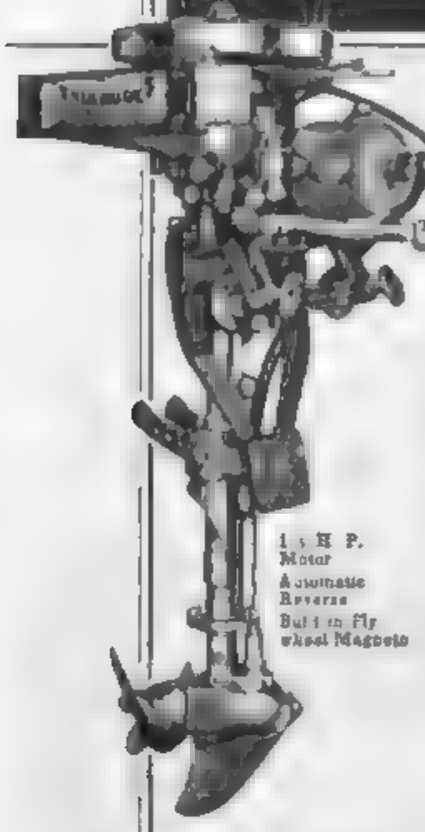

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Does it pay, then, to spoil your fishing trips and vacations with oar work, when for this trifling cost you can have a husky little motor to breeze you over the water?

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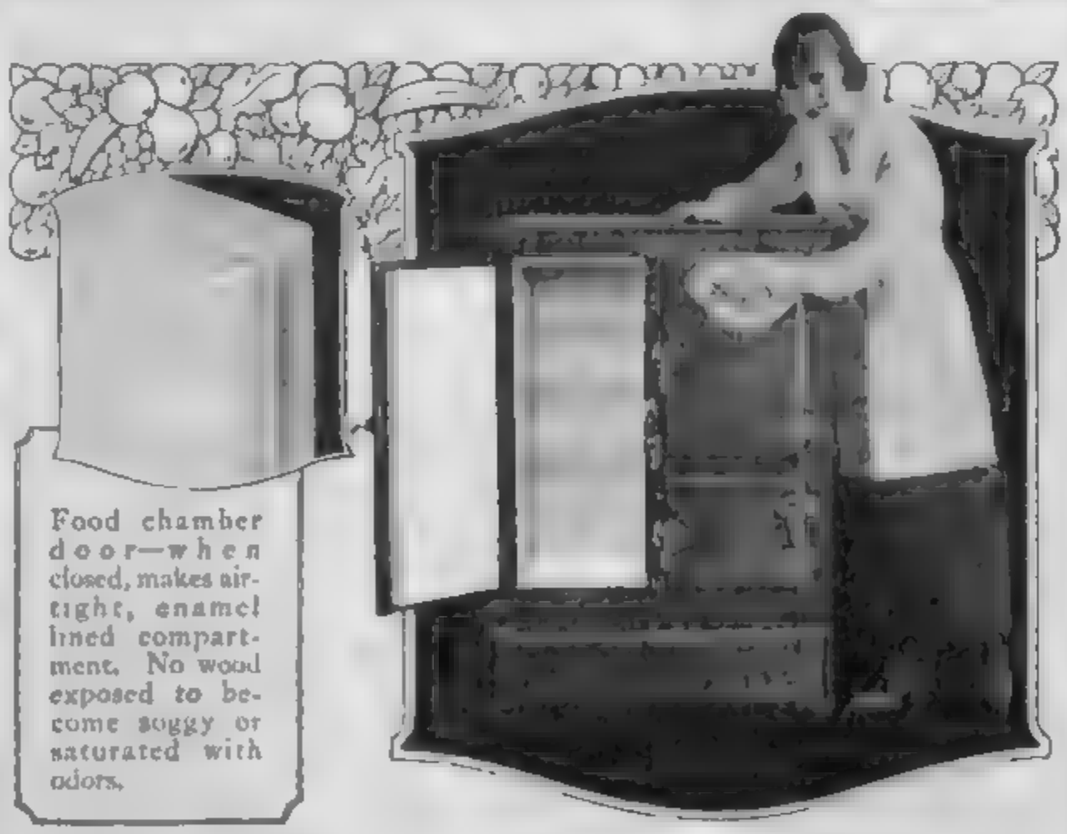

Food chamber door—when closed, makes air-tight, enamel lined compartment. No wood exposed to become soggy or saturated with odors.

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EVERY construction detail of the Rhinelander Air-Tite helps make this refrigerator a better preserver of food and ice. From the hardwood cabinet—built solidly without thin panels to loosen and let in outside air—to the durable, white enamel lining, the Air-Tite is really *air-tight*.

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A Size for Every Home—Better Refrigeration at a Lower Price

If your retailer hasn't an Air-Tite on display, write us for illustrated booklet showing construction features and quoting prices

RHINELANDER REFRIGERATOR CO.
Dept. 858, Rhinelander, Wis.

RHINELANDER AIRTITE REFRIGERATOR

plastering himself with mud to protect his tender flanks and under parts from the insect pests.

Woodson turned his glasses on the rims above in search of Krag, the bighorn ram. Krag's habit, too, was to summer apart from the females of his kind, but he summered below them, not above. His ewes and lambs ranged out on the ridges and plateau above timber line, while Krag held out along the shelves and ledges of the cliffs, subsisting on the grass that sprouted from the cracks of the rock or clothed occasional shoulders in the breaks between offset rims. It took some time to locate Krag but at last he saw him, a tiny speck far up the walls. Even with the glasses it was impossible to determine whether or not he had a foothold or simply adhered to the face of the cliff as a fly clings to a pane of glass. The old ram stood motionless, peering down at Woodson, and the man knew that the bighorn could see him as easily with the naked eye as he himself could see the ram with binoculars.

Assured of the presence of the ram Woodson sought for some sign of the mule-deer buck who had spent the preceding season in this hidden nook. He had first looked upon the buck in the autumn when the deer were in short blue, and from this he had named him Blue. He trained his glasses upon the upper extremities of the timber, examining every snowslide trail and opening under the rim. Blue would be in some such locality as Wapiti, the bull, their choice of summer homes almost identical. But he failed to sight the buck and feared that he had not returned that spring.

The scout started up the valley toward the swamp at the far end of it and each animal gave evidence of its one supersense, the most highly developed of its faculties and the one upon which it mainly relied.

The two antelope had moved far up the meadow, well beyond the elk, yet at the instant he stepped into the open they detected him; for the antelope is essentially a creature of wide plains and flat distances, and his most dependable sense is the sense of sight. His sense of hearing or of smell may mislead him, but it is impossible to deceive the pronghorn's eye.

Even as the antelope had spotted his presence the instant he cleared the trees, so too, Woodson reflected, had the bighorn ram. The scout knew that from far up the cliffs the eyes of the old sheep were watching his every move; for the bighorn's most reliable source of warning lies in his all-seeing eyes. Scent seems to mean little to him, sound evidently nothing at all, but as he rests on some lofty shelf he sweeps the far hills with his eyes and defies his enemies to approach unseen. In this the bighorn of the peaks is one with the pronghorn of the plains.

Woodson had frequently experimented to determine the degree of development of the various senses in different animals, and he did so now.

The warning bark of the antelope sounded the instant he stepped from the trees. The scout stopped in his tracks. An old cow elk yelped excitedly in sympathy with the warning of the pronghorn. She was but half the distance to the antelope, yet had not seen the man. Every cow and calf whirled and looked toward the source of warning, their backs to Woodson. The hackle hair of the pronghorns bristled and the light rump patch flared. They stood gazing back past the elk. Another antelope would have known instantly the direction of the danger by noting the direction of the others' gaze. But the elk paid small heed to this, another bit of evidence that they placed but small reliance in their eyes. They sought for the menace in the opposite direction, since the warning had come from there.

When the man moved again one cow turned and saw him. He advanced a few steps at a time and the elk milled uneasily. The wind came quartering down the basin and he kept to the far side of the meadow from them. None of the animals was really frightened, only slightly uneasy at the presence of man among them. On each succeeding visit they must let the newness of it wear off before accepting the man as a harmless creature, one of themselves.

He proceeded to the beaver pond and peered from the fringe of trees that bordered it. A giant bull moose, a cow and a long-legged calf stood knee-deep in the water where it backed up among the willows across from him. The bull waded out to the deepest part and plunged his head below the surface. Only the hump of his withers showed above the water and he remained in this submerged state for so long a time that Woodson marveled. Then the great head lifted into view and the bull munched contentedly the mouthful of roots and vegetation he had uprooted from the floor of the pond. The cow and calf fed nearer the margin, where the water was more shallow. The mother saw the man as he moved quietly along the shore; but the wind was wrong and when he stopped she could not be sure. The moose depended mainly on scent, distrusting the evidence of their eyes. The three big beasts neared him and stood in the shallow on his side of the pool while he remained motionless. Their little eyes, set high in the massive heads, glared wickedly, and the bull and the cow popped their thick lips at him with a sucking sound. They did not fear him, and when he left they stood and watched him go.

On the return trip down the basin he chose the opposite side of the meadow, keeping just within the trees. The quartering wind was now at his back and it was the elk who first detected his approach. While yet some two hundred yards from them they whirled to face him; the ribbon of scent pointed out his whereabouts as surely for the elk as sight of him had warned the two antelope on the up trip. Now the antelope found themselves at a loss to locate him, knowing his direction only for the reason that their eyes noted the way the elk were facing, but they could not be certain till their eyes were trained on the man himself, the scent that was so evident to the elk apparently being too slight to register on the consciousness of the pronghorns. Thus Woodson had proved again that the most dependable sense of one of these animals was that of scent, the other that of sight.

It was almost dark when he reached the cabin. A dozen times during the night the bull elk bugled, and when Woodson rose in the morning Wapiti had joined his cows and calves in the meadow. The scout repaired to the salt lick and found there the tracks of all his colony. Even Krag had come down from his cliff for a share of the salt. The track of a buck deer showed among the rest and Woodson knew that Blue was somewhere in the pocket. The running moon of the deer was later than that of the elk and moose. Blue still lived alone and had not yet joined his does.

As he finished his breakfast and stepped outside Woodson noted that Teton was peering down the meadow, his ears pricked sharply in the direction of his gaze. A few yards behind him the pack horse was making a similar point. Woodson turned his eyes that way and saw a big black she-bear just within the entrance to the basin. She stood swaying from side to side, her nose testing the air currents eddying down the bottoms. Behind her a black cub and a brown sat on their haunches.

"Here come the two blue-ribbon pests," Woodson said. "Wakinee and Wakinoo. They'll most certainly make me lock up every time I go even to the spring for water. But I'm glad to see them back."

The old she-bear had denned the preceding winter in the pocket and when she came forth in the spring she was followed by two cubs. She had learned from long experience that the easiest living was to be rustled round the permanent tourist camps. During the summer a thousand tourists had contributed bits of food to the old bear and her cubs. But now the season was over, the camps closed and deserted, and she had brought her family back to rustle in the wild till such time as she was ready to den.

She advanced upon the cabin without the least hesitation, and Woodson tossed her scraps of food. For every morsel he gave the cubs he insisted that they stand up and beg, holding the morsel out of their reach till they reared upon their short hind legs and stretched to take it from his fingers. Wakinee, the black cub, and Wakinoo, his brown brother, were both reasoning animals; after two days they rarely approached the man without rearing up on their hind feet and advancing to meet him, waddling as two bandy-legged infants.

Within a week Krag had disappeared from the cliffs. The old ram had climbed to the plateaus in search of his ewes and lambs. Blue had dropped down to join his does and fawns. The wild things had come to accept the man as one of themselves. He sat one day on the doorsill and watched the animals following their natural lives. Two

(Continued on Page 129)

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Here are some of the reasons: It gives working room for all five toes. Its *flexible shank* lets the muscles under the bones of the arch do the work for which nature put them there. The back seam is so cut as to prevent irritation of the large tendon. The well-shaped heel is 1⅛" high.

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If your store doesn't yet carry the Modified Educator, drop us a post card. We'll help you find a pair quick.

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The Modified Educator

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"

A book you'll want to read. Things you don't know about your feet. Free. Ask us for it.

(Continued from Page 126)

calf elk rose from their beds in the timber and trotted into the meadow, where they indulged in a make-believe duel. With heads pressed together, backs arched to exert the last ounce of strength, they shoved about the meadow till tired of the sport, then rejoined their mothers in the timber.

A blue grouse hen led her brood of seven chicks to the cabin, advancing cautiously and with many halts, to feed on the crumbs the man tossed out for them; forest chickens coming in to be fed in the haunts of man. The three bears came out high under the rims and crossed to an old snowbank that pitched down the slope. The old bear launched forth and coasted for two hundred yards on her haunches, the cubs following at short intervals. Wakinoo lost his balance and tumbled end over end, a whirling ball of brown fur. At least twice a day the bears took their coast. On all sides of him Woodson had ample evidence that animals frequently indulged in play when unmolested by men. The young of all species must have their games, the same as the young of the human race. The does and fawns came from the timber and moved across the meadow toward the cabin. When within a few yards they halted. In their big brown eyes was friendliness, also a hint of doubt, as if the animals were slightly alarmed by their own temerity.

The scout tossed them crusts of bread and they gradually neared till at last a fawn thrust her muzzle toward Woodson's outstretched hand, her big ears working uneasily, then stretched her neck till she could reach the lump of sugar held between his fingers. Aside from the three bears the deer were the only creatures in the basin that would feed from his hand. The antelope, elk and moose did not fear him but would permit of no such familiarity as that. Even the grouse, though they came to feed at his very feet, refused to take crumbs from his fingers.

Conditions had been bettered materially during the past few years. The game in the park was holding its own. The bears had learned that their lives were safe, and had come in to make friends with man. Thousands of tourists marveled to see black and brown bears prowling the vicinity of hotels and camps in search of food, and accepting scraps from the hands of all who would feed them; and it was no unusual occurrence for some monster grizzly to lurch from the timber at dusk and drive the blacks and browns away, affording the tourists a sight of this rare beast, so nearly extinct in the United States except within the borders of the Yellowstone. Of late the tendency had been to preserve the naturalness of the park, and Woodson was more or less content. His end had been partially attained.

But all this had consumed years of time. He was well past fifty, nearer sixty, and the fringe of hair revealed below his hatband showed gray. Men spoke of him as Old Mart, the first park scout. He had seen it all. Superintendents had come and gone, some of them indifferent, their administrations a detriment to the general welfare of the reservation; others conscientious and constructive.

The majority of the men in charge had been sincere in their efforts. Yet many had believed that the one best thing for the park lay in increasing the military machine within its borders. Woodson reflected that this was a natural state of affairs, for the officers' hearts were in their calling, military matters of paramount importance in their eyes.

It had evidently occurred to no man to raise the question of whether or not the soldiers were necessary to the administration of affairs in the Yellowstone. But in his heart Woodson felt that they were merely an encumbrance, the facts so self-evident that he marveled that others did not see them at a glance. He sat on his doorsill and checked the matter over in his mind.

Year by year the military equipage had been increased until now a million-dollar post was maintained at Mammoth; yet 80 per cent of the park boundary was unprotected except by infrequent patrols of the soldiery and the strenuous efforts of the handful of civilian scouts. Poachers had worked almost without hindrance on Falls River and the Bechler, and though the equipment at Mammoth was increasing steadily it had required ten years of insistence on the part of the scouts to secure the recent establishment of a station for a sergeant and four men in that far corner. Woodson reflected that by eliminating the dead weight of hundreds of soldiers and doubling the little force of civilian scouts the efficiency would be increased twofold, the expense of administration cut far below its present volume. But even so, he knew that conditions were far better than in the past, felt that some day the public would see it in the light in which he saw it now, and insist that matters be regulated in that way, and hoped that the new superintendent would not prove to be an inefficient whose régime would counteract the effects of the advancement won prior to his time.

The early fall snows were heavy and with only a few days' interim between storms. Wapiti departed with his cows and calves, headed for the winter range. Blue followed a few days later with his does and fawns. The three bears would soon take to the den and sleep the long sleep till spring. The moose wintered here in the pocket, browsing the willows and aspens as the snow banked deep.

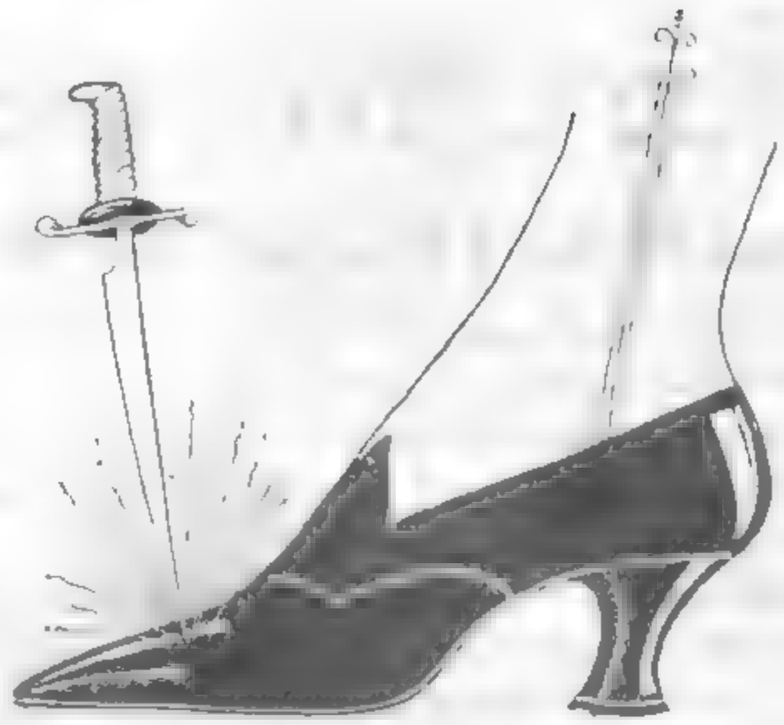
The two antelope would not chance the five miles of down timber but would stay where they were. The hot springs near the lower end of the basin would lay bare sufficient feed to winter them through. Woodson had known this and would not otherwise have brought them to his retreat as kids. Snow was falling when Woodson saddled Teton and packed the led horse for the start outside.

The little procession filed out of the pass in two feet of snow, the white flakes still falling.

"Teton, this winter will be a bad one," Woodson prophesied. "Unless I've misread the signs she's going to be rough; hard on men and game alike."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Carnelian Bay, Lake Tahoe



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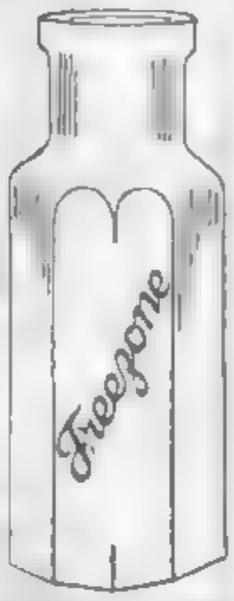

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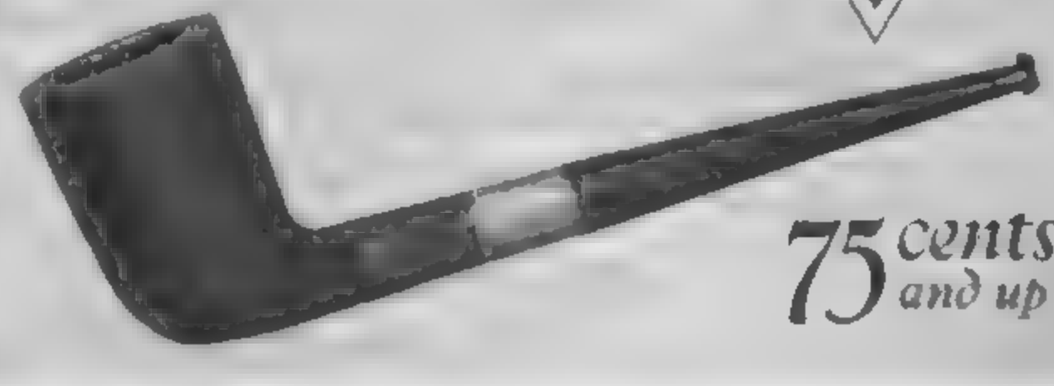

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The Lost Caraway Seed

By Lowell Otus Reese

I MET a poor Feeb in the long time ago;
His features were haggard and drawn;
His nose wore a rosy and rubicund glow,
Like the blush of Aurora at dawn;
His feet hurried to and his feet hurried fro;
His eyes wandered hither and yonder; and oh,
His weeping and wailing they worried me so
I could not forbear to draw near
And hear
What misery drear
Had started that tear—
That rollicky, frolicky, colicky tear—
To trickle its way down a channel of woe
And plunk in the jungle of whiskers below.
"Oh, Feeb!" I implored him. "What sorrow is thine,
That makes you to nibble your nails and repine?"
His eye did not turn and his ear did not heed,
But I heard him repeating, most anguished indeed,
"Ah, where shall I find my lost Caraway Seed?"

I watched his career,
While year after year
He grew thinner and thinner,
Through lack of a dinner.

He sought in the gutter, he sought in the dust;
He got in the way and was bitterly cussed;
He delved in the garbage can day after day
And year after year, so the chroniclers say.
His food was a crust and his bed was a flop;
He was bitten by dogs, he was chased by the cop,
And nobody loved him; he hated himself,
He hated the world and he hated its pelf;
He hated his God and he hated the weather,
For all of these things were conspiring together—
Or so he declared—with malevolent greed,
To keep him from finding his Caraway Seed.

"Oh, Feeb!" I besought him. "Say, why do you cling
So long to your quest for a trivial thing?
Look up from the dust! All about you the land
Is bending with plenty, inviting your hand!
The good earth you tread on, with promise is big—
And all you need do is to get in and dig!
You'd never get fat on your Caraway Seed—
But work and raise spuds and you'll never more need."

My good aim was thwarted;
For with a quirk
Of features contorted
Into a smirk—
A sneerious, jeerious, fleerious smirk—
Hotly he snorted,
"Me?
Work?"

And still on life's highway he goes up and down;
You see him and hear him in every town.
He hates our achievements—imperfect, 'tis true,
None works of a god, but the best we can do.

The symbol of Justice
That governs the race
He gladly would wallop
To earth and erase—
But he never has told what he'd put in its place!

You'll know him by these if he comes to your town:
He never builds up, but he always tears down;
At lonely street corners he stands on a box
And hurls incoherent, oracular rocks.
We don't even smile and we pay him no heed;
Too busy to hark to a crazy man's creed,
We know he is hunting his Caraway Seed.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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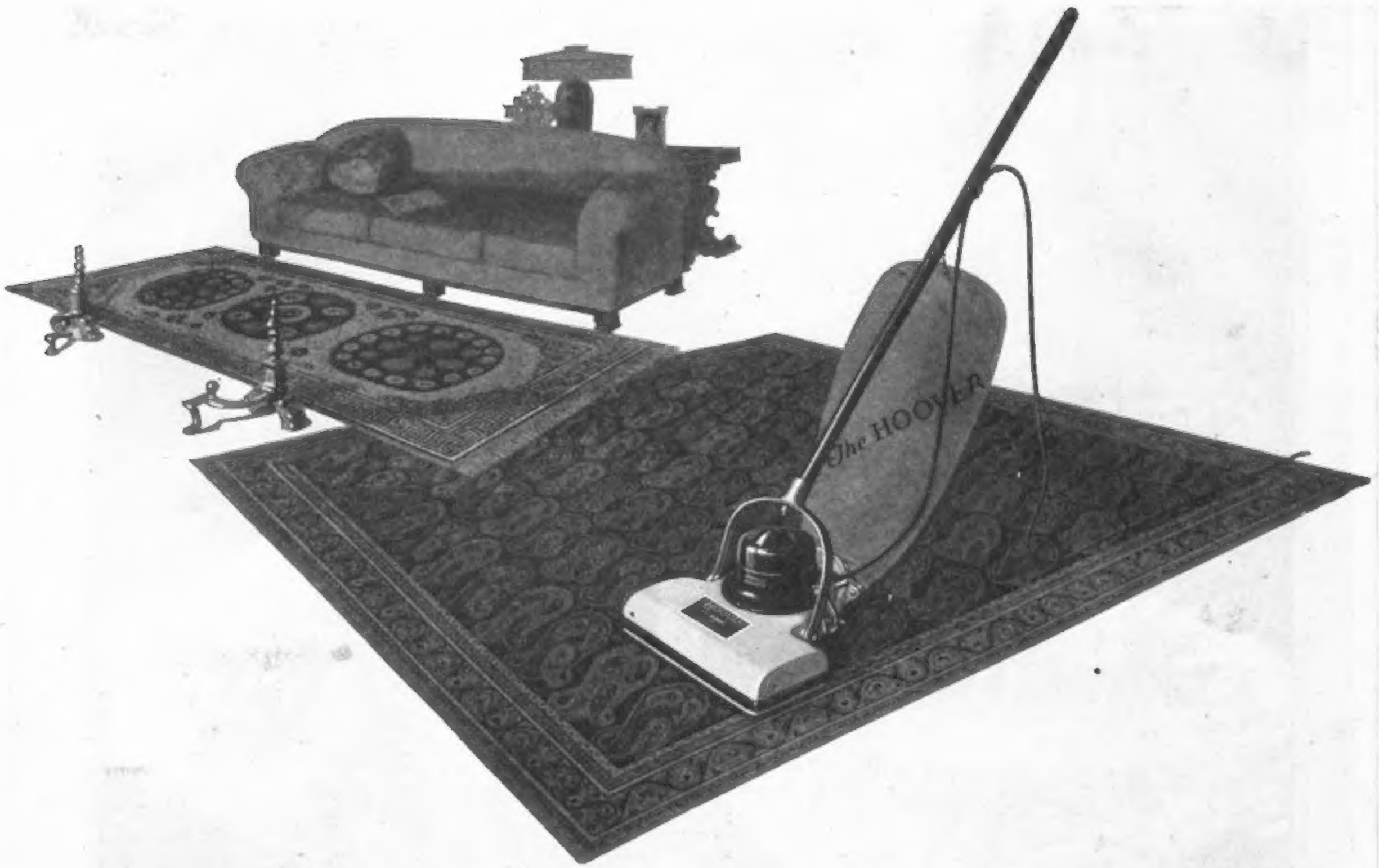

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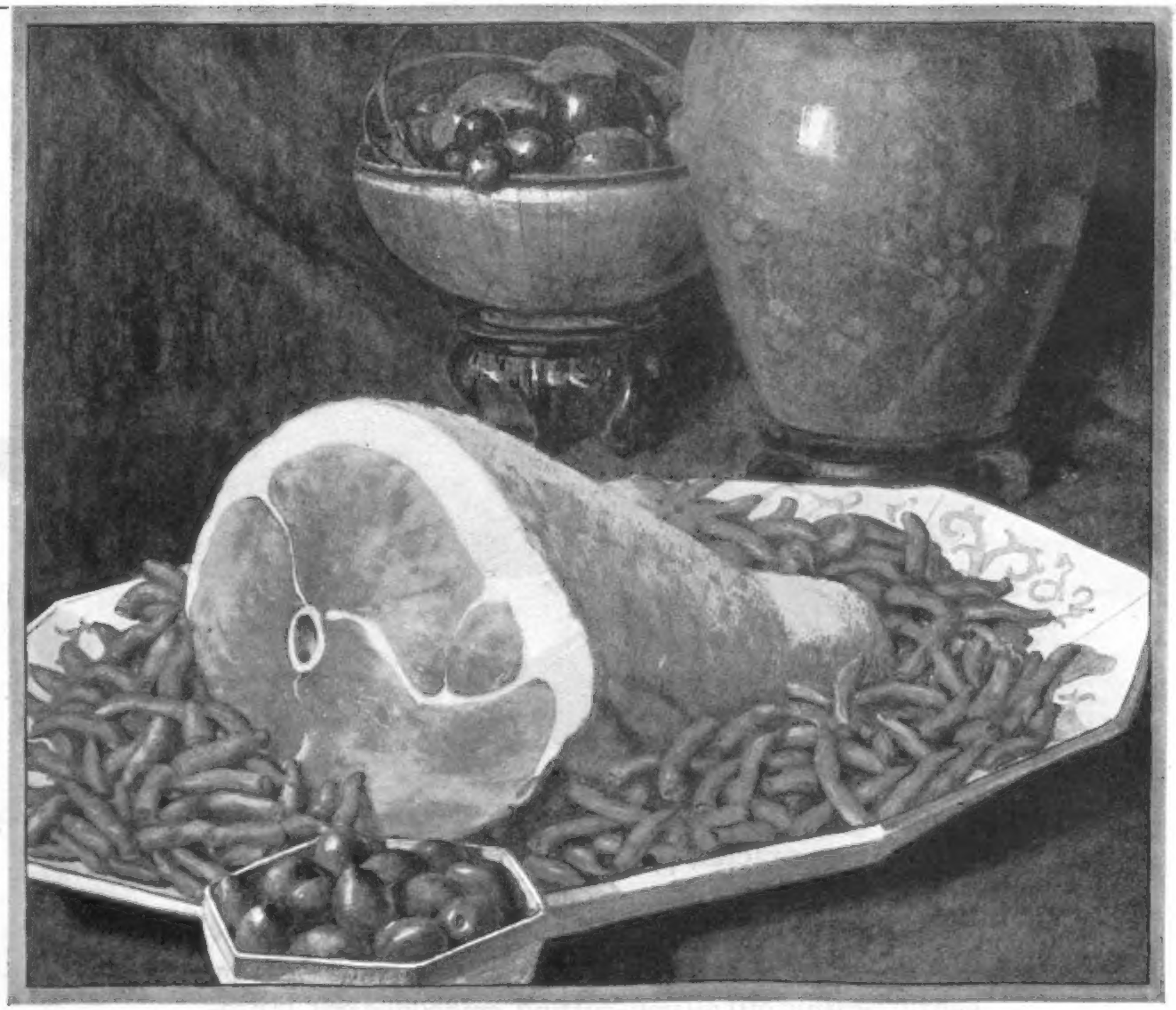
The oldest makers of electric cleaners
Also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—gently beats out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life



Premium Ham Shank—with string beans

The shank of a Premium Ham, the small end, is the boiling piece. Boiled with string beans it makes a dish that appeals to every appetite. The delicate flavor of the Premium Ham gives a nice variety to the beans and the two together make a really tempting dinner dish.

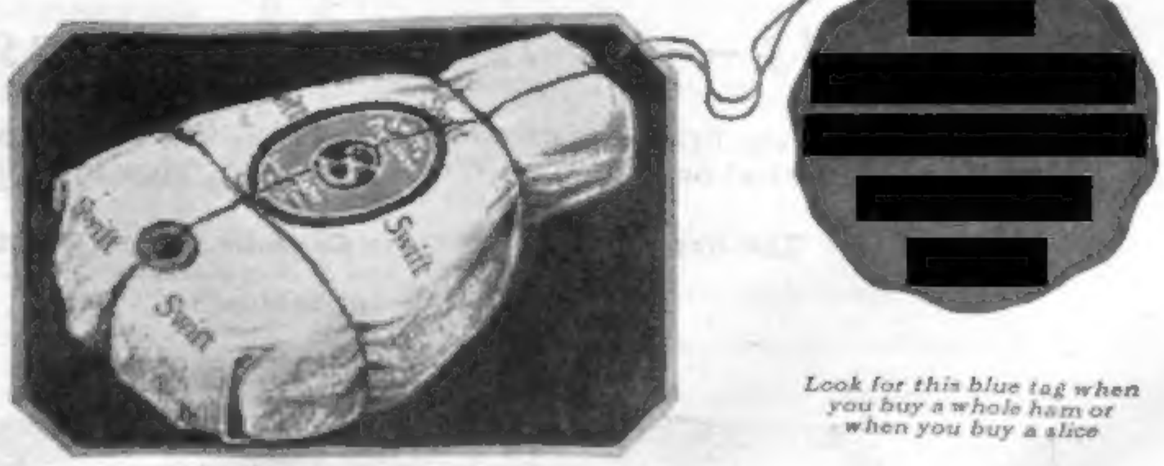
Let the ham simmer twenty minutes to each pound. A half hour before the meat is done, put in the beans which have been cut for cooking. Skin the ham just before serving. Your dinner will be a delightful satisfaction.

Do not forget that the flavor of the dish depends upon the delicate, sweet, ham flavor. Always insist upon having Premium Ham.

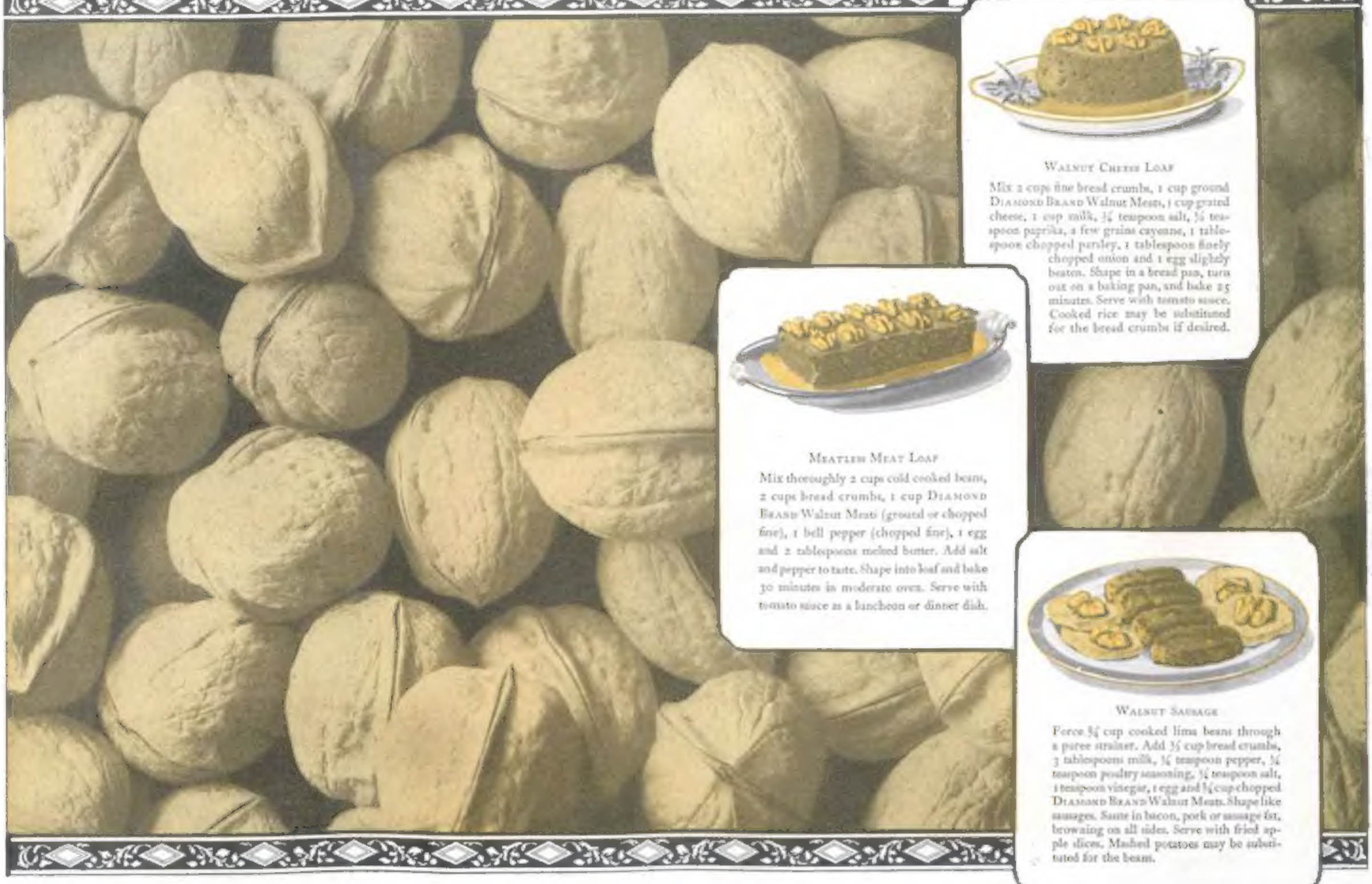
Swift's Premium Ham is a carefully selected ham which is just as carefully cured. Smoked enough—mild enough, sweet, it comes to you with so rare a balance of flavors it does not need parboiling before frying or broiling.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's Premium Ham



Look for this blue tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice



Walnut Cheese Loaf

Mix 2 cups fine bread crumbs, 1 cup ground Diamond Brand Walnut Meats, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup milk, ¾ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, a few grains cayenne, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion and 1 egg slightly beaten. Shape in a bread pan, turn out on a baking pan, and bake 25 minutes. Serve with tomato sauce. Cooked rice may be substituted for the bread crumbs if desired.

Meatless Meat Loaf

Mix thoroughly 2 cups cold cooked beans, 2 cups bread crumbs, 1 cup Diamond Brand Walnut Meats (ground or chopped fine), 1 bell pepper (chopped fine), 1 egg and 2 tablespoons melted butter. Add salt and pepper to taste. Shape into loaf and bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Serve with tomato sauce as a luncheon or dinner dish.

Walnut Sausage

Force ¾ cup cooked lima beans through a puree strainer. Add ¾ cup bread crumbs, 3 tablespoons milk, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ¼ teaspoon poultry seasoning, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 egg and ¼ cup chopped Diamond Brand Walnut Meats. Shape like sausages. Saute in bacon, pork or sausage fat, browning on all sides. Serve with fried apple slices. Mashed potatoes may be substituted for the beans.

DIAMOND BRAND WALNUTS CALIFORNIA

And here are two new and convenient ways to buy Diamond Brand Walnuts—both packed in vacuum to keep them fresh. Ask your Dealer.

Also you ought to have our new recipe book, shown above. It contains the favorite dishes of the Wives of the Walnut Growers and the choicest Walnut recipes of a leading culinary expert. Send your Dealer's name and address for a free copy. Address Department N.

A Lenten Treat—As Good as Meat

For your meatless meals—serve Walnuts!

Whether you are one of the many thousands of healthy folks who seldom eat meat, or of the millions more who abstain at certain seasons, you'll find these plump-meated, fine-flavored Diamond Brand Walnuts from the sun-kissed valleys of California a nature food high in nutrition—and rich in possibilities for adding wholesome variety to your every-day meals.

There's health and *economy* in eating these delicious Walnuts. Walnut Meats are five times as high in food value as eggs—they contain four times as many calories (the scientific measurement of food value) as any of the six principal meats.

For the best Walnuts—nuts *better grown*, better graded, and even crack-tested before shipment—insist upon getting Diamond Brand. If your Dealer takes your Walnuts from the hundred-pound burlap bag, pictured here, you may feel sure that they are uniform in appearance, weight and quality—thin-shelled, plump-meated—Walnuts with a reputation to maintain.

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
A purely co-operative, non-profit organization of over 3000 Growers
Our yearly production over Forty Million Pounds

"Crackin' Good Walnuts"

Walnut Cakes

2 cup chopped Diamond Brand Walnut Meats; 1 cup bread crumbs; pulp of one medium-size tomato (or its equivalent from canned tomatoes); 1 egg. Mix into little cakes and fry in butter. Put a half Walnut Meat on top of each and serve.

FOR centuries men and women have sought the perfect form of human food energy in wheat.
Work, imagination, science and invention have all written chapters in the history of flour.
And now we, the largest millers in the world, stand ready to serve you with the perfected results of progress through the ages.
Highest standards govern the milling of Gold Medal Flour. It is truly great. Make it your flour.
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